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Time and the Hour

P 767.1



Harvard College Library

FROM

Dr. J. R. Chadwick



P 767.1

BOUND JUL 22 1913

TIME AND THE HOUR

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THE WEEK.— An ideal congress; What a subway might be; The autocar's dangers; The new lease; The Message. — *Editorial*.

HERE IN BOSTON.— X-ray developments; Picturesque scaffold; Underground possibilities; Vandals in office. — *Taverner*.

“Quo Vadis;” “More Songs from Vagabondia;” “The End of the Beginning.” — *a Book-taster*. Good Mr. Howells; That gift to Mr. Bayard; Snobs and crests. — *a Reformer*. The Washington mosaics. — *a Dilettante*. The Boston playhouse; Miss Beatrice Herford. — *a Playgoer*. Telephones in the pulpit; Elizabethan revivals; The Art Club Ring. — *a Gossip*.

A Nameless Inventor. — *a Story-teller*. The Song of the Earth-born (poem). — *Anne Throop*.

Boston, December 12, 1896


Vol. IV

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No. 1

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“Time and the Hour”^{P767.1}

Vol. 4 No. 1 BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1896

THE WEEK.

THE ideal session of Congress would clear up the arrears of public business as far as possible, make short work of the thousand private bills now pending, propose a tariff and a finance commission upon which some broad-minded Republicans and “National” Democrats might sit, and meet the deficiency in income by a tax, say upon beer or some superfluities and luxuries. The Congress as it is, however, will most likely agree to no commissions, and will put through only such individual legislation as has sufficiently influential backing. There will be some gasconade about Cuba, and idle declamation about the dead issues of the campaign and the will-o’-the-wisp of bimetallism, and very little good done — perhaps a quantity of mischief. Why? Because partisans are many and statesmen few, and nothing is more dreaded by the former than any relief except through their own panaceas.

THE PNEUMATIC TUBE experiment suggests that we have not yet grasped the large idea of the Subway. Strictly speaking, subways should be underground tunnels for all the piping which is now laid (and constantly being dug up) in the earth. Gas-pipes, water-pipes, even the sewers, should be accessible from a system of subterranean streets,

carrying also the rapid transit vehicles. Were one to build a new city it is obvious that a double highway, the one providing for the free and undisturbed use of the other by enclosing the whole arterial system of municipal life, would be an ideal arrangement. A little additional expense would have given a great additional value to our Subway scheme.



WHEN THE AUTOCAR comes it is going to make things very lively. Horses will be still further cheapened, and a new menace will be offered to life and limb. Just as we were hoping to get rid of the street "electric," the motor, which does not even move on fixed tracks, will be dashing about in all directions, with all the possibilities of uncontrollable mechanical accidents added to the stealthy bicycle's ever-present menace. The result may be, to be sure, the evolution of the species in the speedy destruction of the lame and infirm. It is certain that the enthusiasm for the new vehicle which has broken out in England with such ardor will reach us very soon, just as the bicycle furore did. And England is quite wild over it.

PERHAPS OUR JEWISH friends overlook the fact that the President, in dating his proclamations "the year of our Lord 1896," violated the "proprieties" for which they contend quite as much as he did in the more specific form used in his appointment for Thanksgiving. In fact, the ordinary basis of computing time must be regarded as a standing challenge to religionists who do not recognize a Christian era to mean anything more than the recognition of an imposture. It is impossible that anything short of an American Nivose, Pluviose, and so on, and the drop-

ping of the universal reckoning of dates from the Judean birth, which the rest of mankind is about to celebrate, should logically satisfy the conscientious Israelite. For the present, at least, their case must be laid upon the table.

THE SUBWAY LEASE appears to be a clean piece of business, creditable to the commissioners and of advantage to the city. Now that the matter is practically settled, for it is assumed that the railroad commission will and the West End stockholders must ratify the lease, let us now agitate aggressively the adoption of measures requiring payment to the city for the use of the streets by surface transit companies. The West End is rich, and can afford to pay. And so can the other companies operating lines within the city limits.

THE COURTEOUS TONE which characterizes the comments of the few newspapers of "light and leading" in the country upon Mr. Cleveland's message, is one of many indications of the respect which the retiring President has won even from those who differ with him. Of a series of notable state papers which have come from his ponderous pen, this is generally admitted to be one of the best. While somewhat oppressively dignified, as Mr. Cleveland's public utterances are, it is remarkably informing, and reports clearly and definitely, as it should, upon the issues which his administration has especially represented. It is a worthy finish of worthy public service.

THE DISPOSITION in some quarters to consider the message as an academic production is, under the circumstances, not unnatural. Nevertheless it is held by some thoughtful

critics that its value might have been something like that of Washington's farewell address had it seemed proper to Mr. Cleveland to waive, in some measure, the discussion of particular issues in which his influence is perhaps now measurably that of a private citizen only, and to dwell on the larger social and economic questions that underlie the nominal questions of the late campaign, which no "temporary relief" can permanently settle. The Father of his Country would probably be much astonished to find complications with foreign nations occupying so large a space in the Executive pronouncement, and that the drift of circumstances had placed the United States in such active relations with European powers. In handling these questions, however, the message is statesmanlike, especially in its treatment of the Cuban difficulties, which some nervous folk anticipated with apprehension.

HERE IN BOSTON.

MY friend the doctor tells me of some remarkable results reached here in Boston through the medium of the X-rays, in locating disease on the bones of the leg, which, heretofore, has been found, I am informed, only through painful manipulation where a grating sound, *crepitus*, is elicited by persistent handling of the joint, often to the great detriment of the patient. These results were in the case of a little girl in whom a tuberculous affection was feared. Several photographs of the diseased part of the child's knee, taken by the X-rays at different angles, showed certain light spots on the lower bone, which upon examination by an emi-

ment surgeon were interpreted to indicate less density at these points, or in other words, an imperfect condition of the tissue. In order to test the matter, the surgeon, "without leading the child by suggestion of any sort," gently pressed her knee, in different parts, whereupon she repeatedly and distinctly located the sensitive points precisely where these photographs showed the light spots. When the doctor related these results I wondered whether the surgeon, in his intense desire to prove his theory, did not press a little harder on the parts where the spots appeared on the photographs, and so, after all, unconsciously lead the child — as in Planchette.

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However, both the surgeon and the doctor seem to be satisfied with the test, something more subtle in this case of the child than in that of the location of a bullet in a man's shoulder of which we read recently, and it is to be added to the lengthening list of demonstrations of the value of the X-rays, certainly in surgery. Of their beneficence in other directions, a story in a recent medical journal which amused me much is an indication. The Queen of Portugal had been experimenting with the X-rays, detailing the ladies of her court to serve as subjects, so the story runs, and the result of the exposure of their skeletons with the alarming insight into the distortion wrought by tight lacing was a scurrying of "the female nobility of Portugal to order gowns six or eight inches wider in their belt measure."

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The huge superstructure of scaffolding which was used

in the digging of the Subway at the lower Tremont and Boylston Streets corner, has disappeared, and lo! on the corner diagonally opposite rises another, almost like a seesaw, used in the construction of the new "Hotel Touraine," covering the Adams lot. The steel frame-work of the building as it mounts upward is so regular and systematic as utterly to lack picturesqueness, but the wooden scaffolding which accompanies it is so delightfully irregular and seemingly frail that it appeals irresistibly to the imagination. In New York there is planned, I have read, a building to reach thirty-two stories in the air and to penetrate six stories underground, the below-surface stories to be occupied for offices the same as the upper stories, and to be supplied, so to speak, with driven air. Perhaps our Subway is only a mere introduction to a general system of underground living.

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So the precursor of the Subway may be found in the tunnel a mile and a half long which the Duke of Portland had dug years ago, at an expense of thousands of dollars, as the main avenue of approach to his famous residence, Welbeck Abbey, in Derbyshire, to the distress of philanthropists, who protested that he might have made far better use of his money than in an expenditure so vast for a mere freakish gratification. But yet the visitor to Welbeck Abbey rolled complacently through the tunnel to its portal; and in the onward progress of triumphant democracy the plain citizens of Boston will perhaps be quite as much at home in tunnels as were the Duke of Portland and his friends.

The new taste for underground living is further exemplified at a "seat" in England by the building by its owner of a glass house at the bottom of a lake, connected by a tunnel with the shore, into which he may retire with his family or guests in the heat of summer and watch the cool fish, open-eyed, swimming about,— a scheme suggested, perhaps, by the glass-covered craft in Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." In recognition of this growing desire to get below the surface of the earth, our park commissioners may one day build a glass tunnel connecting South Boston with Fort Independence, and a grotto of glass in the channel beyond, to which citizens can resort and learn to differentiate, for instance, the hull of the *Rose Standish* from that of the *J. Putnam Bradley*; and perhaps in time the more skilful *habitués* will be able to tell by the barnacles on a coaster whether she comes from Cape Cod, Barnegat, or Machias: as the "old salt" at Hull will tell you with absolute infallibility whether the steamer just showing above the horizon is a Cunarder or merely a "coaler." In truth, there is no limit to the possibilities growing out of the Subway when once it has accentuated the developing thirst for living below ground.

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I have been watching with much anxiety the efforts of good citizens of Winchester, that beautiful section of "Greater Boston," to preserve the trees of Main Street from the spoiler, and it was with mingled feelings of sorrow and indignation that I read their probable doom in the action of the temporary masters of the town. If the select-

men do remove these elms in accordance with their vote, ignoring all protests, I trust that at the next March meeting the citizens will speedily apply the axe to their official heads, and thrust them from office into oblivion.

TAVERNER.

NO one is more impatient of the stuffed "historical novel" than I. Of course, Sienkiewicz uses some stuffing, and the characters in "Quo Vadis" describe what they are doing, in conversation, with a detail which no living persons could possibly use to one another in familiar discourse. Yet, on the whole, this remarkable author's imaginative grasp and assimilation of material are so vast that his stage is like that of a perfect marionette show to the *dramatis personæ* of an old-fashioned Noah's ark. It is easy to submit to the illusion, all the more that ordinary talk in Latin must have been artificially grandiloquent, by modern standards. Petronius is a conceivable personage, and the love of Vicinius for the pure Lygia, developing, from mere sensuousness, into pure passion, is ideally real. The maidenly virgin is no impossible prude, but a conqueror, through Christian grace, of instincts which might have responded to the animal influence of her wooer — as well as the conqueror of his baser nature. SS. Peter and Paul mingle with the personages of the story without a shock to the most sensitive religionist, full of reverence for the text of Scripture. As for the pictures of Nero's court, the social life of Rome, the arena, the great fire, some of which have been boldly filched in "criticisms," they are so genuine that one almost regrets to have read them. Horrible as they are,



they are stamped, somehow, with verisimilitude. One feels how easy it was to be a Christian when the merest contact with the truths and the hopes of religion made the enmity of the world so simple a matter, instead of our present painful struggle at reconciliation with what we call a "Christian world" (say like the present London or Paris). The cries of slaves, the screams of virgins, the martyr's groan, mingle with the fumes of wine, the scent of roses, the glamour of art, in one hideous kaleidoscope, which intensifies that nightmare feeling oppressing many persons in Rome to-day. If one would test the enormous literary progress of the century let him compare "Fabiola" with "Quo Vadis."

"MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA" will be desired by all who have admired the first series. I venture to say, however, that while the Carman share has improved, the other partner's contributions have fallen off a bit from the standard of the former volume. I think that Mr. Carman had better run in single harness if he desires to do himself full justice. He is the coming poet of the woods, the floods, the fields, having quite the satyr sympathy with wild things,—a young American faun. His erotic vein controlled, he has a good vocation of honest, picturesque, romantic singing. "The Hearse Horse" ought to be omitted from succeeding editions. It is a gratuitous monstrosity. Copeland & Day are the publishers of this book.

"SONGS OF EXILE," well keyed to the title by Herbert Bates, Edith Robinson's "Penhallow Tales," and Alvan F. Sanborn's "Meg McIntyre's Raffle," are other contribu-

tions of Messrs. Copeland & Day to the best ephemeral species,—three charming books in their various ways.

THE CAREER OF Amoret Weston, set forth in "The End of the Beginning," from Little, Brown & Company, is fresh and peculiar. I think that few readers, even hasty ones, can fail to turn its pages without "skimming." A distinct literary treatment of local values, a subjective quality which is perfectly natural and wholesome, persuasive simplicity of style, are rare qualities.

A BOOKTASTER.

A NAMELESS INVENTOR.

CASPAR BECK, shepherd, accompanied by his dog, was standing before the burgomaster, Peter Mauer, who, at nine o'clock, had just finished his supper, and was sipping a little glass of cordial for his stomach's sake. The big, bluff burgomaster, whose mouth was covered with a bristling gray mustache, had formerly served in the army. He was of a masterful disposition, and ruled the village with a rod of iron.

"Burgomaster!" exclaimed the shepherd, excitedly.

But Peter Mauer, without waiting to hear what he had to say, frowned, and growled out: "Caspar Beck, take off your hat, to begin with, take your dog away, and say what you have to say plainly, without stuttering, so that I can understand you."

Upon this the burgomaster quietly emptied his glass, and slowly sucked his mustache. Caspar turned out the dog and came back, hat in hand.

"Well," said Peter, seeing he was dumb, "what's the matter?"

"Why, I have seen the ghost again among the ruins," cried the shepherd.

"Yes, I thought so. You say you have seen it?"

"Very plainly, burgomaster."

"Without shutting your eyes?"

"Yes, burgomaster; my eyes were open and it was bright moonlight."

"And what did it look like?"

"Like a little man."

"Good." And turning toward the glass door on his left he cried, "Katy."

An old servant appeared.

"I am going to walk along the hill, and shall be back about ten o'clock. Here's the key."

"Yes, Herr Burgomaster."

Whereupon the old soldier took down a gun from above the door, examined the priming, and slung it over his shoulder. Then he turned to Caspar Beck.

"Tell the village constable to meet me in the lane," said he, "behind the mill. Your ghost is nothing but a chicken-thief. If it were only a fox, I would make a warm cap of him, with large ear-flaps."

Master Peter and Caspar then set forth. It was a glorious night. While the shepherd went to bring the constable, the burgomaster plunged into the lane which wound between the old church and the mill. Two minutes later Caspar and Hans Gerner, with his sword at his side, came running up and joined the burgomaster. The three then directed their steps toward the ruins of Geierstein.

These were about twenty minutes' walk from the village, and consisted of a mass of ruinous walls, four to six feet high, surrounded by bushes. Archeologists called them aqueducts, remains of a Roman camp, or ruins of Theodoric's time, according to their various theories.

The only remarkable thing about them was the stairway of a cistern cut in the living rock. Contrary to the usage of spiral stairs which generally diminish in width toward the bottom of the shaft, in this case the bottom was three times as large as the opening. Was it an architectural caprice, or was there some reason for this unusual construction. Who knows? The result was that within this cistern the vague murmur was audible which one hears who puts his ear to a shell. One perceived distant footsteps, the whispering of leaves, faint breezes, and even the far-off speech of people who occasionally found their way to the foot of the hill.

The three men mounted the narrow path between the vines and vegetable gardens of the village.

"I see nothing," said the burgomaster, turning up his nose incredulously.

"Nor I neither," said the constable, in the same tone.

"It is down in the well," muttered the shepherd.

"We shall see, we shall see," answered the burgomaster.

After about a quarter of an hour they reached the cistern's mouth. The moon, itself concealed, illuminated a landscape whose outlines were traced in silvery blue, on which the shadows of the trees fell in velvety softness, as if rubbed in with black crayon. The flowering broom and heather threw out a perfume fresh yet slightly rank, and the frogs, in a neighboring pond, chorused hoarsely at intervals. But these details were lost upon the village worthies, who only thought of laying hands upon the ghost.

On arriving at the stairs, the three halted and listened, and tried to penetrate the gloom beneath them. Nothing was to be seen. Nothing stirred.

"The devil!" said the burgomaster, "we have forgotten to bring a lantern. Caspar, go down; you know the way better than I. I will come after you." At this the shepherd recoiled. If he had dared, he would have turned heel and fled. His doleful looks made the burgomaster burst out laughing.

"Well, Hans, since he won't go down, show me the way," said the latter to the constable.

"But, burgomaster," returned Hans, "you know some steps are missing. We might break our necks."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Yes, what can we do?"

"Send the dog down," replied Peter.

The shepherd whistled to his dog, pointed out the stairs, urged him on; but the animal would no more run any risk than his master, and only wagged his tail.

Then a brilliant idea came to the constable. "Ha, burgomaster, what if you were to fire down there?"

"Faith, you are right; it will give us a little light on the matter." And without pausing, the worthy magistrate came nearer the chasm, raising his gun to his shoulder.

But immediately, owing to the acoustic conditions already described, the ghost, the thief, the individual, in fine, who lurked among the ruins, was enabled to hear everything. The idea of receiving a bullet appeared to be disagreeable; for in shrill piercing tones he cried: "Stop, don't fire, I'm coming up."

Thereupon the three functionaries looked at each other and chuckled, and the burgomaster, leaning over the well, roared: "Hurry, you rascal, or I fire. Hurry, I say!"

He cocked his gun, the click of which in fact seemed to hasten the steps of the unknown, and the noise of falling stones was heard. Yet it was necessary to wait a little for his appearance, the shaft being sixty feet deep at the least.

What was this man about, in such a place? It must be some great criminal, thought Peter Mauer and his satellites. At last a form dimly detached itself from the gloom, and slowly, but gradually, the figure of a little man, at most four and a half feet high, thin, dishevelled, with a face meagre and dark, and eyes as bright as a parrot's, and ruffled hair, made his appearance, exclaiming:

"What do you mean by interrupting my studies in this way?"

This imposing speech corresponded but little with his face and appearance, so that the indignant burgomaster retorted: "If you are not civil I will give you a thrashing to begin with."

"A thrashing!" screamed the little man, dancing with rage in the very face of the magistrate.

"Yes," replied the latter, who, however, could n't help admiring the pygmy's pluck, "if you don't answer my questions properly. I am burgomaster here. I, and the constable, and the shepherd, and the dog, are more than a match for you — don't be a fool. Tell me quietly who you are, what you are doing here, and why you hid yourself. Then we'll see what to do with you."

"None of your business," said the other, in his penetrating voice.

"I will not answer you."

"Well then, march!" said the burgomaster, seizing his victim with a firm grasp by the nape of the neck. "You shall go to prison."

The little man fought like a weasel; he even tried to bite his captor; while the dog, in his turn, began to snap at his legs. When quite

exhausted, he stammered, not without dignity, "Let me alone, sir, I yield to brute force. I will go with you."

The burgomaster, who was not without perception, in his turn calmed down. "You promise me," he said.

"I do," said the other.

"Very well, then, go on in front."

Thus it was that the burgomaster captured a little sandy-haired man in the recesses of the ruins of Geierstein, on a night of July, 18—.

On reaching the village, the constable went to get the key of the prison, and his prisoner was securely locked in, not forgetting the outside lock and padlock. Everybody went to sleep, even Peter Mauer, who, however, was awake till midnight, revolving his singular adventure in his mind.

The next day, at about nine o'clock, Hans Gerner, the constable, having received orders to bring the prisoner before the burgomaster, that he might be interrogated once more, went with four sturdy assistants to the prison, and they all entered, curious to see the late ghostly apparition.

But what was their dismay to find a little figure hanging to the bars of a window, suspended by a neckerchief!

Some said that the heart was yet beating. Others declared that the body was already stiff. However it may have been, they all ran to the burgomaster to tell him what had happened, and it is certain that on his arrival the stranger had yielded up his last breath.

The justice of the peace and the doctor drew up their official certificate, the body of the unknown was buried, and all was over.

But a few days after these events I went to visit my cousin, the burgomaster, who is my nearest relative. We dined together, and spoke of various matters, and it was then that he related to me the foregoing story.

"This is strange," I said, "very strange; and you have no knowledge of this mysterious person?"

"None."

"And you have nothing to show what he was doing here?"

"Nothing at all."

"But what could he be doing in the cistern, and how could he exist there?"

Peter Mauer shrugged his shoulders, filled our glasses, and replied:
"Cousin, your health."

"To yours," I answered. Then we remained silent. I found it impossible to reconcile myself to the abrupt and shocking end of this affair, and for aught I could do, I pondered upon the destiny of certain human beings who appear and disappear like the flowers of the field, leaving behind them no memories and no regrets.

"Cousin," I resumed, "how far from here are the ruins of Geierstein?"

"About a mile, perhaps. Why?"

"I should like to see them."

"We have a meeting of the town council to-day or I would go with you."

"Oh, I can find them very well alone."

So, while the burgomaster slowly walked toward the town house, I mounted the slope of the hill, and found the cistern stairs without much difficulty. After a little hesitation I descended. Presently the luminous opening, which receded as I went down, took the form of a star, with circumscribed effulgent rays, and gave only a pale, wan light. It was then that I heard the murmuring sound of which Peter had spoken. The immense conch-shell of granite was as full of echoes as of stones.

Suddenly the likeness of the place to an ear struck me. The reversed vaulting, the pavilion; the under side of the steps, the hollow of the drum, and the sweep of the stair, the cochlea, the labyrinth and vestibule. Hence the confused sounds I heard. I was in the interior of a colossal ear.

I had mounted several steps on my return to the top when I felt something break beneath my foot. I stooped to see what it was, and presently I perceived something white — a torn sheet of paper. As for the hard thing I had broken, I found it to be a sort of tiny gray vase of glazed pottery.

"Oh, ho!" said I to myself, "these may throw some light upon the burgomaster's captive," and when I had reached his house I at once sat down to examine carefully the bits of pottery, of which only one was noticeable. This was tunnel shape, with a sort of downy lining, but I

could n't imagine its purpose. And I read the paper, a fragment of a letter written in a firm running hand. I copy it literally.

"My *microcoustic* horn has the double power of infinitely increasing the power of sounds and of focussing them in the ear, without inconvenience to the hearer. You will understand, my dear master, the delight of defining the thousand indistinct whispers which in the long summer days are merged in one immense murmuring sound. The bee has his song as well as the nightingale, the wasp is the warbler of the mosses, the harvest-fly is the lark of the herbage, the ephemeron is a queen of melody, with but a single sigh, yet a musical one.

"This discovery, which makes us partakers of the vast universal life of nature, surpasses in impressiveness any description.

"After so many disappointments, privations, and fatigues, how good it is to reap at last the result of one's labors! With what emotion one is lifted nearer the Author of these microscopic worlds, as their wonders are revealed. One is proud through pain and suffering to have won new joys for humanity. But however vast are the first results of the *microcoustic* horn, these are not all.

"As the telescope allows us to see myriads of worlds, so my *microcoustic* horn extends the sense of hearing to an inconceivable degree. Thus I do not stop at the circulation of the blood and the processes of secretion in animal organizations, though you may hear their flow, like that of rivers, with a distinctness which is almost frightful, the least irregularity of pulse, the slightest obstacle in the circulation, seeming like that of a rock in a rapid current.

"The addition to our physiological and pathological knowledge is a triumph, but I do not lay so much stress upon this. By applying the ear to the earth, reinforced with my apparatus, you can hear the thermal springs moving at immense depths, and you can judge of their volume, current, and impediments. Would you go farther? Descend into a subterranean vault of such shape as to gather into itself a considerable volume of sound, and when night comes, and man is silent, when nothing interrupts the internal sounds of our globe—then listen!

"All that I can add at this time in the midst of privations, pain, and almost despair, and having but a few interrupted minutes for geological observation,—all that I can affirm is that the bubbling of incandescent

lava, the bursting-out of burning matter, is something terrible and sublime, and which compares with nothing but the impressions made upon the astronomer who sounds with his telescope the limitless depths of the starry spaces.

“ Yet these impressions must be studied and classified methodically, in order to arrive at absolute conclusions ; and, my good and respected master, if you will be so good as to send to the address I give the little sum I have asked for, to provide for pressing needs, we shall yet see, perhaps, the founding of three great observatories,— one in the valley of Catania, another in Iceland, and a third in one of the deep valleys of Cordilleras, and thus——”

The rest of the letter was wanting. Stupefied, my arms fell by my side. Had I been reading the absurdities of a madman or the realization of the ideas of a genius? Who could say? So this man, living like a fox in a hole, pinched by hunger, had perhaps been one of God’s elect upon the earth, to enlighten future generations.

And this wretched creature had hung himself in despair. His prayer had remained unanswered when, in exchange for his discovery, he asked for bread. It was horrible!

For a long time I remained in a reverie, thanking heaven for limiting my intelligence to the every-day affairs; until, indeed, my sagacious cousin appeared, smiling, upon the threshold.

“ Well, well, Christian, you have nothing to tell of this idiot who hung himself? ”

“ No. ”

“ I thought so. He was some crazy fellow escaped from a hospital. It was the best thing he could do to hang himself. What is plainer than that it is better to get out of the way when one is good for nothing? ”

A STORY-TELLER.

THOSE fine mosaics representing law and history, for one of the reading-rooms of the Congressional Library, which Mr. Dielman has designed, are reproduced by Messrs. Curtis & Cameron. Even in black and white they have a noble effect. Perhaps their freedom of design and effec-

tive composition are quite as well appreciated in this presentation as upon the walls, where their beautiful coloring diverts the eye from more deliberate analysis of these important elements. Mosaic work has the genuine qualities of impressionism, a composite effect produced by detail which is merged by distance into richness otherwise unattainable.

A DILETTANTE.

THE position of Mr. Howells toward the social questions of the day is as remarkable as his literary development. The conditions which surround a popular author are not favorable to the enlargement of his sympathies. Mr. Howells never turns his face from a poor man. As he grows older the idea of human brotherhood and responsibility is obviously strengthening in his heart. However one may dissent from his specific views, there must be the deepest respect for motive so exalted. The inheritance which he derives from that plain, noble father to whom he owed so much in youth, is better than rubies.

I AM GLAD TO SEE that Mr. Bayard will not permit the *Daily Telegraph's* plan of a contributed gift to be carried out. In the first place, the "advertisement" flavor about it was unsavory. Again, a popular offering to a foreign minister carries with it the suggestion, whether it be logical or not, that such a recognition means a testimonial for service to the alien rather than to his own country, possibly antagonistic, not identical. Certainly a foreign representation implies a watchfulness and suspicion, however carefully veiled; for which respect might be earned, indeed, but scarcely gratitude.

THE GROWING CATHOLICITY of the Catholic Church is borne out by the change in the type of faces one sees in her clergy. Formerly there were only two familiar forms, the ascetic and the functional. Now the priestly face is often finely sympathetic, thoughtful, and frankly humane; graver, perchance, but otherwise indistinguishable from that of other cultivated and benevolent people.

THE REMOVAL OF religious sanctions from the minds of men, however we may regard it from other points of view, has probably to account in part for the remarkable increase of suicide. The escape to a vague hope of rest and peace is tempting. The burial at the crossroads, the piercing stake, befigured future pains and penalties which led men "to endure the ills" they had, rather than to seek others yet more awful and enduring.



"CHRISTMAS NUMBERS" ON every hand! If times and seasons have any meaning, this senseless anticipation bids fair to destroy it, or make it the merest formality. In the great "Christmas country," Germany, even private preparations are carried on with the profoundest secrecy, and the coming of Noël is full of delightful surprise on every hand. In the church this season is a solemn "little Lent."

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who boasts of his descent from a Wiltshire grandfather who was a day-laborer, has just laid aside a crest assumed by some more pretentious member of his family, and uses plain note-paper. The emblazonments of heraldry are preposterous in any case in a democracy, but the manner in which they are appropriated among us has brought them to ridicule indeed. My friend

Mitchell, who is a kind of local herald, and is familiar with the insignia to which each well-descended local family has the conventional right, says that persons finding their own names in Burke assume that they necessarily are entitled to the arms which they find there, and proceed to order them engraved upon their rings or book-plates!

IN FACT, THERE are not a few snobbish persons in the United States whose desire for genealogical distinction is so ardent and so uninformed that they assume a descent from some important family whose name they chance to bear, and accept it as a demonstrated fact.

AMONG INTERESTING AND authentic descents is that of the Van Rensselaers from the Chevalier Bayard (perpetuated in the name of Mr. Bayard Thayer). I remember that the old patroon, in his drawing-room at Albany, told me this fact as he pointed out the fine bronze of the Chevalier which adorned it.

POINT LÉVIS, OPPOSITE Quebec, commemorates another family whose claim, probably not authentic, connected them directly with the apostle Levi, at his calling renamed Matthew.

A REFORMER.

MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN, Mr. Howells's *protégé*, always justifies his friend's endorsement in Boston, where, indeed, we found him out for ourselves. There is too little of the excellent actor and too much of a poor play at the Bowdoin Square.

AFTER ALL, FOR steady opera, without enormously paid stars, we must rely on the Castle Square. The production

of "Faust" is their *chef d'œuvre*, and has seldom been given in Boston more satisfactorily than this week.

MR. O'NEILL HAS a fine opportunity in his engagement to fill the vacant week at the Boston, to which his unrivalled lung-power has adequately responded.

THE LILLIPUTIANS are first-rate fun. Some things in their production this year make it less pure and wholesome than their previous work here. Many of us are physically tired as well as morally weary of a species of exhibition which probably only the perennial brood of callow theatre-goers enjoy. Let me assure my dear little frisky friends and their manager that these are not in the majority.

MISS BEATRICE HERFORD is going to have a rousing house at Association Hall. The tickets went instantly.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

December 7 to December 12.

Hollis St. Theatre — Same as last week.

Keith's Theatre — Papinta. Vaudeville.

Boston Museum — Same as last week.

Castle Sq. Theatre — "Faust." *Noteworthy.*

Boston Theatre — Mr. James O'Neill. *Robust.*

Columbia Theatre — "The Bells of Shandon." *Celtic.*

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — Mr. Edward Harrigan. *Good.*

Park Theatre — "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen." *Meretricious.*

Tremont Theatre — "Lilliputians." *Admirable.*

A PLAYGOER.

THE SONG OF THE EARTH-BORN.

THE Earth has told me a strange, strange tune,
Out of her bosom,—
Her rune, her rune,—

Only to hear it, and sing all day
That is my play,— my play.

To hear it, and weep all night
Is my plight, is my plight.

Soon she her wonderful sleep will give; —
I sing and wail; —
I live, I live!

ANNE THROOP.



THERE was a good deal of talk of putting telephones into pulpits, in the early days of the instrument. Plainly, the parsons do not favor it, since church-going might become even less popular than at present if one could hear the sermon at home at ease. Besides, how easy it would be to shut off the connection if the doctrine became unpleasantly strenuous!

MR. WOLCOTT MAKES his appointments like a man, with a mind of his own, a clear and discriminating one, without fear or favor.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE makes Bryan and President Cleveland kin. They are both keen sportsmen,— a common resource now that they both must take to the woods.

I SEE THAT Mr. Henschel, with all his earnestness, intelligence, and enthusiasm, is placed by the Londoners

where we placed him,— as the great singer, not the inspired and inspiring leader.

TO FAIL AFTER transferring your property to your wife and your son, and then to offer a small percentage in notes indorsed by them, is a convenient method of clearing off liabilities. The good Mr. Hammerstein of New York seems astonished that his little plan is objected to by unreasonable creditors.

IF THE PARLOR is to exercise any kind influence over the kitchen, let it be in restraining the credulous Biddy from confiding in the instalment peddler who would persuade her to contract for useless books and inferior sewing-machines.

WHY TRY TO GIVE Shakespeare's plays as they were given in Shakespeare's time? Having become accustomed to accessories, we cannot divest ourselves of the habit of expectation, and so the effect is not Shakespearian but merely disappointing. The Elizabethan Stage Society gave "Two Gentlemen of Verona" last week in London, presumably to their own content. To produce the due effect of great dramatic work nowadays there are but two methods: the ordinary stage presentation, or the appeal to pure imagination by the reader's voice.

THE ART CLUB, I am told, in its extension has become a political centre, and the "Art Club ring" is spoken of in ward politics. What a development from the early days when the little group of Boston artists who cared no more for politics than for Prester John, used to assemble in the




primitive organization and have good talks in clouds of smoke and a little upper chamber in Bedford Street!

THE "PYGMY" PAPERS amuse themselves, but scarcely amuse their readers, one would guess, by continually abusing one another. If they would but unite in attacking those conventionalities and improprieties of the big fellows which are their excuse for being, the Lilliputians might compass the fall of a Gulliver or two.

HIS HOLINESS seems to be having a hard time with his American team. If there was ever a serious thought of transferring the papal throne to America, I fancy that recent events have dissipated it. The Roman curia, their counsels exposed in the newspapers, and party spirit fanned by eager reporters, could scarcely preserve the dignity which seems to be tested now, even in its mysterious remoteness.

A GOSSIP.

 Next week "A Christmas Advertiser's Story" will illustrate the possibilities of the future control of the press by commercial influence.

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TIME AND THE HOUR



Boston, December 19, 1896

Vol. IV

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“Time and the Hour”

Vol. 4 No. 3 BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896

THE WEEK.

IT is most fortunate that the coming administration has so much conservatism behind it that the temptation to make capital of a war spirit is not likely to ensnare it into any pledges to the “jingo” to reverse President Cleveland’s policy next March. The fire-eaters who have hitherto often been courted by one party to emphasize their rejection by another have, we believe, nothing to hope for from Mr. McKinley and his advisers, and the country is unanimous through all the important organs of opinion in supporting the Executive, even though its stand implies the creation of new prerogative.

RECENT EVENTS HAVE ILLUSTRATED the fact that while our “Palladium,” the written Constitution, was so wonderfully framed as to deserve the veneration with which it has been regarded, it is no such complete and final embodiment of national law, as has been supposed, to meet all exigencies for all time. It is obvious that we are adding to the charter of the founders “interpretations” which are really a growth. The new definitions of the Executive, the Legislative, and the Legal prerogatives are required by exigencies which the Fathers did not contemplate, and the recognition of a belligerent, being part of a “planetary” policy never

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dreamed of by them, assumes the character of a new precedent.

THE BEST HOPE for Cuba probably lies in the success of the Spanish authority, with definite reforms to ensue in its administration. The liberal party in Spain, which has no chance to make its influence felt in the present crisis, while the mob and the government are united by the war fever, could, after pacification, be relied on to further reforms in provincial administration in accordance with the spirit of the times, and larger than Cuba has even asked. Meanwhile, if there are atrocities, why does not His Holiness exert the influence proper to the Roman See over the one "most Catholic majesty" of Europe?

MAY THE WORK of exposure of spiritualist humbugs go on! Though there are no such influences working among cultivated persons as those which a generation ago led the Cambridge professors to enter upon their crusade to expose the mediums, there are still many credulous persons who are unsettled by phenomena inexplicable to them. Not many years ago, a Southern gentleman, visiting Boston, was much distressed, even to the point of a mental disturbance, by the results of a séance which he was led to attend here, and it is impossible to exaggerate the relief which he felt when a friend was able to send him a newspaper containing the account of a raid and exposure made in the house where he had been tricked. If the spiritualists could be persuaded to disband, what a beautiful music-hall might be made of their temple, in an ideal situation, too!

CHRISTMAS BEING PAST (with a good retail business, we

are glad to be assured), it is interesting to inquire how much the pleasure of its observance was qualified by the anticipations in which for a month past the press has indulged us. We had our cake weeks ago; was it not too stale to be enjoyed yesterday? It is one of the necessities of trade to anticipate. The workers are making straw hats and summer clothing now, but when it is unnecessary, it seems childish and unphilosophic so to spoil one's timely enjoyment. If Christmas comes but once a year, it comes to most persons about the first of December, if they submit to the wiles of the magazines and newspapers.

IT IS A strange illustration of our drift toward the notion of paternal government that Legislatures, even that of New York, should seriously consider the abolition of high hats in theatres a subject of enactment. Are sumptuary laws a possibility in this age? It seems so.

THE AGITATION FOR a limit to the height of buildings is taking force and form. It may be a remote chance, but it is impossible to avoid recalling the fact that here in Boston earthquakes have been known, since the settlement of the town, which, should they recur, would cause the destruction of every one of our "sky-scrapers."

THE PRESENT POSITION of England toward Egypt, a practical protectorate, must be maintained and strengthened whatever the disposition of Turkish affairs may be. In fact, the opening of the Dardanelles would render the control of the Suez Canal more indispensable to Great Britain than before. Her recent financial discomfiture is of little importance in the Dongola affair and seems only to have



aroused a vigorous sentiment for a more intelligent grasp of the situation.

THE IMMIGRATION BILL may be shorn of some of its effect before it goes into operation. The success of such a measure in some form is necessary to the well-being of the Republic. The recent report of the Associated Charities emphasized the stress of the present situation when it dwelt upon the hopelessness of the efforts to educate and redeem the pauper element while it is constantly being re-enforced by so many streams from the "submerged" class of foreign countries. It is interesting to observe how circumstances have changed our modes of conduct and expression, however, and how strangely the old stock phrase of the orator of the last generation reads nowadays: "America, the home of the downtrodden and oppressed of every nation."

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR's speech, glorifying athletics beyond the hyperboles of any previous advocates, has aroused the other side to renewed remonstrances. Whether that sound body which is desirable as a servant to the sound mind is strained by the present conditions is the question upon which both sides should agree, and for which the answer is not far to seek. Some things are perceived by the eye best when not directly gazed at. Sometimes the man who seeks his life shall lose it. A desirable result is often best attained when it is not sought as an end. Getting "above the body" is no less a manly than a Christian duty, and it is certainly likely that any course which is such a distinct reaction from the past is likely to have gone too

far. It will be pleasant to see Harvard and Yale contending together again in the fair spirit which Dr. Everett justly praised as characteristic of the Oxford-Cambridge contests, but if their renewal of competitions is to be attended with the old excitement, intensified by abstinence, it had better not be at all. We have got along very well without them.

ECONOMY IS THE watchword of the hour, not expansion. This sober virtue will bring the expenses and receipts of government within sight of each other. In private life it will bring ingo and outgo to conditions where superfluity may invite more liberal spending. Let us not be in haste, else we may merely invite the necessity which we refuse to lay willingly upon ourselves. There is a good time coming, but we must wait a little longer; and even then Heaven save us from the wanton days of '70!

HERE IN BOSTON.

A CITY with a reputation on its hands has a hard time to maintain it. This truthful, if not novel, reflection came to me as I read of the first movements now making toward a new building for the Girls' Latin School. With thirteen hundred lasses crowded into rooms meant to hold not more than nine hundred, there is no room left for a wholesome argument against their plea. Boston, which, we like to think, chooses to stand by the noble legend written across the façade of its Public Library, that "The Commonwealth requires the education of the people as a safeguard of order and liberty," will gladly, in due season, tax itself a little

more heavily yet, to afford light, air, and room for the growing youth. "*Place aux dames*" is not only a privilege but a right in the present circumstances. Not hygiene alone, however, but a recognition of good work well done should be leading motives in this movement. Under Mr. Tetlow the most faithful sort of work has been done in the direction of sound education. I heard one highly trained woman say not long since that she really believed that this school was upholding a standard of academic training more faithfully than were many—and I think she said most—of the women's colleges in this country. This is high praise, and if it is true the object of it deserves the best which the citizens of Boston can give. To enforce as severe a regimen for capable girls—and no others remain long in the school—as for boys, has been the just spirit in which results up to the present have been wrought. There should be generous encouragement to an institution so ably conducted.

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I have received a copy of the circular in behalf of the proposed memorial to Scott in Westminster Abbey, and I shall forward my modest subscription through my Scotch friend, Mr. James Murray Kay, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., so soon as I recover from the heavy Christmas drain upon my slender purse. I trust that the subscriptions here in Boston will be notable in number, for the project is an admirable one. Some folk, however, I fancy will wonder why out of the £700 wanted nearly £300 must "go to the Abbey as fees for the maintenance of the Abbey fabric." "Fabric" is one of those cloakly words which cover

such a multitude of things! But we all know what fees are, and it may be that on the way to the "fabric" various ushers, vergers, and other worthies will suddenly turn up. But all this does not make the memorial less to be desired; nor should many stipendiaries of the venerable Abbey dishearten us. No doubt the fabric is expensive; it is said that it costs \$50,000 a year simply to "patch up" St. Peter's at Rome. A country with a pension-list like ours must not grumble at a petty £300 for fees. But if £10,000 had been wanted, what would the fees have amounted to for the fabric in that case?

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Our Boston story-writer, Stimson, continues to do good work. His happy faculty of imparting vitality to records of the past, so fully exemplified on a large scale in his "King Noanett," is shown as perfectly in the charming little "Law Latin Love Story" in the Christmas *Scribner's*. The fragment of a love story gleaned from an old black-letter law tome is most cleverly rendered into modern English in the singularly lucid style which has been remarked as the great charm of his "King Noanett." With this charm of style goes an occasional quaint play of humor which is especially noticeable in the shorter story. Some new work of fine grade is expected soon, I hear, from Russell Sullivan, our other Boston story-writer of exceptional talent.

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My paragraph of last week relative to the good influences of Trinity has drawn this wholesome note from a valued reader, and I give it place here in the hope that its

publication will move the conductors of the beautiful church to adopt his admirable suggestion.

Dear Taverner,—Your sympathetic note about Trinity Church emboldens me to suggest an opportunity for a larger kind of influence, which might be exerted by our glorious Cathedral, even than its impressive uplifting architecture and its inspiring Sunday services and sermons. A cathedral is always open abroad for the use of those upon whom pious places and associations exert their peculiar effect. And also it is common to offer daily within these holy temples, in the name of the people, the expression of various aspirations of thanksgiving, penitence, or intercession to the Almighty. If the Evening Prayer of the Episcopal Church were daily said in Trinity Church, I am sure many persons among the crowds which throng past it at the close of the day—whether of the toilers, burdened with anxiety, or the pleasure-seeking, sometimes heavily burdened too with self-imposed toil, or the merely careless and indifferent, needing more than all, the touch of higher motives—would be attracted by the jewelled windows to enter the open door, and find an inspiration or a benediction there.

A NON-EPISCOPALIAN.

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Those who were privileged closely to know Henry L. Pierce know how just and true Dr. Munger's restrained and tender eulogy was. No one who came near to Mr. Pierce could fail to be impressed with his sincerity, his honesty of purpose, loyalty to conviction, soundness of judgment, strength of conscience, straightforwardness. No one, too, who followed his public career, in office and in leadership, can question Dr. Munger's remarks as to his especial fitness for affairs of state. He was of the full measure of the statesman. If Massachusetts had valued him at his worth, or, to speak more to the fact, had the party, to which he gave such loyal support when in his judgment it was right,

been as true as he was to its principles and to the reforms which its leaders had pledged themselves to advance, he would have sat in the chair of Andrew and in the seat of Sumner, and honored them both. Through all his active life, Mr. Pierce was the citizen of high estate, high in all his thinkings and doings. And after contemplating the list of substantial bequests to educational, literary, art, philanthropic, charitable institutions, selected and distributed with a care and thoughtfulness which characterized all of Mr. Pierce's transactions,—gifts, too, after a life of giving,—we must accord him the place of First Citizen of Boston. In private and business life he was the courteous gentleman, the perfect host, the kindly employer, the generous associate, the steadfast friend. The town and the state are the richer for his living.

TAVERNER.

I AM inclined to adhere to Mr. W. H. Whitmore's refutation of the Boston "Mother Goose" legend, though so many persons have accepted as an acknowledged fact the hypothetical publication by Thomas Fleet here in 1719 of his mother-in-law's nursery rhymes, "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melody for Children," and point visitors to the Old Granary Burying-ground as the resting-place of their author. Perrault, in France, used the name in his "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," from the appellation of Queen Bertha the Goosefoot, the mother of Charlemagne; and when that collection of famous fairy tales was translated into English its title was appropriated for collections of nursery songs gathered up from oral traditions. Miss McManus, in the beautiful volume published by

Lamson, Wolfe, & Company, generally follows the text of the Munroe & Francis American reprint, which was a re-issue, with additions, of Isaiah Thomas's re-publication of the original volume (London, 1780). Yet I fancy in many families modified forms of some of these rhymes have descended by word of mouth which have better preserved their original shape. Two or three such variations, inherited by the writer, he would be strongly inclined to swear by as intrinsically genuine. However, the main value of Miss McManus's book lies in her illustrations,—excellent conceits in black and white, full of character and expression. Let one recall his own childish ideas associated with these lullabies and compare them with the product of the stimulating enrichment to the imagination which these cuts must furnish, and he will appreciate the mental evolution of the species which is going forward. We envy the happy youth of the day which is fed on such bright fancies.

FROM GARDINER, MAINE, there comes a good thing, albeit a little one,—even a pamphlet of forty-four pages of poems; and though no publisher has discovered the poet who is self-revealed by a booklet “printed for the author,” Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson has the heart and a good deal of the music of the true singer. This is his “Credo”:—

I cannot find my way: there is no star
In all the shrouded heavens anywhere;
And there is not a whisper in the air
Of any living voice but one so far
That I can hear it only as a bar
Of lost, imperial music, played when fair
And angel fingers wove, and unaware,
Dead leaves to garlands where no roses are.

No, there is not a glimmer, nor a call,
For one that welcomes, welcomes when he fears,
The black and awful chaos of the night: —
For through it all — above, beyond it all —
I know the far-sent message of the years,
I feel the coming glory of the Light!

THE MANY PERSONS who have discovered the charm of summer dwelling in Chocorua will recognize Mr. Balch's camp in the scene of Myra Sawyer Hamlin's story, "Nan at Camp Chicopee," one of Roberts Brothers's new books.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL confirms my judgment of Mr. Updike's "Altar Book," with its designs by Robert Anning Bell and its borders by Bertram G. Goodhue. He says: "For sharp, clean, perfect printing, the Merrymount Press utterly outdistances the Kelmscott. We are sorry to make this admission, but it is unavoidable. The English work is gray and weak; the American is sharp, brilliant, and clean-cut."

IT IS A CURIOUS illustration of the immense increase in the width of the literary field, that the imitations of some modern authors which are given in a Chicago publication fall so flat, because, in most cases, few persons but professional critics are familiar with individual literary style. When the "Rejected Addresses" were printed, or when Thackeray burlesqued his contemporaries, all the world recognized and enjoyed the travesty. Now, though we read Le Gallienne, Beerbohm, Marie Corelli, and Wells, perhaps, they do not command sufficient attention to impress their quality upon the general reader.

A BOOKTASTER.

GREEK HOMILY ON THE SONG OF SONGS.

THE TEXT.

LADY MOON, with silver light,
Lend thy lamp to me this night,
While to Phædra's school I go;
She shall teach me all I need, —
How to pray and how to read.

THE HOMILY.

Lady Moon, with silver light,
Thou that on the Latmian height
With Endymion kept thy tryst, —
(Which did kiss and which was kist
Mortal maidens must not know) —
Lend thy lamp to where I go!

Lend thy lamp to me this night, —
Only — trim it not too bright,
That the envious world may see
Whom I seek, and where we be;
Keep me hid from jealous sight,
Lady Moon, with fitful light!

While I wander to and fro,
Rise thou high and sink thou low!
If till morn the journey last,
Let thy setting beams be cast
On me as I homeward go, —
Far I wander to and fro.

For to Phædra's school I go, —
She has taught me all I know;
Taught me paradigms and cases,
More than Muses, more than Graces:
Wisest scholars here below
Once to Phædra's school did go.

She can teach me all I need,
If her lessons I but heed, —
Mood and tense and conjugation,
Composition, declamation;
While her eyes abstruse I read
She doth teach me all I need.

How to pray, and how to read, —
That 's the problem, — I succeed
Once in fifty; when I miss
I am punished with a kiss:
Graduate may I ne'er proceed!
Her I pray, and her I read.

Lend thy lamp to me to-night,
Lady Moon, with silver light!
Now to Phædra's school I go;
While we wander to and fro,
How to pray, and what to read
She shall teach me if I need.

F. B. S.

WHEN the "Consolidated" establishes the electric system, an object-lesson will be afforded the people which will perhaps open their eyes to the absurd incongruity to which we have been led by the gradual evolution of the street horse-car, running on rails (which frightened conservative people out of their wits forty years ago), to the possession of our highways by what are practically trains of electric motors. The incongruity will then appear between the conditions imposed upon a railroad company which buys its franchise and is obliged to protect the public by overhead or sunken crossings, and one which uses the streets without payment for a similar, or almost exactly

similar, privilege, while men have to pursue their avocations as well as they can among these dangerous engines. Or, to put it another way, suppose the railway tracks of a steam railway lined with shops and the road-bed used as a common thoroughfare, which is somewhat near our present case.

THE INHERITANCE TAX is a wholesome one, if it can be enforced. Without haste or passion, some ways must be devised to limit the increase of individual or corporate wealth and power. Those who possess them are most interested to see it done. The impetus of the times meanwhile is writing on the wall the *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin* of their own destruction.

JOIN WITH ME in keeping a sharp control of your taste, because the "smart" young men who write for the daily press may exert a horrible influence over those who permit familiarity to blunt their perceptions. The worst of their phrases are those of which the imagery has long ceased to mean anything, in platitudinous repetition. "Scored a success." "Taxed the capacity of the house." "Armed to the teeth." "Threw a bomb into the camp." How much less these aggregations of words mean than: "Succeeded," "Filled," "Fully armed," "Surprised"!

THE EYES OF the community are on the liquor commission and Mr. Wolcott, who has, in a way, taken the reins of authority. On the whole, the business, which must be one of discretion, could not be in better hands. I find that extreme prohibitionists are still oblivious of the real meaning of license, and hold that "licensing" means permission. The verbal quibble was clearly exposed by the late James

Freeman Clarke, who pointed out that "license" does not practically mean "to allow," but "to restrict."

A REFORMER.

WHAT WAS BEHIND "CHRIST-KIND."

IT is only German that Santa Claus speaks with faultless accent,—in the Fatherland where the Christmas-trees have deepest roots, with spangles, wild horses, and good dolls, all growing together as naturally as baked potatoes haunt Land of Erin. Even when newly built, those muddy little homes on the Auerbach wine-hill were ingrained with dull color, and shaped stubby with the mean quaintness of builders who had never seen a prairie nor squandered corn. Where nature's re-enforcement is lacking, quaintness may become apology for inertia.

At least a third of fair cubic proportion had been sacrificed to hang Nitpraediger Eckstein's house on this, the veritable rock wherein Auer himself, the Rhein's monster-in-chief, on whose career and entity Auerbach's fame and name rest, unquestionably kept house. Thus the structure became a façade, but one room's depth for each flight. Here too, though aloft and above all, as in Holiest of Holies, the village stork dwelt, crowning the distinction of the Nitpraediger's abode; and she watched the house and its temporary invader, the American boarder.

To know our pleasant covert (for I was the boarder), we mount ten feet to the cellar. Rough stone steps, reaching yet higher to the next flight, drop a curtesy of one broader flag, to admit through a padlocked door (at night closely locked, to bar out a "Christ-kind," strange to say). In this cellar it is, as already hinted, that, in time sufficiently remote,—cave-time or Stone Age,—Aberglaube and Zeitgeist, excellent historians, locate the Auer's original lair. Now (Age of Adipose in Fatherland) the Nitpraediger's great *Fass* of beer and a greater one of sauerkraut make headquarters in the cellar, to rule the land. What fun we had last month making the sauerkraut! It was Hans the Dirty, a small boy from below, who, shoeless, leaped at the minister's order into that *Fass* of sauerkraut



where the layers of fine-cut cabbage, alternating salt, are stamped upon, compacted, fermented, and made a delicacy. The Frau's tranquil face, the Nitpraediger's eye-glass, and the visitor's questioning appetite were factors.

The schoolroom occupies the next flight, whence the sweet German voice of morning praise pours daily, arena of muddlepates, castigated like little beasts the remainder of the forenoon. Yet, afternoon arriving, the Nitpraediger walks through his village, lifting his hat with much humility to his pupils, who arrange themselves with the ducks each side the irregular street.

Family life finds place in the story above. Here love dwells; every morning it fills one of the pastor's seven pipes, and he smokes all day, repeatedly renewing his wife's priming. In summer the pipe-bowl is carefully lowered by its silken tube to the street, "as if I were giraffe and could taste more because my throat is long," observes Herr Eckstein. Books abound, and sharp, significant student-swords, with boxing-gloves, surmount insignificant cuts of the great Forgotten. Sundays, after church service, the clergy and wifedom, asthmatic, cheery, and communicative, climb hither from leagues around to play cards! while "*Mein Gott*," musical little expletive, hands upthrown; or "*Donnerwetter!*" from *Pfarrer* or colleague, are symptoms of loss or gain. How bare the *Schlafstube* where, under a crucifix, still condoned in good Lutheran life, the children — Bertachen, flaxenhaired, and Willie, hairless — are put abed, a sausage in each left hand, *Krug Bier* in the right.

Flower-vines from the roof-garden swing all summer at my little attic window.

Christmas approached. A fair picture it is to hold and to keep in memory, as if invisibly printed by some "sympathetic" ink, to be warmed into view with each anniversary season. Snow fluffed the wine-hills and the far plain; a gleam like a knife-blade showed the river, and the fine cathedral spires of Wurms reddened at the sun's *Gute Nacht*. This river-bed between Heidelberg and Darmstadt is the *Bergstrasse*, or mountain highway. Here giants stepped gingerly from hill to hill (fording the river), and threw about the lesser boulders like Roxbury pudding-stones.

There were mudpond evenings, when around the partly frozen pump I answered discreetly the guesses of the wondering peasants: Distance in furlongs from New York to San Francisco? Would a gun's contents be likely called for on a morning's walk between the sister cities? What the wild beasts were? Was my mother an Indian? Why, *derwegen*, is n't the Americano's hair woolly? And all agreed to visit us all on wandering to America. It was Hans the Dirty who prevailed as chief squabbler and ignoramus; Hans the village blotch, profane, abusive, red-haired; lately in lockup for stealing one dark night on the wine-hill the grapes forever blessed by Karl the Kaiser; Hans, who alone of all the town children was forbidden to play with the Nitpraediger's. Pity for his mother, the widow Riebel, — Mrs. Carrot, surname unsavory from the product least honored in German soil, herself of squash-red hair, so poor that she baked bread but twice a year, breaking the crusts with an axe, — begot no village love for unfortunate Hänschen. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yet much Christmas week turned upon concealed attributes in Hans.

Christmas week — and in it, a few days before Christmas itself, another day of real importance to all of us! The Christkind may come at any time during the week, and the child is to these folk the Saviour Himself, who comes to ask from the parents the earth-children's story, reporting to Santa Claus. Above all, the little ones should give from their own wee stores gifts of toys, farthings, and sweet cakes emblematically stamped, and bits of palm.

The parents knew that Christ-kind would come on Saturday night, and our children were intensely excited all day. Looking back so many years, shall I record what I wondered at chiefly? It was at the bigness of blue eyes! — hope-filled, expectant, superstitious baby-blue eyes.

Sausage, coffee and cinnamon soup scarce tasted, we sat in joyous tremor. It knocked. "Ach!" said Frau Nitpraediger. Herr Eckstein admitted a crouching little figure, its face covered by a long green veil. The children bent reverently.

"I am Christ-kind poor and weak.
Give me clothes and things to eat."

The voice is suspiciously that of Hans. The children are awe-stricken. "*Christus selbst*," I heard Berta's sweet voice, and, trembling, she produced her little bag of prunes and nuts, saved for Christ-kind through a long vista of desserts. Hans, seizing it, leered and giggled. The innocent details of two baby lives were quietly unfolded by the mother; awkward bows and shuffling approved the story. And more gifts were produced and clutched, until at a peremptory order twice given by the Nitpraediger, slips of printed paper bearing texts of Scripture were found for the children in the pockets of Christ-kind, with complete exposure of the face and person. "Kneel, now, and he shall bless you," said the father. The children again bent reverentially; they have seen the "Very God."

I could but speculate, despite Nitpraediger's justification, "The legend is so *wunderschön*, Herr Charles!" what might have been the shock to those gentle hearts had his brogue given Hans away; or if recognition had flashed into the vulgar, impudent, avaricious eyes of the gamin; or if growing intelligence were next year to discover the deception of this.

Christmas week, and on the storied Rhine, whence Christmas is supplied to all the world! And yet a little wordless longing for the more robust child-thought at home, which loves Santa Claus without fear, and shrewdly, and could without loss of enjoyment in its own imaginings actually wind up the machinery that moves Santa Claus and the other marionettes.

Yet it was pretty, — the gingerbread structure behind Christ-kind.
C. F. NICHOLS.

AT last St. Gaudens's "Peter Cooper" is done. How fortunate that this fine but deliberate artist was not the servant of old Athens! Never would his work have seen the light, for by the time it was finished that fickle people would have ostracized and forgotten the subject!

THE OLD SOUTH spire against a dark indigo sky, with
18



the crescent moon and a bright planet close to its tapering point, the other evening, was like one of May Alcott's charming charcoals. What a blessing these old "Wren" churches are! And what a dreadful "improvement" the leaning tower and mosque lantern of the New Old South! — though those jolly carvings in its stonework are a saving merit.

I APPEAL TO MR. HOWELLS to head the list of contributors to the American subscription for the bust to Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, for the erection of which the Dean has granted permission to the English committee. In this way he will apparently atone for his harsh criticism of the "Wizard of the North," and at the same time indulge himself by casting, as it were, the first stone. He can only give twenty-five dollars, which is the maximum subscription any one individual is permitted to make, and this is cheap for the fun which Mr. Howells has had from the author's novels. Lists for the use of ordinary admirers of Sir Walter can be found at Sever's in Cambridge, at the Public Library and the Athenæum; or subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Fiske Warren, No. 220 Devonshire Street, and Mr. James Murray Kay, No. 4 Park Street. I suppose the interest of the English movement may be, to many persons, in the number of literary men who are active therein; but it would have pleased the taste of Scott, I fancy, as it pleases mine, to read the roll of historical names which is signed to the appeal to commemorate the picturesque historian of the noble deeds of noble men: Balfour of Burleigh, Lothian, Buccleuch, Dalkeith, Salisbury, Fife, Argyll, Napier, and Ettrick.

A DILETTANTE.

THE Castle Square Company shows signs of exhaustion. The wonder continues that their productions are so well done, but yet it might be better to satisfy the taste of those remarkable audiences more completely than to excite their astonishment at these *tours de force*,—a production of a new opera every week. The “Lily of Killarney” deserved more prolonged preparation. The first nights were, in fact, full-dress rehearsals.

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW have given a neat comedy bit at Keith's this week. Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Heath are a pleasant pair of black faces. The domestic views in the Cinematographe are genre pictures which appeal to everybody's taste. And what houses the theatre has held every day and every hour in the day!

THE “HEART OF MARYLAND” has been the largest success ever made in Boston, by the practical test of the box-office. Since I use the ordinary rights of the individual (instead of the privileged D. H. of the critic), I know what it means to be obliged to buy seats a week ahead, which is an uncommon experience, let me tell you.

MR. HOPPER is by all odds the best of his kind, a very popular and amusing kind, and “El Capitan” is a good example of “comic opera,” the modern recipe for washing away the cobwebs from the brain. That it should be so implies the life we live. Care and anxiety demand the relief of this absolute appeal to the risibles and the senses. One cannot but philosophize as to the real possession of the minds of those who are going wild over these things about us. How many are drowning for the moment the thought

of the coming destruction and remorse of the speculator or embezzler, deafening their ears to the fatal footsteps which are drawing near! It is not always a gay place, this theatre, echoing to the hilarities of brilliant folly.

LONDON CORRESPONDENTS gush so overwhelmingly, and are so obviously influenced by personal motives, that it is usually impossible to regard their effusions with seriousness. But I am glad to see that Mr. Shaw says that our Miss Fay Davis in London was the best Celia he has ever seen. This is enough, and it is convincing.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL is the most agreeable personality I have seen on the stage for many a day. If I were to "seek peace and ensue it," the piece should be the play at the Museum and Sue its heroine!

THE PERFORMANCE OF "Peer Gynt" in Paris has aroused a good many persons to the knowledge of the mastery over the imagination which the great Norwegian author exerts upon those who possess the quality. There are, possibly, allowances to be made for those who cannot accept the conditions to which Ibsen has chosen to limit himself in his social dramas; but the wholesale condemnation of an author by critics who are ignorant of his romantic plays could only proceed from an unpardonable ignorance.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF "Little Eyolf" in London is another mark of the permanence of Ibsen's impression upon the drama. People look back upon the performance of the Ibsen plays here, I find, as the epoch of a fresh conception of the possibilities of genuine theatrical feeling, to which other effects seem merely emotional or sensuous. Ibsen's

plays separate the vulgar and conventional from the mental and the imaginative, as the sheep are separated from the goats.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF Sarah Bernhardt in Paris forcibly reminds one of similar affairs, which I will not specify, in Pagan days, — when hymns were sung and divine honors paid to ladies who had not been famous merely for representing courtesans and *intrigantes* to the life. It was a fit scene in fit conditions, the Paris of the closing century, “Gehenna of the nations.”

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

December 21 to December 26.

Keith's Theatre — Cinematographe. Vaudeville.

Hollis St. Theatre — Same as last week.

Castle Sq. Theatre — “Lily of Killarney.” *Unsatisfactory.*

Boston Theatre — Same as last week.

Park Theatre — Same as last week.

Columbia Theatre — “Brother for Brother.” *Stupid.*

Boston Museum — Same as last week.

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — “When London Sleeps.” *Spasmodic.*

Tremont Theatre — Mr. De Wolf Hopper. *Amusing.*

A PLAYGOER.

SOMEBODY says that the private employment of policemen at receptions to call the guests' carriage numbers is improper, as in a way discrediting the function of



an official who should be clothed at once in buttons and a certain functional dignity. Probably something of this feeling actuated the Washington "coppers" who refused to carry Li Hung Chang. How does it strike you ?

THE SLUSH of city streets is an abominable horror to the eye, as well as a vast inconvenience. The thoroughfare is filled with stuff like the dirtiest of that unrefined brown sugar that was once a common article of kitchen use, and the sidewalks, superficially dingy with a snowy substratum where footsteps track it, are like the chocolate-drop with a white core. There is certainly much less conscientiousness than there used to be by householders in keeping the bricks clean, just as the city's responsibility is removed.

FORTY WOMEN JOINED one Lowell Club the other day. Squads of them, if not so large, are weekly or monthly voted into organizations of women all over the country, aggregating a very large percentage of the female population. Lots of time, strength, and money are wasted; the proportion of benefit is growing less. Some of the wiser heads are calling a halt, but the spirit of the age knows no moderation.

I CARE LITTLE for murder trials, and the one interesting thing about the *Herbert Fuller* case to me is the realizing sense which it revives of the extraordinary experience of the young gentleman of birth and breeding in the awful scene of the fatal night and the days which followed it. How few men of his training, young or old, could have kept their heads as Mr. Monks seems to have done !

THE DEAN AND Chapter of Canterbury, after praying



for divine guidance, duly proceeded to elect the Archbishop nominated by the prime minister, under the stress of the pains and penalties of *præmunire* if they should elect anybody else. This recurring form seems almost blasphemous, unless these dignitaries believe Lord Salisbury to be celestially inspired to appoint an ecclesiastical functionary.

THE SECRET OF happy intercourse with the world is to know just how deep to go with people. Everybody is tolerable at a certain distance. The insight, which is a kind of instinct, enabling a man to feel his way with another just so far as he is worth penetrating is the most useful preparation for social life. Thus we have a mere tangential relation with many, a skirmishing relation with a small number, brief irruptions into the nature of fewer people, rare indwelling with chosen friends, the bathing of the spirit in the safe, close communion of engrossing affection.

I REVERENTLY LAY a single white rose on the new-made grave of a woman who led here in this selfish, cruel world a life of perfect love, truth, and simplicity, and who has gone home at this blessed Christmas-time with the heart of a little child.

A GOSSIP.

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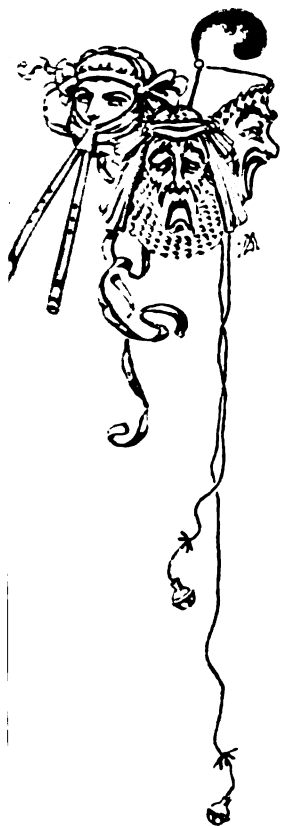
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TIME AND THE HOUR



THE WEEK. Public rights in the West End; Persistent Salisbury; The Berlin cliques; Poisonous gas. — *Editorial*.

HERE IN BOSTON. — Proctor the Jibbenainosav; Old-time play-acting; The compliments of the season! — *Taverner*.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson's essays; "The True George Washington;" "Wives in Exile;" Notes. — *a Booktaster*. Anarchistic society papers; The window flower-shows; Real-estate anchors. — *a Reformer*. "The War of Wealth;" "The Sign of the Cross." — *a Playgoer*. Watching the watchers; The stag-dinner scandal; Buying presents; Mr. Furness's reading. — *a Gossip*.

Concerning Restaurants, Boarding-Houses, and Hotels. — *David H. Clark*. Sister Antilla (poem). — *James Jeffrey Roche*.

Boston, January 2, 1897

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“Time and the Hour”

Vol. 4 No. 4

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897

THE WEEK.

THE community has suffered from a business difficulty between a servant of its own and that servant's servants this week, through accidents caused by the employment of unskilled labor in place of that of discharged employees. This, as well as last week's interruption of the service, is exasperating. It would need very little to arouse the underlying instinct that the people have rights beyond the vague effects of "public opinion," which the newspapers invoke, to take a hand in the matter.

ON EVERY SIDE sympathy with the grievances of the men has been expressed, and evidences of Mr. Samuel Little's record in other corporations have been adduced, convincing as to his unfitness to execute justly the responsibility with which he has been entrusted. The dealings with the discharged employees are probably irrevocable, but the directors will do well of their own accord to offer the agreement, substantially as it was asked for, to their present force.

BEFORE WE TALK of national ownership of railroads, or of municipal control of electric lines, we must have secured an absolute reform of the civil service, municipal, state, and national. Despite all that has been accomplished, for which credit is due to a handful of Independents and the

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largest share to President Cleveland, we are far short of a divorce of the offices from politics. As yet, the average citizen has but a vague idea of what this reform really means, while the professional politician has no comprehension of it. Bad as many thoughtful citizens believe the advent of the government in the transportation business under most favoring circumstances would be, no one who gives the matter serious consideration can avoid the conviction that under present conditions it would be intolerable, bringing scandal, corruption, and disaster in its train.

HAVE WE FORGOTTEN the Armenians? Yet here is another terrible massacre at Eghin. While the newspaper-reading, sensation-loving world tires of everything, however important and appealing, there are those who do not forget. Lord Salisbury is pressing forward those demands upon the Sultan which in our hot wrath we reproached him for neglecting while they were being prepared, and they are now about to be enforced when we have become indifferent. With the ratification of France and Russia, England's intervention, it is hoped, will soon chain up the tiger for good and all.

THE RECRIMINATION BETWEEN the cliques in Berlin goes on. There is no doubt that the Hohenzollerns are a distinct faction, the Junker element, Prussian *par excellence*, which is antagonized by and antagonizes in plot and counterplot the old German spirit. It may or may not be that the Emperor is disloyal to his own ministers, but it is certain that personal loyalty to the throne is subjected to severe tests beyond the inner circle. The conditions which permit free

speech only under sanction of the privileges of the Reichstag, whose liberty becomes almost license, and the restrictions upon the press and even private speech, seem unlikely to endure permanently.

ARE NOT THESE cases of asphyxiation by gas becoming rather too common? It would seem that the smell of the stuff were sufficiently powerful to warn any one instantly of danger; but if, as has been stated, the naphtha-and-water mixture by which we hold Addicks in none too grateful remembrance is not merely suffocating, but actively poisonous, might not the distinguished gentlemen of the gas commission cease from their labors of depressing the value of electric-light investments long enough to bring their intellects to bear on the matter, before many more lives are lost?

THE SUBWAY FEVER is catching. The new South Union Station is to have one for suburban trains. Londoners have long burrowed underground with their rapid transit, and now the operators of their Metropolitan Railway, itself subterranean, are going to put tunnels for its express service still further down, beneath its own accommodation tracks, to save the enormous expense of acquiring new rights of way.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" may be all right, but who is there conscientiously to say a good word for 1896? Oh, yes; Mark Hanna!

THERE IS A good deal of dissatisfaction in the Institute of Technology at the persistent way in which some of the newspapers pitch their praises of it upon the low note of

practical advantage to its students in getting employment upon graduation. The scientific spirit which has developed there is quite as uncommercial as the pursuit of the "humanities." Taking into account the mere vulgar desire to make friends in the "right set," which actuates many who enter at Cambridge, we doubt if there be not a higher devotion to the sole advancement of learning and to the service of mankind, independent of mere self-seeking, in Boylston Street than in Harvard Square — especially since so many of the electives chosen at the University by the "grinds," who have not social ambition, are selected with the sole view to their financial advantages to intending hustlers.

THERE ARE WISE men in the nations of Europe, not altogether selfishly fearing their own injury by our new protective legislation, but with some human interest in the general good of all men, watching wistfully for the programme which will define the tariff policy of the Republican administration. A President who has been elected by the support of financial and industrial capital, and a Congress of which the majority is likewise pledged by political "honor" to similar interests, are subject to an enormous temptation to forget the great issue before the country, which is the placating of the minority, that came so near to being a majority. The elder son is safe; he is sure of good things enough (although they will probably prove indigestible); it is the prodigal who must be won back to his father's table. On some accounts the hope of a second term might be a wholesome incentive, under the circumstances, to the incoming administration.



HERE IN BOSTON.

THE good minister at the funeral of Wyzeman Marshall spoke particularly of his contributions to the wealth of the community through his work in his profession,—“wealth of thought, of feeling, and of action.” Another eulogist, since his death, has referred to him as the last of the “old school” actors here in Boston. But there is one more yet with us, and one whose contributions to the common wealth have been similar to those with which the good minister credited Marshall: a rare old gentleman who bears his eighty and one years lightly as he moves about his daily occupations; and I trust it will be many a day before his funeral eulogy is called. This old gentleman is Joseph Proctor, the tragedian, or “Proctor, the Jibbenainosay,” as we old fellows used to call him from his long identification with this famous part.

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Although Marshall played a greater variety of parts, Proctor in his chosen line, which he held to, exclusively, after he had once got well into it, was the greater actor and of wider fame. He was a favorite star in this country nearly half a century ago, and before the Civil War he had won a name abroad. No American actor of his time had a more signal triumph than he upon a first appearance as a star in England; nor enjoyed a more prosperous series of engagements in London and the Provinces. It was in 1859 that these first English successes were made; and he remained abroad for two and a half years, playing the leading Shakspearean roles, the good old standard char-

acters, with frequent presentation of "The Jibbenainosay," in the principal cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, finishing with a brilliant sweep of "farewell performances" in London. It was in one of these engagements—at the Theatre Royal, in Glasgow—that he spoke the kindly and encouraging word of appreciation of work done in the supporting company by Henry Irving, then a struggling young actor, which Irving years after recalled at a little supper here in Boston one night after the play, with honest expressions of gratitude to this man "enveloped in a kind and gentle spirit."—Proctor was the first to play "The Jibbenainosay," appearing in the initial presentation of the "Nick of the Woods" at the old Bowery, in New York, in May, 1839; and he was the last to present it. How many times he has played it I dare not say, but probably more than Jefferson has given "Rip Van Winkle."

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Proctor began his professional career at the age of seventeen, three years before Marshall made his first appearance, and it covered more than half a century, practically closing in 1885, although the veteran actor made occasional appearances, generally at benefit performances, after that date. His first step on the boards was taken at the "Warren," Pelby's theatre, from which the old "National" was constructed; and before he secured a regular place in a stock company he had played a succession of ambitious parts with marked success at both the Warren and the old Tremont, which stood where the Tremont Temple now stands. This high vaulting at the start was to meet the

wishes of his parents, who had marked him for the ministry, and gave their reluctant consent to his trial of "playing" on condition that he should appear only in some prominent and dignified character, their secret hope being that he would fail. The next season, 1834, he became a member of Pelby's company, and devoted himself assiduously to the systematic study of his art. Then after a year at Albany as "utility man," playing with several of the famous actors of that day, he became a member of a company of which Charles R. Thorne, the elder, and wife, were at the head, and had a three years' experience in western "barn-storming." After another season in a settled company, the Walnut Street, Philadelphia, dividing the season between that city and Pittsburg, he made his advent as a "star" and so continued for the most part of the remainder of his career.

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Proctor's work as a manager of theatres was, unlike Marshall's, brief, extending over not more than three years. But it was fairly successful. It began here in Boston in 1848, at the old Beach Street Museum,—or the Dramatic Museum, as it was first formally called, then Thorne's American Museum, then the Beach Street Museum, then the Olympic, an ill-starred venture which struggled for a brief two years, then quietly died,—and finished at Portland in 1851, in a theatre built for his own use by a wealthy friend. While managing the Portland theatre, however, which covered the seasons of 1849–51, he made several starring trips to the larger cities of the Eastern States. Marshall, as has been recalled, was a member of his Beach

Street company, and the friendship then begun between the two actors was lifelong. Proctor had the advantage, which his friend lacked, of an excellent academic training, and like his friend he supplemented his "schooling" with wide reading of the best literature of the drama. He was a faithful and intelligent interpreter of his author's lines, was, like Marshall, a fine elocutionist, and was true to the best traditions of the stage. His first wife was a sister of our incomparable Warren.

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The holiday season practically closed in this latitude and longitude — to adopt a mode of determining locality recently introduced in the celebrated Bram trial — with the close of last week, for our forebears and their descendants have never made much of New Year's Day, leaving that to sinful New York and Washington the Gay. And even in New York, nowadays, "open house" on that day is no longer the feature it once was; although Washington, happily, still blossoms forth as gorgeously as ever, diplomacy always adding brilliant color to the occasion. Our Puritan forefathers concentrated their social strength on Thanksgiving, and the solemnity of that function later found its counterpoint in the modified joyousness of Christmas alone; to indulge in rejoicing and merrymaking upon the occasion of a new year seemed, no doubt, to the Puritan like flying in the face of Providence. Still this has nevertheless long been here, as elsewhere, an era of good feeling. So, joining the throng, I wish my readers, old and young, gentle or otherwise, a happy and a prosperous New Year. To this I fancy I hear from many, in an audible

aside, "Well, it could n't be any worse than the last." Even so ; but let us look forward, not backward, ever hopeful, ever hoping.

TAVERNER.

THE essay, which but yesterday was mourned as a lost art, has all at once, so rapidly are literary forms evolved, assumed a considerable importance. Mr. Woodrow Wilson has added an "Essay on Burke" to some papers which have attracted attention in the magazines, and Houghton, Mifflin & Company have made a handsome volume of the collection. They are modern, clear, unaffected, and purposeful, not "mere literature," by any means, fantastic and exaggerated. "Mere literature," I take to be, in one sense, that quaint or imaginative writing which was vital when it was produced because it corresponded with the thought and feeling of its author. In that sense it is not to be depreciated, because, as a study, it has a genuine value. To imitate any of its species, to be bizarre merely for the sake of oddity, to challenge attention by tricks of phrase,—these are the things which justify the contemptuous characterization of much modern work as "mere literature." Mr. Wilson is, first of all, a thinker, and a noble one. The "Calendar of Great Americans" and "The Course of American History" are types of logical analysis. In "The Truth of the Matter" he grasps the true historical idea in a manner which controverts the narrow "scientific" canon which Mr. Fiske has foisted upon us of late. It is needless to say that Mr. Wilson's style falls into such service as his gracefully and forcibly.



"WIVES IN EXILE" is a queer story, by William Sharp, of the expedition upon a yacht of two ladies whose lords have temporarily deserted them on the plea of business, which conceals a pleasure-trip to London. The yacht is "manned" by a crew of women, and after various adventures the husbands, who go in search of the wanderers, are rescued from shipwreck by their wives and forgiveness is exchanged. Upon an inconceivable basis a quantity of very genuine dialogue, incident, and description is wrought with a sensuous touch which is delicately alluring. The Adamless paradise of the little vessel inevitably suggests a male observer, and the sportive, caressing affection of the fair and dark beauties is tinged with a coquetry which implies a "peeping Tom." The reader shares the piquancy of the admission to the fascinating society of the "California widows," and felicitates himself upon the many evasions of the husbands' pursuit, which the pair of captains accomplish. I am sure these frisky ladies will break bounds again, and I hope to meet them in their merry enfranchisement. Lamson, Wolfe, & Company publish the book in simple elegance.

MR. EDMUND LEAR'S "Nonsense Verses" was very agreeable fooling, with its quaint illustrations. The mode of humor which has established itself on the Pacific Coast seems a little fatiguing as a steady diet for grown people. One may sample with pleasure the children's *bonbonnière*, but a continuous saccharine diet leads to a sour digestive condition.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S "The True George Washing-

ton" is a very graphic and genuine collection of details, which will tend to anchor the hitherto fast receding form of the idealized "Father of his Country" to reality, and is therefore a wholesome as it is an amusing bit of work. It is delightful to find that the immortal George, in the ordinary affairs of family life, such as ordering his wife's wardrobe, was rather an "old Betty."

I MEAN TO GIVE a simple recommendation now and again of good books, without amplification; as one answers the question, "What shall I read?" so often asked any bookish person. Here are four: "Quo Vadis," "King Noanett," "Margaret Ogilvy," and "The Country of the Pointed Firs."

AN EDITION OF luxury of "King Noanett" is to be brought out in England. One hundred copies are to be made, and each is to have a separate, independent illustration by Henry Sandham, besides those common to the whole.

A BOOKTASTER.

CONCERNING RESTAURANTS, BOARDING-HOUSES, AND HOTELS.

IT falls to my lot, in common with a very large majority of the busy world, to depend much upon restaurants, hotels, and boarding-houses for my daily food; even when the morning meal is partaken at home, the midday one is almost universally eaten at the public table. Moreover, since this occurs but rarely at the same one two or three days in succession, I may be considered qualified to bear witness as to this mode of living. The substitutes for the very important function of the home include those of various descriptions. I do not propose particular reference here to either extreme in the

line of their gradation. The average business man or woman, and it is these I have in mind in this connection, dines but on rare occasions at Young's or the Parker House. What they know of the poorest resorts for the purpose has usually been obtained from an incidental acquaintance with them, perhaps mere surmise or conjecture.

The fame of New England cooking has gone forth to the ends of the earth. But although the art is doubtless as advanced here as anywhere, it must be admitted by those who are conversant with the facts that there still remains considerable room for its improvement. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the good name it bears in this particular may not be considered as somewhat traditional, characteristic of earlier and more homogeneous conditions, rather than one which belongs, in a special sense, to it to-day. There is a great deal of good cooking, no doubt, a great deal equal to the best anywhere, in New England; but there is also a vast amount that is very poor, as may be easily verified on investigation; as not a few have learned even without the effort of investigation. Indeed, we need not proceed farther than our own kitchens and tables for grievous proof of this, albeit it may be maintained that this might more properly be termed Hibernian cooking, or that of some other imported nationality. The New England kitchen, nevertheless, occupies a conspicuous place in fairs and festivals. And yet there is reason to question, if one may be pardoned the supposition, whether the reference we have seen picturesquely set forth on placards in street-cars, to pies "just like what mother used to make," was not more of a sentimental imagination than a recollection of the actual product, and if put to the test would not be found to fall even below the standard mark of the common artificer in this line to-day. Be this as it may, Yankee baked beans and brown bread survive as the imperishable distinction of New England culinary art. I remember that after a long and wearisome mid-winter ride, many years ago, of one hundred and seventy-five miles in Burbank's stages, stages on runners, between Lacrosse, Wis., and Saint Paul, Minn., unconnected by rail at the time, one of the first sights which greeted my eyes in the frosty air of the next morning, as I stood on the steps of the hotel, were these words in a shop-window

across the way, "Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread." Nor would it be altogether strange if a visitor to the antipodes should meet the same greeting. But since more than a single bird is needed to assure us of spring, and more than a single flower of summer, so two or three dishes, though ever so high their excellence, do not conclusively prove that New England—the whole of its people—has attained the acme of skill in this kind of manipulations.

It is common to say that it is not every one who can keep a hotel. The remark applies with equal force to a restaurant, or, to choose a name of later use among us, and apparently supposed more elegant sound, a *café*, and yet it is lamentably evident that the converse notion is exceedingly prevalent. It is quite obvious that there are many who entertain the delusion that almost any one is sufficient for the undertaking; certainly to keep a restaurant or boarding-house, though each requires similar talent in different degrees. Cases of the kind possess often a very pathetic character and call for a liberal exercise of patient consideration and charity. It is the last alternative, it may be, of one in the stress of adversity, a widow per chance, with others dependent upon her single efforts for the support of herself and children, but with little capacity for the efficient discharge of the exacting demands of the situation. Again, it is one with an invalid husband, or, if not invalid, who might as well be so far as support of his end of the burden of life goes, who is under the spell of these imaginings. Not unfrequently it is a man instead of a woman "out of a job," with an apparent chronic tendency to such fortune, who seems to think that if he can only start a restaurant or unite with his wife in keeping a boarding-house, however lacking in the essentials for the enterprise, he will be at once upon the sure road to prosperity. But there is a limit to the endurance of even the softest and most sympathetic natures in such instances. It is difficult for such experimenters to understand what is the matter, if indeed they are ever able to do so. A proprietor of this class overhears the complaints of his or her guests or patrons, or they are made to his face, but he cannot comprehend them, and concludes that they simply evince the natural predisposition of human beings to unreasonableness and injustice. The patronage of his boarding-house, restaurant, or *café*—the choicest name will

not save it — dwindles, but he attributes it to the inappreciation of his merits, the want of something in others rather than in himself.

As to hotels, it would be difficult to imagine any abiding-place which pretends to offer the comforts of an ordinarily well-conditioned home more wanting in some important homelike distinctions than many country inns that still exist in New England. It is little less than a wonder that the wayfarer stranded upon their dull and meagre hospitality over a Sunday should survive the loss of sanity or resist the desperate alternative of suicide. Putting aside the monotonous routine, which is common at the table, the scanty consideration of reasonable attentions and provisions for pastime is enough to render even a brief sojourn of a social and sensitive nature unspeakably lonesome and depressing. There are, of course, some very pleasant exceptions to such a picture. Sometimes, even in small and out-of-the-way towns, there are halting-places of the kind to which the traveller may look forward with genuine pleasure, assured that he will find, at the close of a weary day, a cordial and pleasant greeting, a table of simple, well-cooked food, and a careful anticipation of all reasonable wishes, sufficient to fill the breast of any one who is not a constitutional grumbler with gratitude and content. A frequent distinction of country hotels is their aspect of untidiness and neglect. This may be observed outside and inside alike. Every country hotel is supposed to include somewhere what is called "the parlor," an apartment for the use of special guests and occasions, where one may retreat with a book, if he desires to escape the smoke and vapid talk of the office or general rendezvous. But this cannot always be counted upon. Often, when doomed to pass the night in such quarters, I have sought in vain for this coveted seclusion, or if found, there has been much to lessen its attraction. The shabby or cheap and gaudy furniture has seemed more to bespeak exhausted resources or vulgar display than to suggest homelike and tasteful service. I have found it often, when the season for heating had come, poorly warmed and cheerless, its only light a pair of gas-burners — occasionally but one — so far above a person's head as to cause a strain of the eyes in reading, too painful to be endured for more than a brief duration. Should one determine, under these adverse circumstances, to repair to his room, the probability is the condition will be similar,

and he will be forced in simple despair to give up and go to bed an hour earlier than he would otherwise.

The advent of the cooking-school is something for congratulation. But as yet its influence has been diffused but little among the masses. It has not reached where it is most needed,—to many boarding-houses, restaurants, and country hotels. It was a saying of Liebig that “the civilization of a people may be determined by the amount of soap they consume.” A truer criterion would be the skill they have attained in cooking. It would be an interesting and profitable study to ascertain how much of the unhappiness of homes, and even divorce, is due to the want of it. The relation which cooking sustains to health and disease is well understood and capable of scientific demonstration. When there is a low dietary standard, or poor restaurants, doctors thrive, and *vice versa*. Since, therefore, the art we have been considering is the primary art of all the arts of life, since not only human existence itself, but even its highest and best realizations also depend upon it, is it too much to ask that there should be rigid exactions in respect to the practice of it? It is required of certain trades and professions that there shall be a careful examination as to the competence of those who assume their responsibilities. Would it not be as justifiable to insist that those who undertake the important and delicate task of purveyors of the food of human beings in any of the specific capacities we have referred to shall first of all present a properly accredited certificate that they are qualified for the business? The transitions in ideas and modes of life in modern time have induced quite different conceptions from those which once prevailed in respect to the worth and claims of our physical natures. Starvation is no longer considered a pious or holy procedure, the mortification of the flesh and extinction of the natural appetites the best training for saintship or winning the favor of Heaven. It is possible to combine “plain living” with “high thinking,” but if plain living means low living or meagre diet for a considerable period, the thinking is likely to sink to the level of what it feeds on. In other words, it will be found that the best intellectual results are attained when the body is well nourished and cared for. The large salaries paid the *chefs* of the great hotels of the principal cities is a tribute to the dignity of the calling. The conclusion we reach upon pondering

the foregoing is that the prime requisite for the success of one who aspires to the occupation of catering to the public as the conductor of a boarding-house, hotel, or restaurant is a satisfactory table, good food, skill in its preparation. There is nothing that can atone for its absence. Since eating is essential to living, food is its most vital and fundamental necessity. The whole matter is briefly and happily summed up in these flowing lines of a modern rhymist:—

“Man may live without poetry, music, and art;
He may live without conscience and live without heart;
He may live without friends, he may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.”

DAVID H. CLARK.

WHILE Mr. Benedict threatens us with the alienation of capital if the attacks upon corporate management continue, the significant fact is published that last year alone in the single State of New York new corporations were capitalized to the amount of \$300,000,000. It is really in the most friendly spirit to organized capital that its limitations are urged by those who value commercial progress and social order.

THE SOCIETY PAPERS are among the chief promoters of anarchistic feeling. That the rich live differently from the poor is sufficiently obvious. Large wealth in responsible hands is an immensely useful thing, and the refinements of life which spread downwards through all the strata of the community are promoted even by what may appear to be its selfish expenditure. To flaunt all the details of seemingly easy and luxurious lives, for the benefit of millions of readers, with every exaggeration of a descriptive imagination, serves no good purpose. Some snobbish people may enjoy their



perusal with a merely vulgar satisfaction, but a great number of readers are doubtless excited to a restless discontent with their own situation compared with one of which only the showy, meretricious side is depicted. Some foreign observers have been led to believe that Americans, having all the expectation or the hope of "getting there" themselves, look upon their wealthy classes without jealousy and even with a certain complacency. This might have been true half a century ago, but practically, our leisure class, with its immense possessions, is as far removed from the invasion of newly rich as any aristocracy whatever. These fortunes are no longer possible to the beginner with small means, unless by accidents so rare that they are beyond reasonable consideration.

OF ALL THE pleasant shows in shop-windows none give such unalloyed delight as those which the florists display. I fancy a mixture of covetousness impairs the gratification which is derived from the tempting exposure of stuffs and jewelry and confectionery. Other senses claim satisfaction no less than that of sight, and we look with envy upon pretty things that more fortunate people are able to wear and to eat. But the persons who buy flowers can get little more from them than the poorest spectator who lingers in happy contemplation of wonderful orchids, glowing beds of roses, and fair sheaves of lilies. They wither in heated rooms, on the corsage of a ball-dress, or in the buttonhole of evening clothes. Here we see them constantly renewed in their fullest perfection, and all are welcome, without money and without price, to the uncloying floral feast.

DO ORDINARY SELF-RESPECTING folk understand how



the candy-shops are supported? Most of us associate sugar-plums with the holiday times or the unconsidered trifles of the dessert, and that consumption is sporadic or small. I was led to inquire where all the stuff went, and a civil dealer in sweetmeats told me that besides the gift of a box of candy, which the cheaper order of young men make to their companions when they invite them to go to the play (which accounts for the constant champing which one notices in an ordinary kind of theatre-girl), there is also an immense regular consumption in families. The good husband in a certain rank of life carries home a pound box every Saturday for the weekly treat. Thus one may picture the "Johnnie" and his spouse, of a Sabbath afternoon, in their rocking-chairs, each with half of the Sunday paper, the candy-box between them, feeding their minds with matter not fit to read and their stomachs with substances not fit to eat.

HUMAN BEINGS ARE evidently not long "evolved" from the ruminants. Gum-chewing, tobacco-chewing, the sucking of the youthful lollypop, the mumbling of toothless jaws, all indicate a strong latent instinct for habitual discussion of something material.

A REFORMER.

THE actor or actress of the future will need to have acrobatic training if the standards now set up are maintained. There is nothing in the "War of Wealth" but situations, one an apparently risky one. The people like it.

IT IS EASY to see why "The Sign of the Cross" found

favor in London, a city containing a large class of bourgeois, instructed more or less in the Scripture, either at home or in denominational schools, who found an animating interest in the presentation of the lives of the early Christians in a dramatic form. The corresponding class in America do not go to the theatre. They read "Ben Hur" and hear Dr. Watson lecture. The play is bombastic, disagreeable, but not ill acted. "Quo Vadis" would make a more interesting drama.

"LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN" is also liked by the people, and by the best people. It has been very much the fashion.

IN "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" the Castle Square people do very satisfactory work. It is notable that in these repeated productions the same effect is reached as by frequent rehearsals.

MISS LILLIAN MENELLY, the fair dancer turned actress, who is playing the leading part at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in London, is such an extremely pretty girl that she must not be allowed to deny that she is an American, though she was taken from Cincinnati to England when a little child.

DO YOU KNOW why all things at Keith's are done so daintily and decorously? I am told that a gentleman of taste and refinement inspects the first appearance of every performer as his sole duty, to watch for any possible indecorum in speech, dress, or action. Modifications are generally willingly made if the standards of the model theatre require it, but sometimes the artists decline to take out the

"ginger" which has been elsewhere acceptable, and they are got rid of.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

December 28 to January 2.

Hollis St. Theatre — Same as last week.

Keith's Theatre — Vaudeville. Cinematographe.

Tremont Theatre — Same as last week.

Boston Theatre — "War of Wealth." *Dull.*

Park Theatre — Same as last week.

Castle Sq. Theatre — "The Bohemian Girl." *Excellent.*

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — "Shaft No. 2." *Commonplace.*

Columbia Theatre — "The Power of the Press." *Good.*

Boston Museum — "The Sign of the Cross." *Uninteresting.*

A PLAYGOER.

SISTER ANTILLA.

OUR sister is black, but beautiful,
For the sun hath loved her long;
Her mother's children, undutiful,
Have wrought her a grievous wrong.

"If thou know not thyself," she crieth,
"Know me as our Father's child;
And till shame in thy bosom dieth,
Keep thy sister undefiled."

In pain and in woe she is lying,
To a bed of torture tied;

Shall we leave her unaided, dying,
With a man's sword at our side?

If she perish forgot and friendless,
Nidering and slave are we —
God pity our souls in the endless
Days of Eternity!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

DURING the last month an occurrence took place in one of our large shops which suggests the need of watching the watchers therein. Those who are set to detect the crimes of others may themselves be in most need of detection. A lady noticed that she was closely followed, as she was doing her "shopping," by a person who proved to be in the employ of the firm, and presently asked her to step into a private room. There an official was found who, after a whispered colloquy with the informant, told the astonished lady that she must be searched, since she had taken a piece of lace from the counters. She was indignant, but promptly turned out her pockets as the most convenient way of vindicating herself from an accusation as ridiculous as it was astounding, and the piece of lace with the firm's mark fell out of one of them! There seemed a dreadful possibility of the most disagreeable issue, but the lady demanded that her husband should be sent for. This gentleman is a lawyer familiar with criminal practice, and when he arrived he placed the detective upon a moral witness-stand. In a very few minutes his skilful examination broke down her testimony and her own morale, and she was brought to confess that, receiving a small salary and five dollars

reward for every detection, she had herself slipped the valuable little package into the customer's pocket! It is said that, to cover up the matter, the lawyer took a cheque for five thousand dollars from the house.

A TASTE OF what Tremont Street may be when the Subway is in use was enjoyed by many persons the other day when the "strike" was "on,"—so quiet, so cheerful, yet so full of active, unencumbered humanity, freely and comfortably going about their business as they would.

THE CHIEF USE of New Year's Day in modern society is the opportunity it gives for return presents to those who remembered us last week, while we neglected to include them in the lists of recipients of our Christmas gifts.

A BUSY FRIEND says that he avoided the confusion and distress of selection during the holiday season in the crowded shops by making his choice from the empty sidewalk in the evening through the illuminated windows where the shopmen's wares were so daintily displayed. The next morning he could pounce without hesitation straight on the articles he had picked out, while everybody else was struggling in the eddy of irresolution and uncertainty.

AT A WEDDING I once attended, among the gifts was an article so weird in form, so strange in material, that everyone asked, "What is it for?" "That's easy," said a satirical guest; "it's for a wedding present." I think of this when I see the pretty, useless things displayed in the shop-windows at "the festive season," and only then. They're for Christmas presents. Now they disappear till another

year. I hope that everybody enjoyed his Yuletide, and that everybody who gave somebody else a Christmas present last year has had the debt duly paid off this year. It's a dreadful thing to feel that somebody else owes you a Christmas present and does n't discharge the obligation.

THE INTRODUCTION OF women dancers at "stag dinners" cannot be regarded with favor by persons who are familiar with Eastern manners, or who are versed in ancient history; and the effort to cast the blame of the scandal upon an "officious" policeman because he interfered with an orgy, even though it was promoted by men in New York society, and in the august precincts of "Sherry's," will not impose upon right-thinking folk.


I AM GLAD to hear that Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, is to give another reading from Shakespeare in Boston next March, as before, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Indian Association. His annotations make his entertainment more like those of Mr. Clapp than an appeal to the imagination such as the consecutive reading of the scenes of a play affords, but many persons need the guidance of scholarship and taste to open their eyes to the beauties which they do not instinctively feel.

I HEAR SOME criticism upon the site of the new hotel on the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets. It seems a bit out of the way. Yet it is notable that the investment of capital in certain situations by the erection of important buildings has stayed the natural course of business and fixed it where the circumstances appeared forbid-

ding. After our great fire it seemed that the State Street of the future was sure to move further southward. Some persons thought it might be Milk or Franklin Streets; others believed the financial centre might go as far as Summer Street; but the Exchange Building has anchored it securely for many a day to the old neighborhood.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT which seems worth recording is the reception of a note by me from a correspondent, asking to whom the tribute was paid here last week as having led "a life of perfect love, truth, and simplicity." He adds, "I never knew any one to whom these words exactly applied except my mother."

A GOSSIP.

 A few bound copies of volume one of *TIME AND THE HOUR*, with a cover designed by Miss Ethel Reed, five dollars each. Fresh sets of unbound numbers can be exchanged for bound copies of volumes one, two, and three with the same cover, for twenty-five cents each, after a sufficient number of applications is received. Single numbers of volume one are out of print.

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THE WEEK.—The West End unsettlement; Tribunes of the people; The craze for protection; No bimetallic mission; Hypnotic revivals.—*Editorial.*

HERE IN BOSTON. — General Walker falls before the dread Artillery; Public criticism of the Bram trial; The Bram and Borden cases compared; The children's reading room.
Taverner.

“The Saltonstall Gazette;” Mr. Maynard's Whitman letters; January magazines.—*a Booktaster.* The Mercury and Bacchante; The Zoo.—*a Dilettante.* Life in lumber-camps; Discussing jury-room secrets.—*a Reformer.* “The Royal Middy;” “Rosemary;” Mr. Wilson; Notes.—*a Playgoer.* Charitable enthusiasts; The Dictionary fiend; General Walker's influence; The big Queen's friend.—*a Gossip.*

Prose Idyls.—*Bliss Carman.* To Mrs. H. H. A. Beach (poem).—*Elizabeth Porter Gould.* The Man Who Should Head the West End (communication).

Boston, January 9, 1897

Vol. IV

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No. 5

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“Time and the Hour”

Vol. 4 No. 5

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1897

THE WEEK.

IT is not well to palter with “politeness” to an individual when great issues are raised between forces which might work in harmony but for personal incapacity. Men of will are needed, but men with hearts of flesh, not of iron or stone, to deal with bodies of their fellow men. It has seemed good to certain critics to gibe at the poor fellows whose inexperience caused them to fail as organizers in the recent West End troubles, and to regard their cause as defeated. That which is not settled right is never settled, and apparent victory is often real defeat. The day’s annoyance to the public and the loss of situation for many men are not the most serious calamities of past events. Seeds of future trouble have been sown which never could have been planted in the administration of Mr. Whitney or of Mr. Richards. It is scarcely dogmatic nor does it require ubiquity to state in type what many men are saying,—the common truth. The pity of it is that it should be so strange and unusual, when corporations are in question.

THE SCRIPTURAL INJUNCTION which Russia fulfils in sending corn to India does not seem to please the English. To feed your enemy is all very well, but when it comes to feeding your enemy’s vassals perhaps it is a different matter.

TRIBUNES OF THE people are the need of the hour. Men with no other ambition than to benefit their fellows, having means for their own support and beyond the suspicion of the demagogue's motives, might find opportunity for splendid service as the agents and representatives of labor organizations. Capital employs skilled and competent agents. Until it is moved by a wider spirit of altruism (which will possess it in the coming day), its attitude of antagonism requires skilful and generous opponents. It is not necessary that labor leaders should themselves be laborers. Men of sincere principles, who love their brethren, might win the confidence of the wage-earner and become genuine leaders as well as such false knights as Bryan or Williams. Being met by an equal foe, Capital would cease to be a bully and a tyrant, and such harmony might be hoped for as can never be attained without fearful crises while powers of such equal might are so unequally marshalled. The foundations of accord must be laid in that common respect which can only be won by adequate representatives respectively of those who furnish the gold and the sinews.

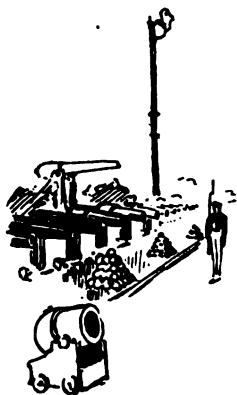
THE HEARINGS BEFORE the Congressional committee on ways and means are quite what such hearings have always been — or even more so. When it is remembered that the successful man of business is one who is solely possessed by accurate instincts of self-preservation and is so far blind to all other interests, the effect upon those who listen to the testimony offered in favor of the protection of those interests can hardly be overestimated. And the people have no advocate! The only safeguard lies in the excess to which selfishness leads those who are ruled by it, the “ vaulting

ambition which o'erleaps itself" in the pursuit of gain. Members of the committee have shown their appreciation of some of the grosser absurdities in claims for "protection," and have exhibited a certain skill in cross-examination which has sometimes elicited their true character.

THE CONTINUED INCREASE of the armaments of nations by land and sea, with their enormous expense, is going on all over the world. There seems to be no reason why it should not continue in an accelerating ratio until the burden grows too heavy to be borne, and the real danger from revolt within shall take the place of the fancied danger from without. It has been well said, recently, that the absurdity of the condition is no less than if a man should expend half his income for a police patrol. And only a decade ago we were talking hopefully of the disarmament of nations!

STRIPPED OF ALL conjecture, it may be assumed that Senator Wolcott said to Mr. McKinley, "I am going to Europe, and shall look up bimetalism." And that Mr. McKinley replied, "I am glad you are going abroad. Hope you will have a pleasant journey! Shall be glad to hear anything you may pick up on the subject. (*Aside*) This will do capitally for a plank to fill in the hole in our platform."

PARLIAMENT THIS MONTH will have to meet a new phase of the Irish question. Autonomy seems to be impossible in the British Isles. Now it is demanded that Ireland, as the poorest part of the country, should have a specially low rate of taxation; and the Irish party, being unanimous in urging the reform, will at least be respectfully listened to. It is difficult to see how such a principle can be introduced



into legislation without setting a precedent which might be pleaded in any section of the country where, from special causes, there was lack of prosperity.

IF REAL GOOD is to be got from Mr. Moody, it is not in the way of lending oneself to the "revivalist," as some hasty people are apt to do, but in borrowing from him such inspiration as is found, if any there be, in his exhortations, — to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly in the ways of common life. The hypnotic influence is a benumbing one. The character is formed by the effort of will, and though the still small voice may follow the storm and the earthquake, it is to be feared that a great number of persons are too much excited by the noise and glare to lend an ear to it. One of the notes of the great "Oxford movement" which was illustrated by the "spiritual birth" of Keble and Newman, Pusey and Manning, was the doctrine of reverent reserve in religious matters, congenial to earnest and cultured minds, and more than ever fundamental nowadays, when sensational publicity destroys the value of everything with which it is concerned.

HERE IN BOSTON.

"THE soldiers of the Union are falling now under the dread artillery of Time. . . . To that fatal fire we are powerless to make reply. Against that foe our once trusty muskets are dumb. The sharpest sword is without point or edge to the viewless forms which beset us on front and flank and rear. Over those grim barricades we well know we shall never carry one solitary bayonet. . . . The

soldiers of these once victorious hosts must advance and still advance, without pause or possibility of retreat, until the last survivor shall throw up his arms in mortal agony, and the grand army of the Union shall have perished from the earth." These words, spoken by General Walker at the opening of his eulogy of General Devens before the Loyal Legion in 1891, come fresh to mind as we contemplate the havoc which Time's "artillery" has been making, this winter, in the ranks of our citizens of high worth and great achievements, in the midst of their activities. It is a singular coincidence that President Walker should have died as President Rogers died, with sharp suddenness, in the harness, upon the full fruition of his grandest work. The founder of the Institute died on the day and hour of the graduation of the largest class that the institution had sent out under his administration, just as he was about to begin the delivery of his annual address; his brilliant successor dies at the beginning of a new year with the largest body of students that the institution has ever had, and at the head of one of the greatest technical colleges of the age, ranking with the first in the world. The Institute is the monument alike of its founder and of its upbuilder.

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While I heartily endorse Mr. Moorfield Story's protest against the flood of loose talk which has followed the verdict in the Bram trial, I cannot think that he is justified in assuming that the newspaper reports of the trial were so imperfect that the public outside the court-room were unable from them to form an intelligent opinion of the case, and

that the judgment of the jury is not properly a debatable question. The remarks of the reporters in what is termed the "dressing" of the accounts were indeed generally ill-considered and often misleading, but the reports of the trial itself—of the evidence, the examinations, the arguments, the charge, the instructions to the jury—were remarkably full in the leading papers, made by competent stenographers and free from reporters' "color." Many lawyers, as well as laymen, not given to hasty expression of opinion on insufficient evidence, were evidently satisfied with the accuracy of the published details, for with all the loose talk much thoughtful comment has been heard; and it is quite apparent that notwithstanding the verdict which the twelve gentlemen of the jury finally reached, there will remain a large number of persons in the community who, after having followed the trial closely, will continue to believe that, if not entirely innocent, Bram was convicted upon insufficient evidence.

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My lawyer friend whose comment on the *Fuller* case I quoted before the indictment was brought makes a comparison between this trial and that of the Borden case, with some observations of interest, particularly to the legal mind. In the Borden case, he recalls, the murderer was nearly caught red-handed, the main difference between the two cases being that in the *Fuller* murders there were three persons who were near the crime and had opportunity for its commission, while in the Borden case there were three also, but in addition to the real murderer, who, according to the

finding of the jury, committed the crime and then got away over the back fence. There was, as has been said before, no "back fence" on the *Fuller*, and the jury, after twenty-five hours' wrestling with the problem, with constantly recurring changes of opinion, decided that Bram was the culprit. In the Borden trial the false testimony of the Fall River policeman resulted fatally to the government's case, while in the Bram case the jury appear to have disregarded the contradictory testimony as to the ability of the wheelman, Brown, to see the murder of the captain in the cabin. In the Borden case the testimony of Lizzie Borden before the coroner was excluded on the ground that she did not have counsel, while in the Bram trial the testimony of the mate of the *White Wings*, which might have supplied a motive for the crime, according to the theory of the government, was also excluded. The testimony in regard to the lashing of the wheel was of such a contradictory nature, and so variable, that it is somewhat remarkable that the jury should have determined the question apparently in favor of the contention of the government. Then the fact that the wheelman, Brown, had secured immunity from punishment after "shooting at" a man, because he was insane, or "shammed" insanity, and the contradictory testimony of the experts as to his mental condition, would seem to indicate that the jury believed that Brown was feigning insanity, and that the opinion of the medical experts who testified that he was insane was not worthy of much consideration.

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My friend agrees with the accounts that Bram was one

of the best witnesses that ever testified in a Boston court. He had a most penetrating eye, was clear-headed, deferential to the judges, and met the aggressiveness of the district attorney with patience and candor. It has been urged, however, that he was so intelligent, bright, active, and responsible that these qualities, which made him such an able witness, also pointed him out as the perpetrator of the crimes. In answer to this my friend remarks that a man of even limited intelligence, but of sane mind, would naturally have dropped the axe with which the deed was committed over the vessel's side, while the attempted concealment of the weapon is more like the cunning of an insane person. Sympathy for Bram is expressed especially on account of the contention of his counsel that remarks made by the judge tended to prejudice his case, and from the fact that the jury, after having once agreed to disagree, by a ballot of six to six, according to report, finally came to a reluctant agreement while deprived, through oversight, of their dinner.

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With what wide-spread eagerness the reports of the trial were perused from day to day by all classes of citizens, and with what deep interest its outcome was awaited ! I am told of a family in which the father, mother, and four children, including a six-year-old boy, have followed and discussed the varying phases of the case, as it progressed, with unflagging interest, although the mother protests that she never read an account of a trial of any sort before ; and as for Gaboriau, the great weaver of murder mysteries, she never heard of him. Neither Gaboriau, however, nor any

of his ilk ever wove a greater mystery than that involved in the triple tragedy of the *Fuller*, which pales into insignificance such sea stories as Cooper's "Pilot" or Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor."

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If there is a happier place here in Boston than the "children's room" in the Public Library on Sunday afternoon, I know it not. The tables are surrounded by boys and girls, well dressed and poorly clad, foreign and native-born, with a sprinkling of black faces, all meeting on terms of equality around the bountiful feast of literature provided for them. Faces and attitudes are a study. The picture-books which appeal so vividly to youthful imaginations are, of course, in great demand,—and there are not many books in the collection unadorned with pictures,—but I have seen a boy so absorbed in a story that his little legs were stretched out perfectly tense, and he was as oblivious to the subdued chatter going on about him, or the throng moving through the room, as if he were a Crusoe on some far-off desert island. This Boston plan of setting apart a room in the Library for the special use of young folk, and giving them personal access to shelves full of books, with such happy results, is being followed, I understand, by leading public libraries the country over. Surely, it is growing more and more fortunate to be a child in this age.

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I am reminded by a correspondent to say, relative to the note which I recently printed from "A non-Episcopalian," suggesting the opening of Trinity on week-days, that the

Church of the Advent is open daily for service at half-past seven in the morning, with matins at nine o'clock, and evensong at five in the afternoon. While this church lacks the gorgeousness and religious gloom of Trinity, it is, nevertheless, a very good specimen, in its interior at any rate, of Gothic church architecture. With its "high embowed roof," the mystery of its altar, and its walls of brick and stone which give it a touch of asceticism and echo back so resonantly the voices of its superb boy-choir, it is a church to which any one may go upon any day of the week for meditation and be sincerely welcome. The good example set by the Church of the Advent in this respect might well be imitated by Trinity, and it is to be hoped that it will be, as Non-Episcopalian desires, both for the reasons which he so admirably presented and because of its more central and accessible situation.

TAVERNER.

A VERY quaint book contains fifty-two numbers of "The Saltonstall Gazette, Conducted by Peter Saltonstall, Esquire, Written by Various Hands," the work of Ella Fuller Maitland, published by Chapman & Hall. It is a kind of modern "Spectator," full of odd learning, chat, and satire. Peter Saltonstall is supposed to create his gazette, dated from his own apartment, and is at once besieged by his various relatives. An aristocratic kinswoman reminds him of an ancestor who would have been a most brilliant writer if he had ever deigned to use an author's pen, and hopes that he will use his family's armorial bearings as a neat design for his cover. An ad-

venturous relative begs that he will find room for a prospectus for his scheme of turning coal into diamonds. An evangelical cousin assumes that a large portion of his space will be devoted to the missionary cause, and a gay lady of the connection relies on him for the freshest bits of scandal. Peter discusses various social questions with an agreeable touch. Though the form of the papers is Addisonian, the style is quite modern, except that contributors supply, from time to time, queer bits of ancient lore. One Scudamere, in particular, has a very remote vein, and being left in charge of the paper for a number or two, thinks the discussion of some Elizabethan literary questions lively and appropriate matter, with gems from Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, and other of his favorite worthies. The experiences of "A Woman of the World — Elsewhere" are peculiar and startling realism in the realms beyond the Styx. There are delightful old-time receipts and scraps of poetry. The volume is fresh and agreeable reading, restful where so much is mere stress and strain.

THE PARABLE OF "the man who fell among thieves" is expanded into doggerel verses by a publication called *Humanity* in Kansas City, Mo., illustrated with burlesque linear sketches and distributed as an advertisement. To those unfamiliar with Scripture such attempts at a humor which derives its point from the contrast between sacred words and their familiar treatment can have no interest. Those who are acquainted with the Bible from a proper use of it hold it in reverence, and to them such flippant trifling is disagreeable. There remains only that unfortunate class who, having been informed with the words of the

good Book in youth, have fallen away from its teachings, and to whom its phraseology only serves to enliven a broad jest or inspire a blasphemy with effect. To these this *brochure*, as well as the common irreverent jest of the day, may be amusing.

THE MAGAZINES FOR January are mostly like a Monday newspaper — after the holiday number a little dull, consequent on the previous voluminous effort. *Scribner's* Dickens frontispiece rather shocks our traditional ideal of the Micawbers: we don't like old friends with new faces. Mr. Garlin's directness is finding a congenial opportunity in the Grant papers and their homely detail in *McClure's*. The *Atlantic* starts out with splendid promise and a fine crew. Ford's opening numbers are absorbingly interesting. Chamberlin's "Memorials of Authors" is a new and delightful group of statistics. Colonel Higginson is more than ever cheerful, and Mr. Norton's appreciation of Kipling shows the value of fine taste kindled by a worthy subject.

MR. LAURENS MAYNARD is about to publish, under the title of "Calamus," a collection of letters written by the poet Whitman to Peter Doyle, a railway employee of whom he was very fond. Mr. John Addington Symonds read many of these letters, and expressed the wish that they might be published, as an illustration of an unusual friendship. Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke is to edit the volume, which will contain a table of chronological notes of the poet's life, a new portrait of him, and one of Peter Doyle. This is the first series of Whitman's letters to see the light, and it will be welcomed by the limited but enthusiastic circle of admirers of the author of "Leaves of Grass."

TO MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

THERE 'S a lingering sound,
As the earth goes round,
Of the harmonies sung in space
By the angel-choirs
With heavenly lyres,
And a life no age can displace.

Sometimes at our best,
In our heart's deepest rest,
Or in soul-stirring, rare, fleeting dreams,
Its echo we hear—
The angels appear,
And the air with the heavenly life teems.

But we fall back aghast
At the harmonies vast;
Our hands fail in trembling despair.
But you, braver soul,
Catch the sounds as they roll,
And save them for nations to share.

Boston, 1896.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

IT is not quite fair, perhaps, to make the comparison, because the motives are so obviously opposite, but the juxtaposition of a photograph of the Mercury and the Bacchante gives one a quite clear conception of the objections which numerous persons entertain to our lively "lady of dissension."

THE STIR OF excitement in the air at the Zoo (which perhaps keeps it sweet, as is certainly and remarkably the case) is the notable thing there. While the people are contemplating the lions and thrilling at the loud-mouthed

baying of the monstrous cats, I like to watch the common faces transfigured out of their every-day vacuity by genuine emotion. Indeed, the wanton wish had to be sternly repressed that the breaking of a bar or two might set the crowd into passionate flight and appropriately crown their rising terror with mad frenzy, while some of those fine beasts might have their chance and become the masters, instead of the victims, of the situation. It is a noble collection. One can only wish some of the cages were a little larger, and, in the case of the "happy family," that the unfortunate raccoon and the fox, who are teased incessantly by the infernal ingenuity and malice of the monkeys, might be set free from their tormentors. A DILETTANTE.

PROSE IDYLS.

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR.

TO-NIGHT there is a fire of oak on the brick hearth, for it is winter and the naked wind is in the valley.

I sit before the blaze, stretching my feet to the warmth, and wishing only to enjoy without disturbance the hour of the midnight lamp, which comes before the coming of sleep.

But the little print-collector who makes his workshop in my brain is busy rearranging his colored prints. I try not to heed him, until at last one takes my fancy and I arrest his hand. It is white and green and blue; the white of snow, and the blue of an aquamarine, — June in the North.

I can almost imagine myself sitting on a low veranda, watching that acre of daisies bowing and bowing in the morning wind, the beach beyond with its little houses for storing sea-moss, and beyond that the thousand acres of the sea twinkling in the sun, while between the headlands those white sails move by.

THE OX-BELLS.

In the autumn afternoon I hear the tinkle and clink of a bronzey sound, coming softly on the still air. Nothing else is moving in the world. The hills are all the color of purple iron and scarlet rust.

Tinkle and clink, tinkle and clink, tinkle-inkle and clink, keeping time to a lumbering gait, it is approaching very slowly.

And there, every now and then, the jolt of a heavy wheel lurching in a rut, the dry creak of wood against wood, and the lazy "Gee, gee, haw!" of a man's voice.

There is an ox-cart going by on the lower road.

Yes, from the window I can see it coming up from the bridge. The driver is strolling in front, with a switch of birch or alder in his hand. He half turns round every now and then to flick the oxen on the shoulder, and guide them one way or the other with the motion of his switch and his slow "Gee, gee, haw, haw!"

The black oxen are harnessed by the head. The heavy yoke, without bows, rests behind the horns, which are strapped to it very firmly with a leather strap. It is fastened to the pole by an iron ring and a wooden pin. The oxen lean together and seem to work without discomfort, taking their own time, to the bronzey tinkle and clink, tinkle-inkle and clink.

On the creaking cart, with its wide wheels and wooden axles, there is a load of hard maple, sound and dry, with a few sticks of yellow birch. The farmer has brought a load of firewood from the mountain for some rich merchant of the town.

Ah, to-night, when the frost is in the valley and the moon is high, I shall sit before a blazing fire on my brick hearth, reading an old tale from the Green Book of the Bards.

ON FERME.

A STRANGER, I wandered at night into one of the great cathedrals of the North. Already, as I entered, a little old woman in black, the last worshipper, had crossed herself, made her reverence toward the sanctuary, and was hurrying by me into the darkness. I had not fancied it so near the hour of closing.

A single taper guttered on its iron spike high overhead on one of

the pillars by the great door, sending long, gnomelike shadows, as fantastic as gargoyles, to caper through those aisles of blackness and dance upon the tombs of Kings. The loneliest alleys of the mountains, lit by a solitary star, had never seemed so deserted as these vaults where the Eternal was supposed to dwell.

Then far away from behind the high altar rose and reverberated a stentorian cry, "*On ferme, on ferme!*" Its volume rolled and grew, as thunder gathers in the hills, muttering over some unimaginable woe and the immemorial griefs of time. A great ninth wave of sound, it rolled along the roof and shattered itself against the groins of stone. No sooner was the last echo dead among the lofty arches, and the heaving silence recomposing itself to peace, than that tall cry, majestic as a password of the hosts of heaven, would again take up its warning to the belated soul, "*On ferme, on ferme!*"

Then in the pauses I saw a light moving about beyond the gloom of the choir, and heard the clank of keys jingled significantly.

"That is the sacristan," I said to myself. "I shall not be able to loiter here. He is already approaching."

And since then, on many a twilight when a single star has been lit above the walls of the valley and a slow wind spends itself in the susurrus of the firs, I am haunted by the fancy that one day I shall hear again that stentorian cry, "*On ferme, on ferme!*" resounding through the gorges of the mountains, re-echoing in the passes of the hills, and I shall know the hour is come when I, like all the others, must depart over the threshold of Silence, beyond the porches of the world.

BLISS CARMAN.

IT is disagreeable to criticise any sincere enthusiasm for the improvement of the conditions of any class, even the criminal. Yet one cannot but feel a sort of injustice in the indifference or ignorance of those who expatiate on the cruelty of the brief punishments of frenzied or brutalized ruffians, while many innocent hard-working bread-winners endure, as they do, worse hardships. Down in the Maine

woods the lumbermen are now plunged into their winter's exile. A friend who, as an amateur, once made camp with these poor fellows has described the life to me. The very access exhausts many and drives them back to Bangor. Three days' journeying, partly by water, but with long difficult "carries," where the young growth must be cleared away, and the bearing of the burden of the supplies and equipments, wear out the courage of the feebler sort. A camp is built near the forest where the winter work is to be done. Here they are to eat,—pork and beans and tea their invariable diet,—here they sleep on the floor, a score under one coverlid, in the fetid air, lying down in their clothes, often soaked for days together from standing in the wet lands. They work from dawn until dark, or from the moment when they can see to wield the axe until it is no longer possible. There is no dawn of real day, for the obscurity of the forest is perpetual. Under its influence men go mad, wander away and are lost. They have no medicine-chest; if severe illness comes, the sick man is almost sure to die. They neither sing nor talk together, for their work is too fatiguing. When they reach camp they swallow their food and fall down to rest like logs. On Sunday they wash their clothes, which are hung to dry in the cabin. The blessed nicotine is absolutely their only solace. A dog's life indeed! Before they reach home, there comes the dangerous floating-down of the booms, in which lives are not infrequently lost. I fancy if it were not for the name of the thing, most persons would prefer a winter in Concord Reformatory or the House of Correction, with good ladies to intercede for their comfort, to supply society, music, literature, and unbounded sympathy!

THERE IS A FORM of evil which the mass of "organs of opinion" cannot, by the very law of their existence, oppose, but which, on the contrary, they are pledged to foment and stimulate to the utmost. We have high authority for maintaining that there are many things in this world of which we should not speak. There is nothing which will sell his paper which the ordinary editor does not think fit to print; it is all "news." Who, then, is to rebuke improper publication when the people's tribune is corrupted and is, in fact, the guilty offender? I am fortunate to have this opportunity, which is the privilege and the responsibility of TIME AND THE HOUR. As the dissemination of divided opinions of the bench has been here rebuked, as dangerous to the dignity of the law, so now the analysis of the discussions of the jury-room is denounced as destructive of its sanctions. It may be possible to endure with charity the breach of honor which the interviewed jurymen commits, for he submits to a temptation which seems to come to him from the public, through its representative, the press. That temptation should not be offered by any man whose assumption of the great editorial function implies mental and moral recognition of the fact that such "news" is destructive of the values of judicial decisions, which, however reached, should go forth in impersonal, solemn, and awful finality.

IF I WANTED a thing buried in absolute oblivion I would get the newspapers to take it up and make a sensation of it. We don't have nine days' wonders now, but only a few hours' intense and violent clamor. This could be borne, because it would be followed, in the rush for news, by total forgetfulness.

A REFORMER.

"THE ROYAL MIDDY" is thoroughly delightful at the Castle Square. There is a capital bit of pantomime acting by the personator of the black-faced Mungo. Miss Lane acts and sings the Middy with *élan*.

THE EXPECTATION WITH which "Rosemary" has been anticipated was not disappointed. An idyl rather than a play, its success gratifies those who have permitted themselves to despair of the public taste and who have been accustomed to hear the enthusiasts for dramatic construction disavow the moral quality as an unimportant accident. It is possible to imagine a more sympathetic actor than Mr. Drew making a still deeper impression in the part. But it is thankless to hypercriticise what is generally so well done, and where so much gratitude is due to the actor and to the author. To pass a delightful hour and to come away from the theatre with a sense of refinement and elevation instead of a feeling that one needs a bath is rare indeed. I have a friend who is always received at home by a pet cat who is sure to come forth to meet him in the hall. After an evening of "comic opera," or what-not, as pussy came purring to the door, he cried out one night, "How ashamed we ought to feel to face that innocent cat!"

MR. FRANCIS WILSON has many admirers. I am not one of them, nor is it possible for any thinking being to lend himself to the indulgence of such an appeal as he makes to the lower tastes without some loss of self-respect. The species to which his present play belongs affords no opportunity for criticism. What is said of one of them might as well be stereotyped and used for all, with a change

of names. That the majority like them is only a proof that "the majority is always wrong." We are told that the stage is the home of art; yet what art was ever governed, like this, by the law, "Put money in thy purse"?

GO AND SEE "Charley's Aunt" again, though it be at the South End Theatre. It "washes" well, and is mostly good, wholesome fun.

I AM TOUCHED by the kind encouragement of the most distinguished of our young men of letters, who writes, "I trust you will keep on your honest points on theatres."

WILL SOME MANAGER revive the old extravaganza, pure and simple, and try the taste of the town, if perchance it may, after all, be not quite vitiated by the modern "comic opera"? The good old "Aladdin," "Cinderella," "Beauty and the Beast," without variety acts or wildernesses of women's legs, would amuse some folk, old as well as young, I am sure. The pendulum of the popular taste swings back and forward. It has gone one way so long that I am sure it is time for a reaction, and profit awaits the *entrepreneur* who first recognizes the opportunity.

"JOHN GABRIEL BERKMAN," Ibsen's new play, is "Englishing" (as they say nowadays) by William Archer. There are no "devil's eggs" in it.

THE PROPOSED NOVELTY in theatrical matters is an "Echegaray cycle" in London. Poor old Clement Scott! Poor British Philistines! The days of the conventional English drama are numbered with the past.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

January 4 to January 9.

Hollis St. Theatre—Mr. John Drew. *Praiseworthy.*

Keith's Theatre—Vaudeville. Cinematographe.

Tremont Theatre—Mr. Francis Wilson. *Hilarious.*

Boston Theatre—Same as last week.

Park Theatre—"My Friend from India." *Trivial.*

Castle Sq. Theatre—"The Royal Middy." *Good.*

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre—"A Bowery Girl." *Indifferent.*

Columbia Theatre—"Charley's Aunt." *Funny.*

Boston Museum—Same as last week.

A PLAYGOER.

THE MAN WHO SHOULD BE AT ITS HEAD.

MY DEAR TIME AND THE HOUR,—On Sunday morning the Rev. C. F. Dole used in substance the following words (I quote from memory) in his sermon. As beseems the ministerial office, the ideal was set forth, and no accusation was made against any particular individual; yet the same moral can be drawn from his remarks which your courageous paragraph pointed, with the directness befitting the press, last week.

PHILO.

"Suppose we had at the head of the West End Railway Company a man of thorough and all-round justice, who not only kept his legal promises and fulfilled the terms of contract, but also took pains to give the men their due as men; who would scorn to let an individual on the great system lose a half-hour of his time without just compensation; who should require every division superintendent and overseer to treat his men with respect; in short, who regarded the men

never as machines, but always as men, like himself; — do you not see how lovable simple justice becomes? Is it not certain that the army of employees would almost reverence a man like that? The men want such a man as that; the people want such a man; the company itself wants this complete and nice kind of justice."

WHAT good, after all, in these days of organizations, individual enthusiasm, provided it be honest and entire, can accomplish, even though it be unskilled and somewhat headlong! Plenty of persons can suggest rules and methods, but the passionate devotion of the heart works the same wonders that it did when the world was not so wise as now. Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Spooner here in Boston, Mrs. Lathrop in New York, and Lord Bowdon in London have created forces which will find means to fulfil themselves, and which will endure.

THERE IS A LADY in this town whose name is a peg upon which the whole mass of newspaper "society" writers hang their figments, day after day, and week after week, until one does not know who is more pitiable, the subject or the exhausted reader. The height of absurdity was reached when a contemporary reported one day that she had visited the Zoo "*incognito*." Now what does that mean?

SOME FOLK ARE forever running to their dictionary and knocking you down with its author's dictum. Who supplies the dictionary's authority? It is, in case of a language having no Academic sanction, only a consensus of good usage. Now perhaps at this very moment you are a maker of the dictionary of the future, and your well-mean-



ing, but ill-advised, friend is but rudely disturbing the crystallizing process. The Century Dictionary has disarmed these would-be purists, to be sure, for one can find authority for pretty much everything there.

DOUBTLESS LORD ROSEBERY's attack upon the Londoners for their dull lack of interest in their wonderful city was inspired by the contrast with the enthusiasm of some of his Yankee friends for it. I think no one can have spent many days in London without experiencing that almost contemptuous wonder with which the natives regard our passionate devotion to shrines they never even heard about. Hare himself is no better Londoner than a visiting Bostonian.


IT IS, PERHAPS, a sin to sit and grin, but I can't help it when I think of the good ex-Queen of Hawaii (peace be to her Highness) and Mr. Julius Palmer as they trotted along together the other day, a very funny couple.

THERE IS A SAD monotony in the set eulogies of distinguished people. My own thoughts turn aside, when, divested of all his dignities and honors, the man passes through the narrow Door, to the simple and lovely qualities which one may fondly believe invest him still. Francis A. Walker, just the other day, surrounded by his family, reunited for the holiday season, was another person from him the world delighted to honor; yet in that dear and intimate circle, full of playfulness and affectionate abandonment, he was the centre and leader, not by assumption, but, as in the affairs of official life, by wisdom, character, and great-heartedness. It was only a month ago that he said to me how almost sur-

prised he was at the dutifulness and self-control which the perfect freedom that he encouraged had developed in the young lives belonging to him. And so it was with all the good which followed and surrounded his inspiring presence. It was a constant wonder to him, and the effluence of his great nature was as unconscious as it was unbounded. There has seldom been a more impressive moment than that when the wave of sorrow swept over his thousand boys at the Institute of Technology Tuesday morning, and thousands upon thousands share as children of his mind, with those of his bereft household, a most exceptional and bitter loss.

WHAT A PITIFUL tale our friends' books of accounts are telling! "Worse than last year," "Worst of my whole business life," are heard on every hand. 1896 is marked with a very black cross indeed.

A GOSSIP.

 A few bound copies of volume one of *TIME AND THE HOUR*, with a cover designed by Miss Ethel Reed, five dollars each. Fresh sets of unbound numbers can be exchanged for bound copies of volumes one, two, and three with the same cover, for twenty-five cents each, after a sufficient number of applications is received. Single numbers of volume one are out of print.

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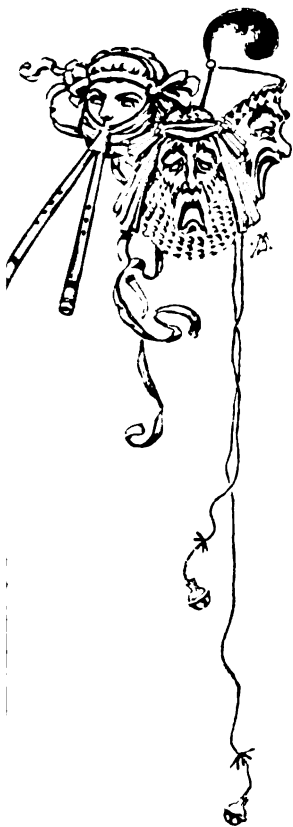
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TIME AND THE HOUR

02799



THE WEEK. — Simplicity in Inauguration ceremonies; Governor Wolcott on Liquor, Moths, and Gambling; Macedonian troubles; Municipal tramways in Great Britain.

HERE IN BOSTON. — Mr. Goodell's great work on the Province Laws; Professor Sedgwick for President of Technology; The Somerset Club did not attend the Woman Suffrage Association.

Mr. Harris's "Sister Jane;" Jane Barlow; J. T. Phelps's Wit; *Punch and Life*. — *a Booktaster*. Death welcomed to get into the newspapers; Harmony of Capital and Labor; Tariff patents. — *a Reformer*. Partridge's General Hooker — *a Dilettante*. Wonderful Keith's; Social Mr. Drew; "Northern Lights;" The Cadets' responsibility. — *a Playgoer*. Why not an "Army and Navy;" Dr. Everett's explanation; The Forest Hills contest; Jesse Pomeroy's occupation. — *a Gossip*.

The Richest Woman in America. — *a Storyteller*. A Piece of Her Mind (poem). *Nathan Haskell Dole*.

Boston, January 16, 1897

Vol. IV

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“Time and the Hour”

Vol. 4 No. 6 BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897

THE WEEK.

THE Inauguration ceremonial at Washington, about which there is such a cock-a-hoop, ought to be just the converse of the ceremonies that princes love, for two reasons. In the first place, after such spectacles as the Czar's coronation, for instance, the “Republican court” can only exhibit a tawdry show. Secondly, the “Advance Agent of Prosperity” should strike the only genuine note of hope for better times in setting an example of economy, not to speak of the dignity of simplicity befitting the people's servants.

WE ARE GLAD to see that the governor is in accord with TIME AND THE HOUR in the matter of “ward option license.” In our issue of November 21 the project was declared to be incompatible with public policy, which should disregard the “perhaps intolerant spirit of some outlying districts and the craving of the thirsty poorer quarters;” and we observed that the important end to be kept in view was the elimination of “as many of the grog-shops as possible from the neighborhoods where they are likely to increase the dangers to be apprehended from the depraved class of persons who make a large portion of the inhabitants” of such quarters. As Governor Wolcott put it in his

message, "the voting unit is the municipality, and while in certain sections of cities where opposition is strong just so many licenses and no more should be granted as will prevent illegal selling and satisfy the demand of the locality, this exclusion, or rigid limitation of saloons in certain wards should not have the effect of unduly multiplying them in other wards. There is no part of a great city which is not residential, and the interests of all should be equally regarded."

GOVERNOR WOLCOTT is quite in accord with the best scientific thought in asserting that the extermination of the gipsy-moth "by the present agencies (or any other) may appear well-nigh impossible." An appropriation based on proper estimates for holding the insect in check, as has been recommended by eminent authorities, should be made, and only so made. The call for \$200,000 a year for five years, and \$100,000 a year for five more, for "extermination" is preposterous.

MANY PERSONS, we think, will go farther than the governor in dealing with the evil of stock speculation on margins, and will be prepared to support measures treating such speculation, whether in the "bucket-shop" or in the broker's office, as other gambling enterprises are treated. If it could be entirely suppressed, the community in which lotteries once openly replenished the treasuries of church and state would have made a new, but only a perfectly legitimate and sensible, onward movement.

IT IS NOT FAIR to attribute the slow recovery of commerce to the conditions of the Republican camp. Nor does its

gradual acceleration need any particular measures of administration. If nothing were attempted save the establishment of a sound currency, it is sure to come in good time, after men have begun to make a little money and gradually, as they ought, to look ahead with confidence further and further.

MACEDONIA IS THE critical point in European affairs at this moment. The Turkish power is only maintained through the jealousy of the Greek and Bulgarian Christians of each other. A rising is predicted next month, in which Greece will naturally interfere, and the possibility of involving Austria would bring down Russian jealousy. In wars the unexpected often happens, and Macedonia's troubles may be the motive of a European conflict.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S COMMEMORATION will not be her abdication. Believing, with mediæval conviction, in her divine right of government, she will surrender only to one superior Sovereign. A great park or pleasure-ground is now spoken of as a fitting gift to celebrate the occasion.

THOSE WHO ARE ASKED to give to any brand-new charitable work would do well to consult confidentially the Associated Charities folk. That great "clearing-house" of philanthropy understands just what is needed and what impairs or overlaps existing agencies.

· SPAIN MEEKLY ASKING the United States for advice in Cuban reforms is a beautiful promise of the coming day when the earth shall be full of heavenly peace as the waters cover the sea. Were it fully accomplished, it would

seem that the jingo's occupation would be forever gone, unless we can find new worlds to conquer. Or is it only a diplomatic ruse to keep the contest open a little longer?

A DEFINITE DISTINCTION in problems of government here in America from those which face the statesman in the other free countries, France and England, is the absence of the "bourgeois" class, which has a permanent place in those nations, always to be reckoned with and, though sneered at by the radical and contemptuously regarded by the conservative, a sort of sheet-anchor in times of stress and flux. We have the rich, and those who are aiming to become so or who are immediately dependent on the rich, and we have the poor; but no steady middle class, stolid and selfish, but safe.

MUNICIPAL OPERATION OF street railways in English cities appears to work remarkably well financially, whatever may be its effect politically. In Glasgow the returns made by the tramway department show that for the last fiscal year, the second of working under the new plan, the receipts were about \$1,671,885 in our money, the expenses about \$1,255,550, and the balance \$416,335. Of this balance some \$45,000 is turned over to the "Common Good Fund" of the city, toward repayment of the money advanced from that fund for the purchase of the tramways from the old private company which formerly operated them, and most unsatisfactorily; \$63,000 or so is set apart as interest on the capital; about \$50,000 for sinking fund, and \$90,000 for depreciation; then \$85,000 is charged off to a fund for the renewal of the permanent way, and the residue, over

£80,000, is carried to the general reserve. Meantime, the wages of the employees have been raised and their hours of labor shortened, many important extensions of lines have been made and great improvements effected in the service, while a good part of the cost of new sidings, buildings, and so on has been charged to operating expense. The same results, on a smaller scale, have attended the municipalization of the street-railway service in Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Huddersfield, and elsewhere, and of late the governing body of London, the County Council, has taken action which will eventually lead to the municipal control of the tramways of the metropolis. It may be, as some observers assert, that public sentiment in behalf of the introduction of the system in our country is strengthening, and that it must come sooner or later. But if so, as we have said, it must be preceded by a firm establishment of civil service reform in municipal affairs, else corruption and disaster will surely follow. Why is not the present an excellent time to start an honest civil service reform revival along with the agitation of non-partisan municipal reforms?

HERE IN BOSTON.

I TRUST that some Boston member of the Legislature will speedily start the machinery to secure a proper appropriation for the continuance of the work on the Province Laws, and the immediate reinstatement of the editor, who has given the Commonwealth invaluable service in the volumes which have already issued under his hand. I say a Boston member, for such an one can the more

readily ascertain the real sentiment of such competent judges of Mr. Goodell's work as the justices of the Supreme Court, leaders of the Suffolk bar, historical writers and students, largely to be found here in Boston. Governor Wolcott's remark that "there can be no doubt that the completed volumes contain the results of the most minute and searching historical investigation" shows his appreciation of what Mr. Goodell has thus far accomplished, and he must be right in his assumption that "the Commonwealth will not be willing permanently to leave the work in its present incomplete condition." Nor will it be willing, I feel sure, if it can once be made or allowed to comprehend the matter, to have the work continued on any other than precisely the lines which have been followed from the beginning, nor by any bungling hand.

*
**

I speak confidently on this point, for it has so happened that I have obtained from various associations into which I have been brought a pretty fair idea of the high standing which Mr. Goodell has — the highest in the State, and in rank with the highest in the country, I am assured — as an authority on colonial law as well as history; and of the great esteem in which his work is held. I have observed that every competent judge, without exception, who has examined his work at all critically has found the greatest value in the editor's elaboration of note and comment (the feature which most distressed the petty critics of the last Legislature because beyond their comprehension), giving a wealth of accurate and hitherto inaccessible information,

often correcting errors of historians, establishing precedents, and clearing much that has been vague in our American legal, legislative, and general history.

*
**

That any departure from this system would bring out a quick protest is sufficiently indicated, I think, by a petition of which I heard last spring, but which, I am told, was not presented, the matter having got beyond the stage where it would have any effect. This petition expressed the approval of the subscribers in the method of full and exact annotation adopted and carried out by the editor, and added that "they would deeply regret any circumstance which might require the adoption of a less thorough system, at least down to May 30, 1716, when the House journals began to be regularly printed." The signatures to this courteous protest included among others the names of Charles Francis Adams, president of the Historical Society, Judge John Lowell, John C. Ropes, John C. Gray, Darwin E. Ware, George O. Shattuck, and Judge Mellen Chamberlain. If it should become well understood that legislation placing the work in new hands and providing for its continuation on a narrow basis were threatened, a protest similar to this, but in more emphatic language and with the foremost names in the State appended, would promptly appear at the State House.

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As for the expense of the publication of the work, of which so much has been made, this has been greatly exaggerated. At the hearing last spring before the Legislative

joint committee on the judiciary, it was shown by the State auditor's reports that the whole expense, including salaries, wages of copyists, and the printing and distribution of the published volumes to every town and city in the State was less than the amount of the salary of a single judge of our highest court for the same period. The work is electrotyped, which will greatly diminish the cost of a new edition. Respecting the action of the last Legislature, it should be understood that the House voted for the appropriation called for, but it failed in the Senate through the active opposition of one man, the only member who had openly opposed the work. This fact ought to make it easy for the present Legislature speedily to right the wrong that has been done, and to restore the work to the only hands competent properly to carry it forward to completion. And this done, I trust that Mr. Goodell will be allowed to pursue it without prodding, nagging, and petty interruptions, as a faithful scholar engaged upon an engrossing task should be. The State will surely be the gainer.

*
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I would suggest to the trustees of the Institute of Technology that they have the man for the president's vacant chair close at hand. No fitter selection could be made than that of Professor William T. Sedgwick. He stood nearest to General Walker in administrative work. During the president's frequent absences he acted in his place; and upon that sharp and sudden taking-off of the head of the institution, the temporary leadership quite naturally fell to him. He is a man of force, strength of character, breadth

of culture, and of exceptional executive ability. Withal, he is in full touch with every interest of the college and of the great body of its students. With these young men he has a popularity second only to that which General Walker enjoyed. He has done much to foster a genuine college spirit among them. In the president's chair he would carry forward and further develop General Walker's work without jar or break.

*
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So far as Professor Sedgwick's standing in his profession is concerned, that is of the highest. In his special field, biology, he is at the head. As biologist to the State Board of Health, he has performed notable work, especially in the analysis of water and of milk, which has brought him into wide prominence. On purification of water and of sewage he has been called the first authority in the world, a large term in these days of trained specialists. He is among the foremost of investigators into bacteriology. His connection with the institute has covered a dozen years, although he is yet a young man, just turned forty. He came here in 1883-84 from Johns Hopkins, where he had been assistant in biology for three years. He is a Yale man, graduate of the college and of Sheffield Scientific, and a New Englander, born in Connecticut. I hear others mentioned for the headship, among them Professor Drown, formerly of the Institute, now of Lehigh, but I pass them aside and nominate my man as the best, all things considered, of the lot. I trust that the trustees will concur in my nomination as heartily as I make it.

I was astonished to read in my *Transcript* the other evening that a large delegation of the Somerset Club was present at the annual meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association! Upon second and closer reading, however, I observed that a paragraph had been inserted in this report which belonged to another printed in a neighboring column. This was a blunder in the "make-up," my newspaper friends explain; of a kind, by the way, which I have noticed in my favorite evening paper rather frequently of late. This is not so bad, however, as the occasional reprint of what the same newspaper friends tell me is called the "guide line," — a line set at the head of a "story" for the guidance of the foreman or his assistants in the composition-room, and not for publication. On one occasion, I recall, a morning paper contained a lively "story" at the top of the text of which, in fine type, I read, "Slip to H. p. d. q."

TAVERNER.

MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS writes a book about folk which is as interesting in its way as his quaint delineations of Bre'r Rabbit and Bre'r Fox. "Sister Jane" is a Southern story; not an exterior one, giving the impressions of a foreign mind, but a genuine domestic product. The provincial life formed upon familiarity with the negro and poor-white surroundings, its culture, bits of Old-World learning, Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne, stands before us as a vivid reality. Mr. Harris's own style is distinctively Southern. Though his characters mostly speak for themselves, it is with scarcely less characteristic flavor than that of his own descriptive words, to which the printer has

perhaps not always done justice. For instance, when an old lady is described as being "pert as a woman of forty," was "pert" not intended? "Twang" and flavor must have been "Tang." There is a little omission, by the bye, which might be noted for a second edition, on page four, unless indeed it may have been made in courtesy to a lady who is described as still a spinster, though "verging on (?) years of age," without any number of years being stated. We miss any detail lacking to complete the minute knowledge which "William Wornum" gives us of his "Sister Jane," their friends and neighbors, and the drama which is played out in the lives of these plain, genuine people. The revival sermon and the country circus are especially graphic bits. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company are Mr. Harris's publishers.

I AM SORRY to see Jane Barlow's books resting on the shelves of the libraries. They still ought to be read eagerly by those who know good things. Miss Barlow's Irish tales are as genuine as Miss Jewett's, and vastly more so than the Scotch species. Her descriptive power is illimitable. Did ever so few words convey such feeling as these? It is an April day; "With soft gusts roaming all around, as if they had come from very far off, and were eagerly exploring the strange places, and many light clouds flitting by swiftly above, as if they had a long journey before them, and were in a joyous flurry over it."

IF THE PURPOSE of literature has any effect in determining its quality, the lofty motive of Mr. James T. Phelps's contribution thereto—"Life Insurance Sayings"—en-



titled it to serious consideration. When he asks, "Do women like Insurance?" and answers, "Yes, widows do," he shoots an arrow from his gay bow which sets the bell of conscience at the mark a-tingling. In fable, wise saw, or modern instance there is ever the note of meaning which underlies life and death. And how well he knows the advertiser's art to arrest, just short of shocking, the attention, to lead up to his dominant key either by suggestion or contrast! These Orphic sayings, with their admirable preparatory notes, are pleasanter reading than most purposeless books of jests. Mr. Phelps's home office first published the collection as a tribute to their faithful and fertile agent on his fiftieth birthday, and the author has printed a second edition at the Riverside Press.

I WILL CHEERFULLY PIT *Punch*, which some folk sneer at, against *Life*, except for Gibson. *Life* hangs on to a joke until the fun of it is worried to death. The grim determination with which it has adhered to the Maclaren satire is worthy of the early martyrs. *Punch's* Jabberjee's "Jottings and Tattlings" have been immensely clever. So is its "Ready-made (Coats of) Arms; or giving 'em Fits."

A BOOKTASTER.

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN AMERICA.

ONE afternoon in the winter of 187-, I drove up to the hotel in Baltimore where I had been accustomed to feel so at home "in mine inn" that even the ordinary precaution of securing a room in advance had been neglected.

"Not a corner, not a couch, unoccupied," was the greeting I received from the "gentlemanly" One; and every other good house to which my cabman drove me was likewise full. There was some

organization holding its triennial assembly in the town, and the situation was embarrassing. I resolved to ask for a boarding-house which might entertain a temporary guest; though a boarding-house is an anomalous horror to a traveller, who finds in it neither the friendliness of a family nor the oblivion of a hostelry—a place where the “permanents” take an evil delight in criticising and analyzing the unfortunate “transients.” Cabby knew an excellent house to which I might apply, kept by three maiden ladies. He told me, after the familiar Baltimore fashion, that the Misses X—— had inherited a large house and a small income, and nominally received only friends or friends’ friends, but might take in a forlorn female in exigency like myself. Perhaps by good luck I might be their only guest if they would receive me.

And so it proved. They listened graciously to my petition. They had no other boarders, and, installed in a spacious apartment and received into their family life with a cordiality which was strengthened when they found we had several common acquaintances, I passed two or three pleasant days.

Then came some new arrivals; and this time there was another, though a different, appeal to the sympathy of my hostesses, who were moved by the pitiful appearance of a mother with two children and a little shabby baggage, who sought and implied that she needed cheap accommodation. I met a slimp person at the evening meal, without collar or cuffs, then invariably worn by our sex. She was untidy,—one could hear her down-at-heel slippers flop as she walked, and she ate hungrily.

The eldest Miss X—— observed when she left the room that she had made no arrangement for a fire, which was rather a needful “extra” in the old-fashioned house, as she “had to deny herself luxuries,” and so she had invited her to their parlor for an hour. The next day was exceedingly cold; the boy was sent out to play, and the maid reported to her mistress, who was chatting in my room, that the guest was compelling her little girl to use a skipping-rope to keep herself warm. The door above had been left open, and, in fact, we heard the sound of the jumps, a voice crying, “Keep it up, —ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three,—you’ll soon be warm;”

and then a childish treble, "I can't, I can't any more, mamma." Then "Ninety-four, ninety-five,"—and a fall! We ran up and found that the girl had fainted, and in falling had struck her head against the fire-irons. So the doctor was sent for, and we left him alone with the pair, while Miss X—— and I exchanged condolences over the pitiful condition of the child whose meagreness seemed to imply absolute starvation, though the contusion was evidently unimportant. Our sympathy was stimulated when the physician came hurrying down, full of amazement that such a case should be found in his friend Miss X——'s house, urging that fire, hot water, and warm clothing should be immediately provided for the little sufferer, since the heart-broken mother seemed penniless.

As we were talking, a figure wrapped up in an old waterproof slipped past the parlor door and out into the inclement weather. The hood was huddled over the head, and the doctor followed the woman to an apothecary's on the corner of the street, where he came in by one entrance as the woman left by the other; so he told Miss X—— later on.

"Did she want a prescription of mine?" asked the physician.

"Yes," replied the clerk. "And it's just such a case as that which makes a man feel mean. A lady reduced to begging medicine for her child is too much for me."

"Did she really *beg*?" inquired the doctor.

"Just about," said the tender-hearted fellow. "She was crying so hard I could n't make out just what she did say, but it was something about only having thirty-five cents, and the prescription, I had told her, was sixty cents. So I'm going to make up the odds."

I should probably have ventured to leave some little sum which might be delicately employed for the alleviation of the poor children's condition, had I gone away before this unfortunate party. The boy in the street and the girl in the cold room, we were told, had the most scanty and ragged underclothing, and it seemed altogether a cruel, hard case. Letters came from an absent husband who was in Europe (oddly enough, considering the condition of his family), and the wife had sent two of them away because there was a charge for deficient postage!

She went off at last somewhat hastily, her final economy to send her boy across the town to a cheap cab-stand where she had noticed that rates were only a quarter of a dollar instead of the usual livery-stable charge, so that the family and their impedimenta might be transported to the station at a cost no greater than an express wagon would have charged for the baggage alone.

The party had not been gone more than an hour, and we were pitifully discussing them, and the eldest Miss X—— was wistfully expressing a regret that she had accepted the amount of her modest bill, when the doctor burst in and exploded the following bombshell:

“And who do you suppose your boarder was? On whom do you think you have been wasting your sympathy, and I my time, and poor John, the drug clerk, his pennies? Yes, ladies, your poor lodger, my free patient, your Mrs. ——, was *the* Mrs. ——, the richest woman in America.”

And so she was.

A (TRUE) STORYTELLER.

I CAN conceive no better moment to fix an equestrian group than that which Mr. William Ordway Partridge has caught in his model for a statue of General Hooker. The story which the conception tells is clear. The general has ridden up a slight eminence; here he has reined in his horse, quickly, but not severely. The animal stands in the arrested moment in obedient suspense, ready at a turn of the rein to move forward. A slight breeze sweeps his long tail a little to one flank. The same breeze turns back the rider's coat-skirt a trifle, and to its refreshment he has bared his forehead, his hat hanging in his right hand. The arm falls easily, cheerfully, harmonizing with the calm, satisfied look on the strong face, which is obviously gazing on the successful execution of some military scheme un-

folding itself before him. The atmosphere is serenely dignified,— the triumph and accomplishment of war, its ideal of peace through conquest. Front, side, and even rear, where the throwing inward of the horse's off leg gives a fine, lively impression, the effects are equally vivid and impressive. The hero, with all his personal peculiarities of feature, form, and bearing, his firm seat and well-known short stirrup, is a living embodiment of the soldier of the Republic, no less than an admirable portrait statue. It must live in marble or in bronze somewhere or somehow.

I HEAR FROM General Walker's family that Mr. Partridge made an admirable "mask" of the general's noble head in death.

A DILETTANTE.

A PIECE OF HER MIND.

A T "home, sweet home," the song avers,
Dear peace of mind
A man may find;
And though I swear
The song says well,
I find it 'neath a different spell:
My generous spouse,
True to her vows
Things foul and fair
With me to share,
Gives me sufficient and to spare,
And still a larger lot allows.
"Dearer than all is peace of mind;"
But I were perfectly resigned
If she would keep that piece of hers.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Welcome death, so that we get into the newspapers.

— "*The Uncommercial Traveller*," Charles Dickens.

THIS morbid ambition nowadays mingles with the suicide's thought while he is penning his last words, which the surviving friends "will see in the newspapers;" it starts up to welcome the reporter before the body of a near kinsman is cold in the death of accident or violence; it raises the head of the culprit in the dock with a dishonest pride, and the victims or perpetrators of every sort of monstrous wrong are encouraged by its influence to a kind of inglorious defiance, in the fame of their infamy.

THE FACTS ARE indisputable. No besotted optimist can possibly confuse the sentiment with an honest craving for human sympathy. It defeats and perverts justice, and turns the true relations of things topsy-turvy. The insatiable desire for sensations which puts the sensational press at the feet of every scoundrel, adventurer, or notorious sinner, because he or she can give it what it needs, makes him the hero of the hour. Shame should shrink into obscurity. Once the ends of justice served by simple exposure, and the culprit should disappear, despised, ignored, unnoted, if he is left to live, or he should pass away, if condemned, into oblivion, unspoken of, unthought of, by good men. But see how they pose and strut on their wretched stage, welcoming death, so that they "get into the newspapers"!

THE MOST SERIOUS part of the matter is that such dealings with evil not only palliates it but probably actually causes it, in a multitude of cases, to be perpetrated. This is what printing "all the news" effects in our self-conscious, uneasy days. I am inclined to think that many a prosper-



ous editor who rewards the enterprise of his "young men" in ferreting out and expatiating on every evil deed and evil-doer, making their sordid conditions the theme of fervid columns and head-lines, does thereby not only corrupt the community in general, but often becomes the guilty creator of similar crimes in those who sin for mere notoriety.

WITHOUT RAISING THE banner of socialism, at least of socialism as generally understood, it is obvious that the thoughtful class of mankind is looking for practical suggestions in the way of reforming the growing antagonism between the masses and the aggregations of capital. Everywhere the problem, which seems to be insoluble, without interference with the freedom of commerce, offers itself to the philosopher. The modern world has grown to look upon the laws of trade, of supply and demand, as something sacred, yet now we find those laws operating an immense and growing injustice. Legislation seems powerless; education of the "masses" only opens their eyes to evils which they apparently see no way of preventing except by supporting radical measures which would threaten the very foundations of civil order. Public ownership of great public interests is mooted in many quarters as the only safety for the future.

IF THE MONOPOLIES, which are crystallizing everywhere, go on to their natural development, it is obvious that in their effect upon the body politic they will not be unlike the Royal patents, which gave to court favorites exclusive rights to trade in certain commodities. Only the support of royalty will be wanting, the sanction of habitual obedi-

ence will be absent, and the votes which govern may do strange things. If the general government is powerless, the States may act, and should act now, for the restraint of these unpopular organizations. Otherwise, perhaps New York or Massachusetts may be found to be striking out, one of these days, as wildly as Kansas is to-day.

A RECENT LECTURE upon anthropology by a Technology professor suggests food for consideration. This gentleman predicts that the Mediterranean races are the only ones who can successfully colonize tropical South America, while they will be crowded out of Europe by the southward movement of the Teutonic nations. We must then become the "protectors" of a continent largely peopled by men unlikely to form stable governments for themselves, liable to all sorts of foreign entanglements, or we must possess it in some manner for ourselves. Those who are able to labor in tropical climates at least are unlikely to develop qualities for self-government, and vassalage seems a necessary condition there. In what manner should a republic deal with such countries if southward our Star of Empire is to take its way?

A REFORMER.

A CAPITAL hour can be spent at Keith's. The performance is practically a long extravaganza of the modern sort, only undiluted by the feeble attempt at plot which the authors of that type of production think it necessary to use by way of thread. The Biograph is a step onward in living photography — what steps have been taken since Mr. Whipple's dissolving views!

MOST OF US have met Mr. John Drew "in society" this week. I confess to having avoided occasions for doing so, preferring to keep him "for remembrance" in "Rosemary," which is pleasanter on a second and even a third hearing. Why will the world insist on ripping up its dolls and destroying its illusions?

AGAIN A VERY agreeable production is to be noted at the Castle Square, with its "Rival Queens" and heroes in the operatic version of "Don Cæsar."

"NORTHERN LIGHTS" AT the Bowdoin Square is a play still worth seeing, although less so than before. It is curious to observe the distinct loss to the values of the original play, which was a very genuine, stirring melodrama, resulting from the "improvements" which are supposed to meet the popular taste. While the judicious grieve, I doubt if the general theatre-going public really demand these vulgarities. If our good managers would only trust the people a little more!

WHY IS IT that such undue space is given to the stage and stage folk by the press? A photographer once told me that while he needed pictures to display, the actors were the only persons who gladly consented to lend themselves for the purpose. Thus in the vulgar rage for "personal" journalism, the matter is somewhat difficult to come by, except from those to whom publicity is the breath of their nostrils. Hence the columns which fatigue the judicious, who can't get their news without this increasing admixture of "gurry."

THE CADETS HAVE indirectly a good deal to answer for. Somehow their annual burlesque gets shaped, when transferred to the regular stage, upon the most audacious curves known to the illegitimate drama, and goes farther and farther beyond the vanishing line which once separated indecorum from delicacy. Not only so, but the lively ladies who are associated with these Cadet plays have often been so well known on their travels that careful managers have warned their young women to take unusual precautions while in the same town, because the stage door was sure to become a dangerous haunt. In welcoming their transmogrified play this week, I have been glad to observe that our noble warriors appreciated that it was now adapted for "gentlemen only," and went to see it *en garçon* mostly.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

January 11 to January 16.

Keith's Theatre — Vaudeville.

Hollis St. Theatre — Same as last week.

Tremont Theatre — Same as last week.

Boston Theatre — "Brian Boru." *Promiscuous*

Boston Museum — "Jack and the Beanstalk." *Lively.*

Castle Sq. Theatre — "Maritana." *Agreeable.*

Park Theatre — Same as last week.

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — "Northern Lights." *Stirring.*

Columbia Theatre — "Mr. Chauncey Olcott." *Tuneful.*

A PLAYGOER.

THE title of the new magazine "for gentlewomen" recalls the famous *Pall Mall Gazette* "for gentlemen" (written "by gentlemen;" to wit, by Captain Shandon in the Fleet prison).

DR. WILLIAM EVERETT very courteously writes to TIME AND THE HOUR to ask a correction of the statement made in this department in the issue of October 31, that his father had inadvertently given an account of an impossible spectacle in his oration on "The Uses of Astronomy" forty years ago, when he described the appearance of the heavenly bodies, on taking a train for Boston "at Fall River." An error was apparently made by my informant, since his son affirms that Mr. Everett took the train at Providence, which would have been much earlier,—about two o'clock in the morning,—when at the season indicated the celestial sphere must have exactly corresponded with his eloquent description. This correction is most cheerfully made, especially since the original paragraph bore testimony to "the pride and pleasure" which the great orator justly took in his ordinarily scrupulous accuracy.

MR. MOODY INQUIRES: "Why not such a revival to-day as those which accompanied the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield?" Ah, Mr. Moody, you answer your own question!

ONE OF THESE days some wise men will make another effort to establish an "Army and Navy store" in an American city, where the shareholders will be able to save the profit of the merchant prince who pockets it all. That would be the right kind of a people's trust; and while we

are about it, why not try again, with better material than before, co-operative stores for the masses, so successfully carried on in England?

THE FOREST HILLS CEMETERY fight has been a grave affair. I do not understand the ins and outs of it, except that it was certain one of the outs ought to be in. Everybody who knows Mr. E. B. Reynolds must believe that he was the right man in the right place in any position connected with such a business enterprise as the cemetery, unless it were within its precincts, from which may Heaven long preserve him!

A PROMINENT PHILADELPHIA PUBLICATION asserts, in earnest protest, that it gives nothing to its subscribers. How true!

IT IS NOT unnatural that the details in the life of a gentleman who lives in such seclusion as Jesse Pomeroy should be unfamiliar to the public or even to the ubiquitous reporter. The truth is that he has been allowed to see one or two visitors occasionally; persons, however, who are quite incapable of smuggling weapons into the prison. One of these persons tells me that the unfortunate fellow has devoted himself with great success to the study of languages. He began Spanish last autumn. Another thing, of course not generally known, which should have kept his guardians continually on their mettle, is the fact that he has openly declared to every one with whom he has come in contact that plotting for his escape from confinement is his constant occupation, and the only resource which enables him to bear up against his imprisonment. His hand is



against every man, as every man's hand is against him ; as a wild beast might feel behind the bars, he feels. It is a strange thought that we have so near us this one fellow creature forever and hopelessly cut off from his kind.

NOW COMES THE trying turn of the New England season when the bracing of autumn and early winter are found to have overbraced all but the most hardy sons of the soil. I confess to a real envy for the happy "personally conducted" who are off for Jamaica and other fortunate isles.

WITH ALL MY heart I say let people give to the "Fenway Garden" of their abundance, but don't let the promoters mock people with the idea of an "investment." I will pay five dollars a share for "puts" on any number five years hence.

A METROPOLITAN PAPER adds "Engagements" to its lists of "Marriages" and "Deaths." Why not "Births," too ? Then let social arrangements be officially sent to the leading papers, so that we might dispense with the gush of the "society" paper, of which the only value is the gathering of such facts, occasionally convenient to know.

A GOSSIP.

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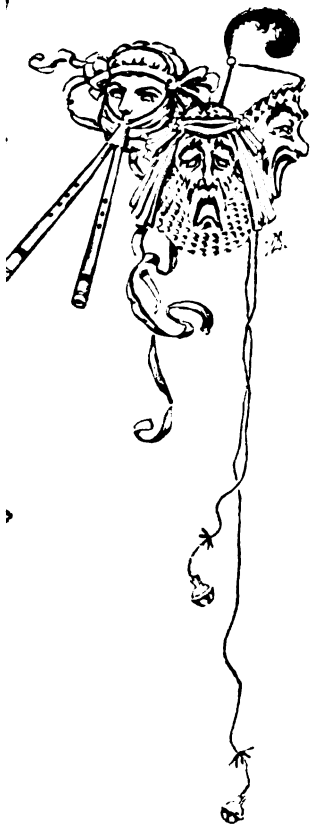
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TIME AND THE HOUR



THE WEEK.—Death in the Burner; What Cabinet officers are for; State House log-rollers beware! The Bosses. — *Editorial*.

HERE IN BOSTON.—As to Art Commissions; Dr. Lorimer an impersonator; Albert B. Otis. — *Tazewer*.

Professor W. B. Rogers's Life and Letters; Edward Rowland Sill's poems. — *a Booktaster*. Criminal forestry; Discharged prisoners' dangers. — *a Reformer*. Local plays; Keith and the revivals. — *a Playgoer*. Survival of high hats; Stage temptations; Prince Carman Chimay's bad ancestors; The Bryn-Mawr kind. — *a Gossip*.

New York Tattle. — *Henriette and Richard Hovey*. The Church and the Minister (dialogue). — *Edward S. Sears*. Winning Ways (poem). — *a Ballad-monger*. For D (poem). *Florence D. Snelling*.

Boston, January 23, 1897

Vol. IV

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No. 7

Dr J R Chadwick

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“Time and the Hour”

Vol. 4 No. 7 BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1897

THE WEEK.

SEVEN deaths from “asphyxiation” in this city during twenty-four hours, and forty deaths from the same cause in less than a year! Wake up, gentlemen of the gas commission! It is time that you did something to justify your existence. The report for which the Legislature calls should be ready well within the three weeks’ limit. If one death had occurred from the bite of an alleged mad dog, we should have had a howl like that of the wolf along Onalaska’s shore, and a crusade of extermination against man’s truest friend would have been preached from every newspaper pulpit; but so long as it is only gas, why—it would be very wrong to do anything which might depress “Bay State” securities.

IT IS A NEEDLESS barbarity to expose the motormen of the street-cars to the storms and cold of our Boston winters, as the West End management does. In the western cities, and in cities no farther west than Worcester, the drivers are protected by glass-enclosed vestibules, in which they can be comparatively comfortable. Even in England the railway managers no longer compel their engine-drivers to stand out exposed to the weather on an open footboard, but have adopted at least some modification

of the American cab. But in zero weather or cutting blizzard, the Boston street-car man must take it as it comes, without even the protection of an enclosed space for his feet.

NOW THE "era of prosperity" is set to begin March 15. Like the mountain peak which one approaches, the further one goes the further it seems to recede, yet it is sure to be reached sometime. Let us hope that it is nearer than past events would seem to warrant.

IT IS AN odd appreciation of special service to the State to reward him who has given it with a position where he cannot carry on his own line of service, as though it were not the highest honor to him as well as good policy to give the country still further advantage from his wisdom and experience. The change of our administrative system, in which, from presidential advisers in the whole field, the heads of departments have become in almost all ways the supreme authority in their bureaus, makes it the more important that specialists should be selected for these functionaries. Geography, local party popularity, and political service should be ignored when compared with direct efficiency in the business of statecraft, war, finance, and so on, combined with that harmony of general views with the Executive necessary in his family.

IT MAY NOT be generally known, however, that with the custom of placing persons in these positions for various reasons other than their immediate fitness for office, permanent clerks in the departments do most of the work for which their changing superiors are nominally responsible,

so that there is at the capital a real bureaucracy which might run itself, except in unusual emergencies. Of course, there is no remedy for this state of things. It is the only possible way in which public affairs can be conducted uninterruptedly and smoothly. Cabinet-making is an amusing pastime, but the carpenter work has to go on solidly and seriously all the time.

ANY SPECIAL LEGISLATION on the liquor question will be watched by the community with unusual interest. The sensitiveness upon the subject which has been aroused can not be disregarded by the General Court this year. In fact, the air is full of suspicion, and jobs and log-rollers will have an unusually difficult time at the State House, which **TIME AND THE HOUR** will endeavor to make still more difficult as opportunity serves.

THE HON. CECIL RHODES, *fêted* and applauded in the Cape Colony like some provincial Roman Governor summoned to the Capital to be judged, degraded, and punished, goes home to be heard before the Select Committee of Parliament for his sentence. Such is the attitude which the affair assumes in the eyes of his enemies and a considerable portion of the British public. Yet it may be doubted if he will not find a large party in England to support his policy and to modify the prevailing opinion.

THE RELATIONS to be established by the Republican President with Quay and Platt, Republican officials unattached yet potent, will be much more significant than the combinations of influences formed in the Cabinet. Much may be done by Mr. McKinley to break down the power



of the boss. Fortunately, in the case of Platt no "claim" can be put forward as a "President-maker," but on the contrary, affiliation with him must ignore past disaffection. The leading New York Republican organ opens its arms to him if he will abandon his past methods and adopt an unselfish statesmanlike attitude,— which is a bad sign.

THE TERRIBLE SCOURGES of plague and famine in India bring to our very doors the sense of mediæval horrors which we were accustomed to believe were quite impossible in this modern world of ours. We owe a heartfelt sympathy, if nothing more, to the suffering of a country which was the immediate cause of our own salvation. The difference of a few points in the price of wheat occasioned by the failure of the Indian crops, not the wisdom of the majority, as some fondly felicitate themselves, saved us from a chaos to which our dull times would be fabulous prosperity, while we were awaiting the unknown possibilities of rampant Bryanism.

SUCH CONCESSIONS as the West End Road has voluntarily made will be of great service to it and to the community. The public will be vigilant in watching the new relations which are formed between the management and its employees. There is the most true and real moral public ownership in the system, though, *de facto*, it may continue a private corporation.

IF WHEN THE solemn pause in a ceremony is made to call upon any objector to come forward, and when such an one appears the officials refuse to listen to him, the form ought to be abolished. A spectator at the Archbishop of

Canterbury's "confirmation" tells me that poor Brownjohn was hustled and jostled like a street brawler, yet apparently he was quite within his rights in protesting, whatever may be thought of the grounds of his appeal.

HERE IN BOSTON.

I AM disposed, with all courtesy, to take issue with those who disparage our art commission in approving the plan for a similar commission in New York. I know how carefully our measure was drawn after due consideration of plans quite like that now proposed for New York. In selecting the presidents of the several institutions having more or less relation to art,—the Art Museum, the Public Library, the Institute of Technology, and the Society of Architects,—with the mayor *ex officio*, to constitute the board, the object was to make it a thoroughly unpartisan affair, independent of cliques and classes. It was assumed that these institutions combined represent the best taste and culture of the community, and that their heads ought to be fairly competent to judge the works which might be submitted to them. The proposition to add one representative painter, one sculptor, and one architect, with two or three "lay" members,—precisely the New York plan,—was duly weighed, and the argument against it, that with such additions bickerings would inevitably result and professional jealousies be aroused, was deemed to be valid. Had there been a Society of Artists, like the Society of Architects, here in Boston, its president would have been added. It was suggested that the president of the Art Club might be joined,

but when it was reflected that the Art Club has in these days but a minority of artists in its membership, the suggestion fell.

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The scope of the New York board is indeed broader than ours, but that of ours is not narrow. No statue, fountain, ornamental arch or gateway, monument, or memorial of any kind, so the statute reads, can be erected in any public street, avenue, square, place, common, or municipal building, unless both design and site are approved by a majority of the commission in writing; and this report, made to the city council, must be in within thirty days from the time when a design and site are submitted. The commission is also required to give its advice, at the request of the mayor, aldermen, or common council, as to the suitability of a design for any public building, bridge, or other structure. The latter provision might, perhaps, be strengthened, and for the public good, by giving the board the same veto power over such designs as it has over designs and sites for statues, fountains, and so on. To the objection which has been raised against our scheme, that it is imperfect because the commission bases its judgments upon those of artist experts whom it summons when it has a particularly delicate or sensitive case in hand, it may be said that it is n't obliged to call in experts, nor need it adopt the expert opinion which it invites.

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Ministers are proverbially good story-tellers, and their jokes on each other are always relishy. Dr. Lorimer aired

some of his best tales in the so-called Star Course lecture, the other evening, and acted them out, I am told, with the happiest effect upon his audience. His description of the dramatic preacher, and his reproduction of the fervid portrayal of the translation of Elijah, with its thrilling climax of the prancing steeds whirling the chariot of fire "up through the golden streets, up to the throne of the King; and there he shouted '*Whoa!*'" was counted one of the most genuinely funny impersonations of the season. The parson is a born actor, and not unfamiliar with the boards.

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What a climate this is! A drop of twenty degrees in the temperature in one hour, Monday afternoon, shows what the weather here in Boston can do when it tries. Nothing but flesh and blood could stand such changes.

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A gentleman of quiet tastes, courteous manner, and agreeable personality passed away in the death of Albert B. Otis. He made little stir here in Boston, and, I dare say, was not known much beyond his own circle in his profession, and in his club. But he was a good citizen, a safe counsellor, a true friend, a genial companion. So his life moved placidly and was a success. When I first knew him, back in the sixties, he was in Governor Andrew's law office, just beginning practice and acting informally as the ex-governor's secretary. Subsequently he passed from father to son, and, as the daily papers have stated, became a partner of the son, which association continued until broken by the latter's sudden death. The relations be-

tween the two were close, like that of brothers. He rejoiced much in John F.'s political advancement, but more in the spirit of independence which the young man displayed. The same spirit was strong in him. He was naturally a reformer, and gave an effective support to civil service and other reforms which independents have so striven to advance. He was a type of that class of citizens who think for themselves and act as they think, which, happily, is a growing class.

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I find that the churches whose doors are hospitably open on secular days are more numerous here in Boston than I had imagined. Another valued friend writes that I do not appear to know (which was the fact) that for a dozen years past old St. Paul's on busy Tremont Street has been open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. on every day in the year except the Fourth of July, and has then been closed only because irreverent folk were wont to come in on that festive day and eat their lunch, leaving banana-skins, paper bags, and crumbs behind them.

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Moody, the emotional, is a practical fellow, and evidently does not push the doctrine of divine intervention in personal matters in serious cases coming home to him. My friend the Doctor was Mr. Moody's medical adviser during the Tabernacle campaign here in Boston of twenty years ago. Young Moody, now a college graduate, then lay sick of scarlet fever. In place of a direct prayer for the boy's recovery, Mr. Moody's daily petition was for the

doctor's guidance : " May my boy's doctor be directed, and may he save my child ! " That doctor's attitude toward revivals was so questionable that the " cure by prayer " in this partnership was one among numerous modern " miracles."

TAVERNER.

NEW YORK TATTLE.

MR. JOHN D. BARRY, whose " Intriguers " has been on all the newstands for months,—and if that is n't success, what is? —is about to publish a new novel, which is by all odds his most important book yet. Stone and Kimball have it in hand, and its name is " Mademoiselle Blanche." The advance sheets have already been circulated privately among a few critics and the author's friends.

Like his great master, Henry James, Mr. Barry shows in his latest volume a tendency to throw over that shibboleth of their school which declares that a novel should have no plot—that a story, in other words, should have no story. " Mademoiselle Blanche," in fact, could easily be made into a good play, except that the incidents, when actually presented, might seem *too* melodramatic. A ninety-foot leap from a flying trapeze, on the stage, might be a trifle sensational. In the book it is not so at all. The pathos masters the incident, and the tragic death of the heroine is simply and serenely fit.

But the great merit of Mr. Barry's book—a merit which cannot be obscured even by that overloading of detail which is the book's defect—is its *motif*. The woman who falls in love, not so much with the man as with the man's achievements,—with the victor returning from battle, the poet crowned with the rumor of many voices, the actor or pianist in the dazzle of footlight enthusiasm, the pugilist in the clamor of the prize-ring,—is familiar to us in life and in art. To reverse the matter and portray a man who falls in love, not with a woman but with the woman's achievement, is new and a sign of the time.

It is not necessary to say that the book is well written.

In the late *Tattler* one of the most attractive columns was the contemporary "Pepys's Diary," written by Mr. Edwin Emerson. The cleverness of Mr. Emerson's imitation of Pepys was admirable, and made one feel sure that he would be successful in some more ambitious experiment of a like nature. And now we hear that he has indeed already accomplished such a feat, — nothing less than the "Contes Drolatiques" done into antiquated English. It is the idea of an artist, and Mr. Emerson has certainly given us reason to expect that he will execute it creditably. Perhaps he may even give us the definitive translation.

We met William de Leftwich Dodge the other day, he of the enormous shirt-collar and the \$10,000 mural decorations for the Library at Washington. It is said that he took the third prize at the Salon before he was twenty-one, and that his pallor is on account of feverish overwork to achieve the first prize before he is thirty. He vouchsafed the information that it is impossible to work in New York, so it may be hoped that he will return to Paris at the earliest opportunity.

Seriously, this talk of certain artists about being unhappy and unable to work in the unpoetic atmosphere of our American metropolis seems as a priggish affectation. Life is much the same, after all, the world over. There is the same sordidness — and the same charm — in Paris and in New York. True, distance lends enchantment, and, to many people, the remote is almost synonymous with the poetical. But surely not to the artist. The artist is precisely he that sees common things so that they seem no longer to be common. "Poetry," says Shelley, "makes familiar things be as if they were unfamiliar." Furthermore, New York is pre-eminently and peculiarly a poetical city, and a man's capacity for recognizing that fact might almost be regarded as a measure of his poetic endowment.

HENRIETTE HOVEY AND RICHARD HOVEY.

TO that Scotch-Irish immigration to which America owes so much, we are indebted for the Rogers family, that remarkable group of brethren, James Blythe, William

Barton, Henry Darwin, and Robert Empie, who have made such marked contribution to the sum of human knowledge and its diffusion, in chemistry, geology, and physics,—mathematical science in general. The motive forces derived from a New-Light Presbyterian ancestry, tenant-farmers in Ireland, through a progenitor who exiled himself on account of his adhesion to the cause of liberty, wrought through a youth of poverty their natural results. The emigrant, though belonging to a family of some consideration (as evidenced by the quantity of their family linen, which enabled them to have an interval of six months between the wash-days, which with the gentry was a year, and a week with the poor) only received enough from his father's estate to pay debts contracted in Philadelphia during his first years of struggle as tutor, physician, lecturer, and librarian. He finally obtained the professorship of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry at William and Mary College, to which his son, William Barton, succeeded two months after the father's death in 1828, and held for seven years. He was appointed to a similar professorship in the University of Virginia in 1835, whence he came to Boston in 1853. His brother Henry had already been attracted here, and both cemented their local ties by marriage.

Whether such men would be similarly attracted to Boston to-day, in spite of its material growth, may well be doubted. Our money flows like water to promote objects of utility, of beauty or pleasure, but the investigations of science no longer command the enthusiasm or open the purses of our merchant princes. In the spirit of the age they seek more tangible fruits of their generosity. Rogers was

warmly received, and his family connections gave an immediate impetus to the scheme of a Polytechnic school, which he had long before planned. Some opposition had to be met from Cambridge, where the newly founded Lawrence Scientific School was felt to be threatened with an eclipse. And an eclipse fell upon it by the success of the new institution, from which it has only recently emerged. But Professor Rogers had important social influence, and the history of his success is written in the stately edifices in Boylston Street and speaks from the accomplishments of thousands of graduates in practical science all over the land. His health was exhausted by his labors as organizer and president, but his work was resumed after a brief interregnum and only relinquished when he was able to find an adequate representative, the late General Francis A. Walker, in 1881. His sudden death upon the platform in Huntington Hall, May 30, 1882, after his address to the graduates of that year, consecrated Rogers Building and his great achievement. The collection of letters just issued by Houghton, Mifflin, & Company, admirably edited, with notes by Mrs. Rogers and Professor W. T. Sedgwick, is an invaluable record of a truly scientific life, informed by an enthusiasm for original investigation and for the diffusion of knowledge rarely found united in any man, however great. The one too often leads to an impatience or an indifference toward the other. Devotion and ardor are to be read in every line of his frank and simple words. His foresight is evidenced by the remarkable panegyric of one of the most eminent alumni of the Institute of Technology, who said the other day that its success was due, not to any accident,

but because it had never departed from the wisdom of its founder. This foresight was never more clearly proved than by the election of the successor who has just closed his brilliant career, of whom Professor Rogers said, "I trust in him as I would in myself," and who has carried on the work to such magnificent results.

HERE IS A LITTLE volume of verses (Houghton, Mifflin, & Company) fulfilled with "the tender charm of poetry and love." It is not sincerity, finished form, or genuine emotion even, by which the divine thing appeals to me, as the reader guesses by this time. I did not know, until the preface to the "Poems" of Edward Rowland Sill informed me, that the author of "The Hermitage and Other Poems" was dead. His occasional verses which he was used to contribute under pseudonyms and his own name still went on appearing for a considerable space, where he had modestly scattered them, long after his death, so that he still kept singing as he passed. Moral loveliness shone from the first in all that Sill wrote, as the signification and crown of earthly loveliness. Nothing could so well illustrate his constant tone as his invocation to the Venus of Melos and its contrast with the Medicean. Yet he has sounded the fullest depths of the "Greek feeling." Morris himself could not depict more thrillingly the passing of those dainty feet, that alluring body—

"Some vanished gleam of beckoning arm to spoil
A morning's task with longing wild and vain."

He knows the witchery of

"Soft lips like the curled inner leaf
In a rosebud's breast, kissed languid by the sun."

Yet he obeys with ardor the drawing of the greater beauty,
the Divine One, as he cries :

“So bright, so still, thy lips serenely sleep;
So fixedly thine earnest eyes the while,
As clear and steady as the morning star,
Their gaze upon that coming glory keep.”

Here is one who in no Philistine spirit has chosen the better part. The exponents of sensuousness and license can find nothing to carp at in the willing obedience of him whose heart, full of sympathy with nature and man, finds freedom in conquest and beauty in truth. I cannot forbear one more quotation from the poem of “Home,” the little white town on the hills.

“There, the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o’er
And touches its still face most tenderly.”

I like to think of this man gone beyond the veil, of whom when he lived it might have been said that

“The inner passion pure as very fire
Burns to light ash the earthlier desire,”

companying with the great Florentine who foretold the Vision Beatific, our own poet his follower and pupil, and all the like heavenly singers :

“In alternations of sublime repose,—
Musical motion,—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows,
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.”

A BOOKTASTER.

WINNING WAYS.

“SHE said me nay, she said me nay,
She shook her head and turned away:
‘I cannot help you, well-a-day!’—
She said me nay!”

He, moping, wandered, then with scorn:—
“There sure are more as comely born;
I’ll find them out, and I’ll not mourn,”
He said, with scorn.

And so he hies to havoc make,
And hearts to break
(Knowing that she account will take),
To havoc make.

So soon the maid, with downcast eyes,
Finds her way near his gateway lies:
“Forgive me. I was so unwise!”
With downcast eyes.


He laughs, “Ah, no, my pretty friend,
You’d better on your pathway wend;
No more to your caprice I’ll bend,
My pretty friend.”

But when she turned her from his door:
“Ah, what a dainty gown she wore,
No step was e’er so light as bore
Her from my door!”

“Heigho, heigho!” with running spent;
“If you will only now relent,
All others from my heart are sent!”
Her hand in his, meek back she went,
Well pleased at him, with running spent.

A BALLAD-MONGER.

BEFORE all questions of politics, economics, or sociology, the establishment of good and strict forestry laws is essential to the material welfare of the nation. On every side notes of warning are sounded, re-enforcing the warnings of human history. If man be allowed his selfish way, his own destruction is sure and speedy. I have spoken of this before. To effect anything some of us must weary the callous ear of that unjust—because sleeping—judge, the people. Every gubernatorial address, every national message, is incomplete without an appeal for the salvation of the forests, the conservators of climate, of the water supply, of pure atmosphere,—the prime necessities for human life upon this planet. When it is considered that even individual interests would be benefited in the long run by scientific thinning, instead of the headlong slaughter which has been going on, the madness of the hour is seen to be the very wantonness of frenzy. Surely this is one of the worst of crimes done in the name of liberty.



THE MOST CRITICAL days in the discharged prisoner's life are those which immediately follow his release. The rebound from confinement to liberty alone causes a dangerous mental attitude. If he has been accustomed to any bad habits his instincts bid him to license. Jail acquaintances, or the companions of his past errors, are on the watch for him, to add their influence to drag him back to a state worse than the first. I have heard of a case where a fellow who was believed to be reformed, and who honestly believed himself to be so, having sought aid to take him to a distant city where employment awaited him in a

fresh environment, was waylaid at the railway station before he had bought his ticket, and lured by some of his previous cronies into drink and new crimes. If the Salvation Army could influence prisoners, invest them with its badges, and so mark them that when they come into the free world they will be recognized as "brethren," and find friends instead of enemies to welcome and strengthen them in the paths of newly discovered virtue, this work alone would more than justify its existence. Such work can be done only by the class from which the Salvation Army is mostly recruited, and by its individual members. Patrons and benefactors and societies can do little.

A CURIOUS QUESTION of casuistry arose in the case of a discharged prisoner who found work in a remote town under a new name,—work which placed him in a responsible position, having certain duties toward a group of nice lads. It seemed to him that he was leading a life of hypocrisy, because if his employers knew him to be a discharged convict, the probability would be great that he would be regarded as unfit for his function. Mrs. Deland dubitates whether ignorance be not bliss in such a case in one of her moral conundrums; but this poor fellow was conscience-smitten, and wrote to his adviser and patroness to ask her what he should do. What would you have advised? This wise lady told him to keep his own counsel. Considering the difficulties in his path, she thought his duty to himself was paramount, and the practical risk that accidental recognition might wholly wreck his prospects and brand him with apparent dishonor should be faced and met, if it came, with a vindication by the law of

self-preservation. "Should such a day come, quote my name as authority for your course. Only," added this sage counsellor, "if you ever become engaged to a girl, tell her the truth before you are married."

I COMMEND TO Mr. Gamaliel Bradford the complaint which the Hon. George Curzon has made of the unwisdom of the hasty interpellations of ministers in the House of Commons. It seems that their presence in the legislative body is not the cure-all for political ills that the president of the Mayflower Society maintains it to be. On the contrary, very unfortunate results may proceed from the attempt to force the hand of the Executive Department, not to speak of the fact that, while it is technically and often actually subordinate to the House in England, in America its co-ordinate authority is assuming, as years go by, a more distinctive character.

A REFORMER.

FOR D.

IT is so dark alone!
I need your light to help me on my way.
"My little light!" you cry;
"It scarcely serves to point the path for me."
Dear heart, you cannot see
What shadows in another's path may lie,
Nor yet the power shining in your own.
Oh, give me of yourself! Love is the key
That openeth the gates of light alway;
But it is dark alone.

FLORENCE D. SNELLING.

THE preoccupations of society interfere with the usual attendance at the theatres of the readers of *TIME AND THE HOUR*. The Castle Square draws its fashionable Wednesday afternoon audience, however, without much diminution. This week "The Gondoliers" has been given pleasantly, and after the first night with reasonable finish.

MR. JOHN DREW has no reason to complain of the reception given to his "Rosemary." Call it by what name you will, the entertainment is so clean and pure and wholesome that everybody has been grateful for these evenings of unalloyed pleasure at the Hollis.

IT IS AN indication of the character of the audience at Keith's New Theatre, that the "revival" meetings have actually been the only occasions which diminished the attendance a little, the house being only full, instead of much more than full, at times during the Moody period. It may be that that class of good suburbans and country cousins who shun the theatre proper (or improper) and have had no theatrical amusement since the days of the old Museum, when Mr. Kimball himself conducted it, have fixed on Keith's as a "safe" and cheerful place of entertainment.

MR. COOPER CLIFFE will supersede Henry Irving if the London public is allowed to see him much longer in "Sir Henry's" rôle, so as to find out what acting is. And if Ellen Terry should take Imogen away from fair Julia Arthur the Lyceum audience could hardly be induced to acquiesce.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

January 18 to January 23.

Keith's Theatre — Vaudeville. The Biograph.

Hollis St. Theatre — Same as last week.

Tremont Theatre — Same as last week.

Boston Theatre — Same as last week.

Boston Museum — Same as last week.

Castle Sq. Theatre — "The Gondoliers." *Unequal.*

Park Theatre — Same as last week.

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — Mr. Charles Barron. *Painstaking.*

Columbia Theatre — "The Fatal City." *Red hot.*

A PLAYGOER.

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTER.

[*A Dialogue.*]

THE CHURCH. Look here, Pastor, you are weakening your own influence and hurting our good name by your sweeping accusations against all sorts of people, which you can't prove, and by your libelling of public men.

THE MINISTER. I am, eh? Well, that's *my* business and none of yours.

THE CHURCH. Oh, but it is, though. We employ you and pay you, and we can't afford to have our friends alienated and our revenues cut down by your injudicious words and acts.

THE MINISTER. Well, I don't see but you'll have to stand it. The old Colonial laws make the minister supreme, his office for life, and his salary a lien on all the effects of the church and all its members.

THE CHURCH. [*Aside*] The Shylock! Guess he's right, but

let's see what a little bluff will do. [*Aloud*] But, dear pastor, we vote your salary each year, and if you thus reduce our ability to pay you, you surely can't complain if we are forced to cut down the appropriation for your salary.

THE MINISTER. Oh, no; I sha'n't complain. Complaints are not in my line. I shall merely sue you as a body and as individuals, — those of you who are solvent.

THE CHURCH. [*Aside*] The dingwhistle to nimbus old Shylock! He has us, sure! [*Aloud*] Why, Pastor, how unchristian! We would n't have such a scandal for the world! For your own sake we would much rather pay you in full to January first, if you'll resign then.

THE MINISTER. Pay me in full? Of course you'll pay me in full to whatever date I choose to name. And I won't resign — till I'm good and ready. But I am disposed to be more than reasonable. I will resign, to take effect in three months, if you'll make the conditions satisfactory.

THE CHURCH. [*Aside*] We're lucky to get out of it any way. [*Aloud*] Very well, we are willing to pay your salary for the three months, and you can quit when you please.

THE MINISTER. But my wounded honor! My injured feelings! You have said things of and to me which have hurt me deeply. Nothing but money can soothe the smart. You must pay me six months' salary in advance, as a salve for my lacerated bosom. On those terms, and no others, I will go.

THE CHURCH. [*Aside*] It's a tough bargain. Shylock will have his pound of flesh. However, if we can get rid of him at any price, it will be cheap. [*Aloud*] Very well, dear pastor, we accede to your proposition. We take back all we have said, and we will draw a check for the money.

THE MINISTER. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you all! Amen.
EDWARD S. SEARS.

LORD RONALD GOWER confesses his crusade
Against the conventional high hat a failure. What
other distinction could mark our own Seniors from in-



ferior mankind? Fashions never change by announcement or deliberate counsel. Like the changes of nature, they come and go unnoticed in the transition. This one, to which men adhere from contrariety, on account of its very absurdity, has reigned a hundred years.

THE DREADFUL STORY is told that there is a press agent's bureau, where the personal anecdotes for the "puffing" of actors are manufactured and sold. The New York papers do not print these stories. There are "earmarks" which always betray them, yet my neighbors here in Boston give their space by the yard to the stuff.

THE WAY IN which evil works by action and reaction is well illustrated in that unsavory New York trial. Girls are induced to wear indelicate costumes on the stage in the name of art and protected, as it were, by the footlights. Then familiarity makes it easy for them to give way to the temptation to make entertainment for private parties in the same garb. The "stag" entertainer justifies his position by pointing to the custom of the stage. So "living pictures" naturally lead on to "the altogether," to which the nasty Trilby has accustomed the mind. Waiving all other questions, how many young women who might have grown up pure and good are now very much otherwise, through the destruction of their instincts of delicacy by the bribes offered by the stage to-day, and indirectly by *you*, who encourage and applaud it?

THE MEMBERSHIP OF the Massachusetts Historical Society grows less select and more genuine. Once the great historian of New England, Mr. John C. Palfrey, was

excluded therefrom because, as a Free Soiler, he was obnoxious to the Whig Brahmins who controlled its counsels. But wealth and position has now yielded its predominance to learning, ability, and enthusiasm. There will be fewer "Winthrop papers" and more historical documents in its proceedings hereafter, probably.

THEY ARE GOING to save dear old "Boodle's" in London after all. The club committee have raised nearly money enough to buy it of the heirs of the late proprietor. *Esto perpetua!*

THE PRINCESS CARAMAN-CHIMAY must have been reading the family history of her husband for precedents. One ancestor married Madame Tallien, Barras's "friend." The present prince's grandfather had a wife who fell in love with her lackey. The prince sought no divorce; on the contrary, he saw his wife off with her companion and gave him his benediction, remarking: "Adieu, Joseph, *tachez de rendre Madame heureuse.*"

THE PHILOSOPHER WHO said "Heaven save young men from modesty" might have saved his breath if he had known the young literary men of the day. They admire each other, to be sure, in little knots and cliques (unless they hate each other), but only because the sense of their own importance is thereby reflected. "Cock-sure," and "know-it-all," are unpleasant phrases, but they describe unpleasing things.

IF SOCIAL NEWS is the need it seems to be, its excuse is in its high plane, its sincerity and frankness. The blun-



ders of the second-hand reporter, the keyhole listener, the sidewalk gazer, make its incompetency ridiculous. Mrs. Washburn, a unique figure in Boston, gives persons who want to know about these things the descriptions of places she has frequented, of people she has met, and of doings she has participated in, with a graphic pen and in a most kindly and cheerful spirit, so that (unless people really wish their gayeties to be hidden in a corner) it is difficult to see how her *dramatis personæ* themselves in the "Vanity Fair" drama can fail to be gratified, while the reader is able to enjoy a taste of republican "high life." It is useful, too, in these crowded days, to those whose engagements are multiplied, to be reminded by a printed record of possibly overlooked events to come and of movements of friends.

WHAT A STRANGE CHANGE of manners when really nice girls no longer "come out" with all the delights of bud-hood, but quietly trot off to Bryn-Mawr or elsewhere, and give it all up!

A GOSSIP.

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TIME AND THE HOUR

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THE WEEK. — Calm Days; The Gas autocracy; How to have good times; More municipal ownership. — *Editorial*.

HERE IN BOSTON. — No union of Tech and Harvard; Aping foreign names; Bewildering make-ups. — *a Taverner*.

Mr. Koopman's "Mastery of Books;" Miss Clarke's "Opal;" Rev. C. F. Dole's hopefulness; Poor "Maisie." — *a Booktaster*. A Directors' deal; Blatant Bradley-Martins; The puzzled voter. — *a Reformer*. Mr. Tree; Miss Cayvan; Poor old Trilby; Bad Hammerstein. — *a Playgoer*. The useful Mrs. Grundy; The society detective; The athletic centre in New York. — *a Gossip*.

The Dramatic Value of Holding Still. — *Henriette* and *Richard Hovey*. The Invalid Aid Society. — *Dr. C. F. Nichols*.

Boston, January 30, 1897

Vol. IV




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No. 8

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“Time and the Hour”

Vol. 4 No. 8

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897

THE WEEK.

THE week has been one of a peculiar pause, not only at home, where the passing of one great administrative organism and the uncertainties of the plans of the incoming one (speculated upon to death) make it natural. The world seems to rest for the moment from plots and counterplots, wars and rumors of wars. The sensational press welcomes not such a breathing-spell, because the atmosphere of panic and hysteria is that in which it thrives; but **TIME AND THE HOUR** is glad to congratulate its readers upon a moment of repose when a little recovery may be made of the dignity of humanity, which is frittered away in empty curiosity and scandal-mongering.

IT IS AGREEABLE to note that in the General Court the absence of certain demagogues has given opportunity for the decent and considerate introduction of some reasonable measures of reform. The autocracy of the gas monopoly, the charitable franchises of the street-railway system, and the complications of the caucus methods invite intelligent discussion and legislative action.

THE SERVANTS OF the gas company are certainly responsible for the suggestion they convey that the institution is an official one. Not only are such absurdly tyrannical

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regulations enforced as that which refuses gas to a new tenant because a former one has been derelict in his payments, but the methods of enforcement are arbitrary and severe. The statements of the corporation's meters are held to be final and without appeal, its bookkeeping must be respected as sacred as that of the Medes and Persians, though gas has not been burned and duplicate bills are in evidence, and it is impossible to visit the anterooms where the poor consumer waits upon the rich stockholders' representatives behind the counters without feeling that an awful power controls the situation. Humble requests for the acceptance of arrears, entreaties for the renewal of the supply, subservient payment of deposits, and all for a poisonous, dear, and insufficient convenience!

IT IS CERTAINLY possible so to frame a law as to obtain proper remuneration from the street railways without yielding any permanent rights to the corporations. Is it not possible to obtain a rental from a tenant-at-will? Is it necessary to give everything or get nothing? The difficulty raised simply illustrates the pitiful fact that in public affairs a cat-in-the-meal is so commonly expected that the most straightforward simplicity is supposed to indicate the profoundest guile.

THE COMMERCIAL OUTLOOK in the world at large was never more hopeful than it is to-day. The one doubtful element is the tariff tinkering of the Congress. Such changes as may be made will, perhaps, create an unnatural activity in some lines, surely to be followed by another period of prostration. There is little doubt but that the business of the

country has adjusted itself, on the whole, to present conditions, and that it much prefers to be let alone to benefit by the general improvement which is reasonably anticipated, while our deficit should be cured by economy and the taxation of a few luxuries. Those who believe that one nation benefits by the restrictions put upon another, and that our great resources of production and invention require protection, are, however, represented by the disturbing majority at Washington.

CHINA MOVES ONWARD. English and natural science are ordered to be taught throughout the Empire. The world is deeply interested that the reforms in the old nation should be genuine and not mere paper ones. Some day the celestials will burst their bonds, when the nations of the earth must feel their influence.

ON SUNDAY OCCURS the centenary of the birth of Franz Schubert. English musicians propose to observe it by many concerts at which the programmes will be made up of Schubert's music. Vienna, his birthplace, will honor his memory by a long array of festive observances. Like Homer, Dante, and many other great ones of earth, Schubert found his native city an unsympathetic mother, but now she recognizes his greatness and seeks to make amends for her former harshness. Will not musical Boston pay any regard to the Schubert anniversary?

WHEELING, W. VA., is another city to test the problem of cheaper gas through municipal ownership. In 1871 the city bought the gas plant from a private company which had charged \$3.50 per thousand for very inferior gas. Since

that time, by successive stages, the price has been reduced, till now it is \$1 per thousand, with twenty-five per cent discount for prompt payment, making it practically seventy-five cents; and a still further reduction is hoped for. The gas is said to be of the best quality. As to financial results, the plant has been rebuilt in modern style from the profits, from which, also, \$40,000 has been paid on the purchase of an electric-lighting plant, which is run on the profits of the municipal gas. Wheeling is near the coal and oil fields, but there must have been exceptionally good management and absence from political "pulls" to make such a result possible.

HERE IN BOSTON.

PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL seems to have a genius for stirring Boston up. He seldom publishes or speaks in public without setting a-going a vehement discussion. His latest utterance has had the usual effect, and we are now here in Boston treating his suggestion of a union of the Tech with Harvard as if such union were seriously contemplated, indeed imminent, and some of us are getting quite excited over it. It does n't matter, apparently, that he took pains to explain that the suggestion was a little thing of his own, or that President Eliot shows clearly that there is no shadow of a movement toward union: the hot debate goes on just the same. It will die out presently, but it will have had good result. It will have made evident the very strong feeling in this community of regard for the Institute as a separate and distinct institution, and the uselessness of any serious attempt to sink it in

Harvard. If Professor Wendell's object was to "sense public opinion" on the subject, he has attained it.

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One of my correspondents utters a protest against "the silly ignoring here in Boston of the many resounding names available for hotels and apartment-houses," and the absurd use of French, Italian, and British names altogether meaningless with us. This is a protest which many citizens, indeed, most citizens who have any "claim to taste" or the fitness of things, make, and I should like to see a crusade started which would impel a reform in this respect. My correspondent gives a list of a few of the names now in use, the first group comprising the "smart" titles, and the second appropriate local ones. Group one: La Touraine (!), The Tuileries (!!), Haddon Hall (great heavens!), The Verona, Windermere, Belvoir, Empire, Earls court (!!!), Denmark. Group two: The Granite, Monadnock, Commonwealth. To the first group might well be added such inane names as The Regent, The Imperial, Austerfield, Royal, Abbotsford, and scores of others; and to the second, The Tudor, The Agassiz. I would not live in a house with such a title as any of those in group one were I given a lease for life, and the free service of that despot, the janitor. There is indeed much in a name.

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This week the Tech examinations are on, and the boys are like Gilbert's "modern major general" in the "Pirates of Penzance:"—

"About binomial theorem they're bursting with a lot o' news;
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse."

One of the amusing little questions propounded to these boys in their military science "exam." was in substance this: "How long would it take to move the Massachusetts militia from Framingham to Peekskill, N. Y., going by rail to Newport, R. I., thence by steamers to New Haven, Conn., and thence marching overland to Peekskill?" The father of one of the boys who took this exam. tells me that when the lad propounded the query to him he replied: "The general who would take a body of troops from Framingham to Peekskill by any such route as that must be a jackass." But that was n't the right answer.

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At first thought it might seem as if a series of questions on military strategy which would tax the powers of a Napoleon or a Grant were rather beyond the capacity of boys of eighteen or nineteen, but then we are going to have a "patriotic" administration in a few weeks which may succeed in getting us into a war with Spain, or Russia, or Germany, in which case we shall need all the military genius of the Tech boys, and the school regiments as well.

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I fear I shall have to give up trying to read a morning paper — not so much because of what it does or does not contain, as because of the inaccessibility of whatever it may have which interests me. When I have "skipped" the two or three-column account of a strike of hod-carriers, including a long interview with Dennis Magillaho-

garty, the "walking delegate;" a column or two of the vaporings of so-called prize-fighters, who abuse each other most valiantly at long range, but whom a regiment of dragoons could not get into a ring together; a column or so of the "views" of a lot of petty politicians on the Cuban question, and two or three columns of nasty details of the latest tenement-house or third-rate-actress scandal, I find a heading relating to something in which I feel an interest. I read a few lines of introduction, apropos of nothing in particular, and then the line, "Continued on the third page." The rest of the column is devoted to an ad. of Q. X. tobacco—"does not bite the tongue." Then I tackle the next matter of interest, get through a couple of inches of preliminary "wash," bringing the subject nearly down to the time of the Hebrew Exodus, when I read "Continued on the ninth page," and see that the rest of that column is devoted to a thrilling cut of a chair and the gratifying announcement that the original can be bought for \$1.39, by paying ten cents down and ten cents a month. By this time my breakfast has got cold and I am too much out of sorts to try to absorb any more information.

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Time was when there was classification of news in a daily paper and the constant reader could tell approximately where to look for the matters which concerned him. He could also depend upon finding the "story" all together—not scattered over a half-dozen pages, or cut in two by a coarse caricature or a staring advertisement. I firmly believe that a neat, small, compact daily paper, presenting

all the news worth printing, in concise, readable form, properly classified and presented with due relation to its importance, would be successful. But perhaps I am wrong. Certainly no one has recently tried the experiment hereabouts.

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Will they ever finish that porch of Trinity, or are those rough scaffoldings and flapping canvasses to be a permanent disfigurement of our finest and most imposing square?

TAVERNER.

MR. KOOPMAN, the librarian of Brown University, has published a very handy little volume, "The Mastery of Books." Not criticism, with which the world is flooded so that I am tempted to eschew all but my own, but what, how, and why we should read, it is good to have reasonably and clearly defined. Mr. Koopman's reading-lists are classified according to Mr. Charles A. Cutter's excellent system, and include some fifteen hundred books. See how good his choice is by the illustration of "Travel" under the head of "France:" De Amicis's "Studies of Paris," Brownell's "French Traits," Hamerton's "Round My House," and "Rural France," James's "A Little Tour in France." (Why he numbers W. Winter among his few English writers of books of travels, however, I cannot conceive.) There is a good index. The little book contains many wise and pregnant scraps. Our absurd reverence for type is rebuked when Mr. Koopman reminds us of the truism which we yet so fail to realize: "Writing is only recorded speech,

and print multiplied writing. Neither process confers any authority upon the thought transmitted. A newspaper report is not made more trustworthy for circulation in a million copies." Infinitely less, indeed! The comforting suggestion is made, however, that with the present quality of paper none of our daily journals will exist a hundred years hence. A little space is given to methods of strengthening the memory: never let a thought escape beyond recall; follow Thurlow Weed's example, who created a wonderful memory from a mind which was like a sieve, by punctiliously recalling all his mental impressions every night. And the advice about personal use of libraries is wholesome in these days when enthusiastic librarians propose to "educate" unwary readers and capture them, when they meant only to "browse," feed them into the machine, and turn them out, like a sausage, full of chopped and assorted knowledge.

ONE PIECE OF advice I will originate in leaving Mr. Koopman: muddle your mind with no second-hand knowledge derived from criticism. Avoid it, as I began by recommending, save by way of suggestion of books you mean to read, or to crystallize the impression of books you have read. Mere criticism, as literature, of works you do not read at first hand is the most pernicious and unprofitable reading in the world.

MY GENTLE, ARDENT friend, the Rev. C. F. Dole, in his little "Apologia," for "The Golden Rule in Business," discloses his most beautiful nature in its hopefulness and confidence, and so helps on the good days that are coming. But it is difficult to believe that the laws of political econ-

omy which absolutely ignore unselfishness as a motive can be made generally inoperative by such mild influences. He believes that the sufferings of the martyrs have purchased such advances in humanity that it is safe for us to-day to venture to follow the Golden Rule of living, so that though we might make less money, we are not likely to starve in devotion to duty. To do right because it is safe, alackaday! This is not the way to create the enthusiasm which is to transform the world, through individual sacrifice. I fear that the amiable confidence which such optimists as Mr. Dole would create will be rudely shaken within the century, unless men arise who will count the world well lost for such principles as he advocates, and practise them, not in safety, but through suffering, loss, and death.



WHAT "MAISIE" did not know was obviously not worth knowing. Henry James's new story begins in a most unsavory manner, with the experiences of a wretched girl who spends six months alternately with a scandalously divorced father and mother, who enliven the periods of her stay with them in foully maligning each other, so that she may repeat to them respectively the nasty things they say. The first instalment of "What Maisie Knew" occupies some three or four thousand words with this agreeable narration. The margins are wide and beautiful. I should have preferred the pages to be all margin. Had the gods loved Henry James he would have ceased to write some time ago, or they would have led him home again where social life is not as yet crystallized corruption.

WHEN THE LONDON *Morning Post* observes that "Ouida"

shows the "true discrimination between the essential and the superfluous that distinguishes the artist from the mere maker of books," the critic perhaps swerves a little bit himself from the finest discrimination. Many persons would say that "Ouida's" possession of this faculty would have excluded the lady from the company of makers of books.

"A ROSE OF fire shut in a veil of snow" indeed is Ednah Proctor Clarke, the Opal set fitly by Lamson, Wolfe, & Co., named for that striking sonnet opening the volume which was printed in the *Atlantic*. Such an opal is the author, a girl in whose veins the blood of the Berserker and the Lotus-eater mingles, and whose songs are passion flowers. Her rhymes smite like hammers, sing like an Æolian harp, at her will. "Vagabondia" has nothing so stirring as "Maid Marian:"—

"So-ho! so-ho for the hunting
In the crisp October morn."

Circe's tremendous scorn for the

"Gaunt wolves, fanged leopards, and black gluttoned swine"

who press and cringe about her is the "divine daughter of the deathless Sun," who would have made gods of those grovelling beasts had they risen to her great purpose; not the baleful enchantress of a baser conception. "Where the bee sucks" rings with a riotous humor, while the words buzz roughly on the ear with a wonderful harmony of sound and sense. Read this little poem aloud, and test the extraordinary possibility of expression which Miss Clarke has found in this rich old mother-tongue of ours. It is hard to limit one's auguries of this young author. A girl Landor now, it

is possible for her to be, in the infinite enlargement of the mind of the modern woman, the author of an Homeric twentieth-century epic. I defy the coldest critic to lay down "The Opal" without an accelerated heart-beat and a thrilling brain.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS's "Jerome" shows a vast advance in artistic quality, while the genuine values of our New England photographer have not lost in vividness.

A BOOKTASTER.

THE INVALID (CONSUMPTIVE) AID SOCIETY.

A WORK fast becoming of national, perhaps of international, import, where much hope and succor is promised to humanity at large, has its voice and power-station here in Boston, whence the American Invalid Aid Society has for several years assisted consumptive invalids to remove into mild and recuperative climates in the South and West. Such is the interest aroused that, within the present month, large gatherings at Minneapolis and St. Paul, addressed by prominent public men, have offered co-operation with this society. Among the many organizations approving this merciful work, Trinity Church, last week, furthered the object at a gathering in the chapel, with widely known men and women as guests or patronesses.

Consumption is cruel. From our foe in the States alone a hundred thousand deaths take place annually, and the suffering, contagion, and expense in each case are familiar. Again, in certain spinal deformities and diseased joints, deposits called tuberculous are found which are attributed by pathologists to a taint identical with that of pulmonary consumption and significant of wide-spread degeneration of the race.

The press and the people shudder at a single instance of leprosy reported as a plague-spot in any of our large cities; yet tubercle infection is more prompt, more probable, and, when established, its action is quite as rapid as that of leprosy; no modern epidemic or

plague has such a death roll. And the quality of the victims appeals, — from the toilers, the alert, the sensitive, and the highly organized the lists are filled.

Since Dr. Koch's experimental failure, confession has seemed good to the souls of the doctors, and the profession now generally admits the incurability of phthisical disease; there seems practically to be but little difference of opinion. The present Sanitary Commission for New York City finds consumption so infectious that the Board of Health is urged to bring those subject to it under rigid surveillance, with isolation of the sick. At Washington similar action is officially urged upon the National Board of Health. Such evidence as Dr. Guy's before the Health of Towns Commission as to the printers of London will serve to illustrate. The first class of these men work in rooms where they have less than five hundred cubic feet of air per head; of these 12.5 per cent have spat blood. The second class, breathing between 500 and 600 feet apiece, show intermediate effects. Of the third class, allowed individually over 600 feet, only 4 per cent suffer from spitting blood. Allbutt's "Conservative Medical Compend" believes that nearly every chronic deviation from health may be corrected by judicious change of climate. "Yet," the *Lancet* comments, "what is often lacking, both on the part of patients and practitioners, is precision in the choice of a locality and a due appreciation both of the capabilities and limitations of climatic treatment."

Modern medical science has, indeed, demonstrated the necessity for separating and isolating consumptives. But isolation at home means slow death. For the poorer class the shelter provided is insufficient; refused at the hospitals, there is room for very few in the ill-devised places of refuge thus far provided, and their fate is pitiful. Such as gain admission to homes for "incurables" perish in sad plight, huddled together, breathing their own poisonous exhalations. We have the same sorrowful history for most of the inmates of consumptives' homes; here persons but slightly diseased are exposed to others in stages far advanced.

Until the work of the Invalid Aid Society is better known, and supported financially, these northern establishments where inmates

are expected to "die comfortably" can be accepted only as a necessary evil, all who enter leaving justifiable hope behind.

It has long been observed that consumption does not flourish in certain localities. Medical science has proved a willing handmaid to this practical experience, and it is now declared that bacteria disappear from house, garments, tissues, and secretions of dwellers in the rarified and aseptic atmosphere of the high lands; notably, in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Southern Colorado, and the Carolinas. In these altitudes the humidity is slight, the benison of sunlight nearly endless, while subtle transmutations of electric or dynamic force may re-establish physical strength and health.

In 1892 the Rev. Edward E. Hale, interested in this subject and finding in its humanitarian aspect a counterpart to his general scheme of Western colonization, joined Bishop Whipple, Mrs. Livermore, Hezekiah Butterworth, and others in organizing an "Invalid Aid Society." The initial work met with almost unexpected success. Dr. Charles W. Dennison, of Denver, Col., an eminent authority, president of the Government Meteorological Bureau, became actively enlisted. The society was incorporated, and directly transplanted invalids to healthful climates. Important data have been collected or verified, and nearly two hundred persons aided to remove since 1892. Of this number at least ninety per cent are known to have regained health. These were mostly cases in the early stage of pulmonary disease, and the colonists generally remained in the new localities.

A system of correspondence is established, by means of which a trustworthy person, usually the clergyman in the chosen town, interests himself to find board suitable to the patient, at moderate cost, in private families. Employment has generally been found for those desiring it.

At Les Cruces, New Mexico, a well-conducted agricultural college is available for instruction in chemics, irrigation, and practical matters underlying the proper conduct of fruit and cattle ranches. Its president and founder himself is an illustrative instance of recovery from far-advanced lung-disease through removal into a favoring clime.

In the Northeast, it is estimated that at least one person in two hun-

dred becomes, through pulmonary disease, a direct financial burden to the State, with expense of lodging, feeding, and burial, and the economic importance of a movement which transforms an unproductive and expensive class into a productive one is recognized by the present Congress. By vote of the Senate, the military reservation at Fort Marcy, New Mexico, containing twenty substantial buildings, large and small, is given to the American Invalid Aid Society for occupancy by consumptives. There seems no reason to doubt confirmation of this vote by the House. With this sanitarium for a nucleus, where patients would be expected to remain but a short time, while separate homes are assigned throughout the neighboring territory, where land is gratuitously offered, the larger the money contribution, the larger can be the work of this Society. A few days before his death, William E. Russell wrote: "The movement has my most hearty and unqualified sympathy. I will be glad to aid in any way the cause which I believe to be of great service and benefit to the whole community. Please accept my warmest sympathy in your good work."

Regarding the Society's function, as described in the *Review of Reviews*, Bishop Lawrence (Massachusetts) writes: "Such an agency for the distribution of intelligence among those who most need it strikes me as a most effective and economical form of charity."

C. F. NICHOLS.

A CLOSE body of directors resolve among themselves to declare a dividend on some proximate date. Their stock, in the ignorance of investors and the market generally, is selling, I will say, at eighty-five. What do these gentlemen do? Of course they know that the declaration of the dividend will boom the stock. Through various brokers they proceed to buy as quietly as possible all that can be bought. In spite of their efforts, in spite even of the judicious unloading a little to bear the market, it may advance somewhat, but not much if they are old hands. The dividend is declared and the stock leaps to a hundred and five, and



the directors may have made their twenty dollars the share. "Dost thou like the picture?" You would if you were one of the directors. Perhaps as stockholders we should prefer frequent statements of condition, from which auguries could be made, and regular payment of foreshadowed dividends which would ensure the greatest good to the greatest number.

THE SINGLE X is to be deprecated, yet the perplexed voter who is presented at the caucus and the polls with such enormously long lists of unknown names must be relieved. To redistrict precincts, making them small enough for some general knowledge of their inhabitants, seems the only possible way to make a reality of the elector's "choice."

DR. RAINSFORD, of New York, wise link between the "classes and masses," joins in my constant warning to the rich to moderate the selfish use and blatant display of their riches. No consistent friend of the people, not to say a faithful minister of the gospel, can avoid the responsibility of speaking his mind about these things. Culture and refinement of living spread their influence below as well as abroad. Barbaric waste and profusion lead to barbarism. No dabbler in political economy but knows that their costliness is unproductive expenditure. The people will not endure a caste of "Bradley-Martins." Far more bearable were a genuine and responsible aristocratic class.

CRITICISM SHOULD BE sweet and good-natured, save where morals are concerned,—morals, I mean, not of life or manners only, but of art and literature. Here one may be angry and sin not, in the name of Him who cried, "Woe" to

hypocrites and evil-doers and evil-speakers. To condone lightly and cheerfully what is done, because it is done at large and even in high places is easy. To condemn may leave one only a remnant for an audience, but from the remnants have sprung the influences which have overturned the world.

THE ELASTICITY OF social conditions, which meets with such quick response the altered circumstances of business and manufactures, is illustrated in a certain small branch of trade in which the introduction of a newly invented machine threw out of employment, at once, some eighteen hundred skilled workmen receiving upwards of six dollars daily wages. A smaller number of hands was required of a class paid only a dollar. It is not sufficient that the progress of former times in arithmetical ratios should be made, but algebraic ratios of advance are required in the whole field of industry to compensate for labor-saving improvements in specialties. It is this rush and sweep which are required to maintain the life of the world, and of which any pause must produce panic and disaster, that alarms one who can find a moment to think about it.

IN THE SAME way individual enterprises are launched upon careers in which, however great the apparent success, the only safety lies in progress more and more rapid. Constant vigilance in watching the methods of rivals, perpetual experimenting to improve and develop processes of manufacture, and quick adaptation to the requirements of the passing and the coming day, exert yearly a greater strain upon the brains and nervous energy of those who guide

these affairs. It is impossible to believe that the mental powers of the human race are capable of an indefinite expansion ; and while I have pointed out the relief which may be expected in public ownership from trusts and combinations, it is clear that their formation has been not merely a greedy movement, but a measure of self-preservation from the wear and tear of hustling competition.

THE FOREBODING has been speculatively indulged in that the human race, one of these days, will come to a sudden end through its increasing dependence upon mechanical appliances. Some great system of machinery will furnish the whole world with necessities. It will give way in some vital part, and though the interval were to be only a short one, the ceasing of power will freeze or starve or asphyxiate mankind.

A REFORMER.

THE DRAMATIC VALUE OF HOLDING STILL.

IT may seem a strange thing to say of a dramatist whose plays contain more action to the square inch than those of any of his contemporaries, but we believe the success of Mr. Gillette is chiefly due to those thrilling moments in his dramas when the action is interrupted. We all know how irresistibly funny he can be, in comedy, simply by doing nothing in a crisis. He has evidently the idea that the same principle may be made equally effective in serious work. "Secret Service" is, beyond all comparison, the most successful play of the season. It is full of action; it might almost be called a cyclone of incidents. And yet it is difficult to believe that this is its merit, or even the cause of its popularity. In fact, the action is too rapid; it fatigues the attention. The mind has not time to co-ordinate one incident with the framework of events before another rushes in to demand consideration. More than one trained dramatic critic has confessed to us that necessary links in the construction of the play escaped him. We

are not sure to this moment just how Henry Dumont is brought into Mrs. Varney's drawing-room in the second act. We somehow got the impression that he was *thrown* in by two Confederate soldiers, but we can hardly believe that this was the case. It would have made the plot to unmask Lewis Dumont so apparent as entirely to destroy the dramatic value of what is certainly, in other respects, a superb situation, where, at the end of the second act, Lewis, the spy, with fine self-control, delivers his brother up as a prisoner. No, it is not the action which makes the play dramatic. Simply trying to follow and connect a series of incidents at a breakneck pace is not a dramatic emotion, or even sensation. Yet "Secret Service" is unquestionably dramatic—more so than most plays. It is dramatic in its pauses.

Indeed, we think we may go further and say that action, in itself, is never dramatic, and that the play which depends upon action alone can never arouse any interest beyond that of mere curiosity. Action is necessary, it is true, but its function is a subordinate one. It serves either to explain the dramatic moment of inaction, or to heighten its effect by contrast. If Coriolanus brushed his mother aside and took Rome, or if he yielded to her first entreaty, the play would no longer be dramatic. But he does neither; the action ceases for a time and he listens. And this pause, in which the contending motives of the drama meet and are held for a moment in equilibrium, is the dramatic moment of the play. There is an old story of some one who had seen Rachel and was describing a scene in which the great actress so affected her audience that they clung to their seats in terror. "What was Rachel doing?" asked somebody. "Nothing; she was leaning against a pillar." Of course, she had done something. She had reached that silence, that immobility, by some gesture, some motion, that told the audience all there was to tell. But the whole effect of it would have been lost without that terrible pause, and it was the pause that the audience remembered.

If this be true, why not minimize action in our plays? If the moment of inaction be the dramatic moment, why not elaborate it? Why not make it the play, retaining only so much action as is necessary to make the inaction intelligible and effective? It is not a wholly untried experiment. The Greeks did it. Surely it was not entirely to preserve

the scenic unities (which they did not always preserve) nor to avoid harrowing spectacles on the stage (did they not stage the tortures of Prometheus?) that they allowed the greater part of the action to take place behind the scenes, and made the play consist chiefly in the elaboration of the moment of suspense and incertitude. And we know "Cedipus" is dramatic, perhaps the most dramatic piece that was ever written. Have we not seen Mounet-Sully play it?

A certain Belgian playwright has done it in our own day, and produced the most dramatic effects of the contemporary drama.

If Mr. Gillette would do it, who shall say how high he might take rank? Surely, with all his other endowments, at the head of American dramatists. But that is to say little. Mr. Gillette has shown that he knows the principle involved. As an actor he pushes it to its extreme limits. As a playwright he employs it, but timorously and in a spirit of compromise.

Distrust of the intelligence of the audience is the bane of all contemporary art, and in no art so much as in that of the dramatist. We are grateful to Mr. Gillette, all the same. He has done something.

HENRIETTE HOVEY AND RICHARD HOVEY.

MR. TREE is an interesting actor. One feels that he is aware of the fact, and illusion hovers just away from the scene to which so much care and study have been given. "The Dancing Girl" is not a convincing play, though it was extremely well acted by the company. The week's programme at the Hollis has also presented "A Bunch of Violets," and Mr. Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty," a full and varied dramatic feast far and away beyond that which any other theatre has offered.

MISS CAYVAN'S AMBITION may be said to have overleaped itself, unless the filling of certain considerable spaces in the press with the minutiae of her personality, dress, movements,

and opinions is in itself a satisfaction. The play of "Squire Kate" has been unwisely condensed, and it is a considerable presumption in a stock actress of ordinary ability to present herself as a star.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF "Trilby," which once produced a hypnotic effect upon the public, now stirs only a languid pain. So quickly passes the memory of the world, however, that I observe one of my neighbors sketches the plot by way of criticism! The interest of the performance at the Columbia consists in the survival of Mr. Presbrey's skilful influence in stage-setting and arrangement.

KEITH HAS A clever little vaudeville company, a "Passing Show," which is a good suggestion of a delightful entertainment yet to be perfected here, and the inexhaustible Biograph.

THE BEST CAST and best presentation in all ways ever given in Boston of "The Mikado" has delighted the great clientage of the Castle Square this week. Innocent fun, cheerful music, and pretty scenes are the best prescriptions to drive away dull care the theatre offers, and the sparkling draft leaves no bitter taste behind.

IT WOULD BE for the benefit of the community if such offenders as Hammerstein, of New York, could be punished by imprisonment rather than by fine. The purveyors of public amusements, like the publishers of improper literature, can always rely upon a certain support, but the general sentiment would favor a rigid accountability in both. License is the converse of liberty.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

January 25 to January 30.

Keith's Theatre — Vaudeville. The Biograph.

Hollis St. Theatre — Mr. Tree. *Fine.*

Boston Theatre — Same as last week.

Tremont Theatre — Miss Cayvan. *Unsatisfactory.*

Columbia Theatre — "Trilby." *Historical.*

Boston Museum — Same as last week.

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — "The Electrician." *Fatiguing.*

Park Theatre — "A Parlor Match." *Silly.*

Castle Sq. Theatre — "The Mikado." *Charming.*

A PLAYGOER.

DID it ever occur to you what an invaluable woman Mrs. Grundy is? What hope should we have for the restoration of better motives if outward observance did not maintain the conditions which one of these days may be again fulfilled with genuine feeling. Surely the habits of decency and propriety which we maintain for Mrs. Grundy's sake are better than their opposites, and men must have some habits. Think a moment what we should be without the traditions of our good ancestors—incarnate Mrs. Grundy—if we should wake up to-morrow, free from them all! It has been common to rail against the "Puritan conscience." Thank heaven for it, I say, and for the semblances which even yet embody and perpetuate so much good.

ONCE ON A TIME an eight-page New Hampshire paper, a subscriber to the "patent insides" furnished by a syndicate, came to its subscribers half blank, owing to the frankly acknowledged non-receipt of its "foreign" stuff. Think of the relief to open your Sunday paper and to find four nice clean pages!

WHAT A RELIEF IT is that the "athletic" centre has shifted to New York, and while John L. is seeking to take the poor-debtor's oath here, glove-maulers are crowned with glory and ducats where erstwhile sneers at Boston pugilism were favorite topics with the local paragraphers.

"REPRESENTATIVITY!" Ah, Mr. Howells, how can you do so?

PRESIDENT WALKER WAS certainly, as Professor Farnham asserts, loyal to Yale principles. Yet his kind of loyalty was only that of the true man of family whose affections and sympathies are enlarged because they have been developed in an intimate circle. "*L'ami du monde, l'ennemi de la maison*" is the motto of a poor and narrow nature.

I LIKE TO HEAR my young friends discussing their "bids" and parties and counting them up with honest pride. Albeit I fear there are small triumphs and boastings over the less fortunate from those who get the greater number. The young people have seldom had a gayer year.

LISTS HAVE GOT so large that odd mistakes have been common this season. The dead who should answer the summons sent them would add quite a numerous ghostly contingent to many a large affair. In several cases, too, a



good but perplexed hostess has left one brother or sister and taken another, without rhyme or reason, causing heart-burnings and humiliation.



AT SOME OF the large teas, wraps and overcoats have been stolen. There is no reason why anybody should not walk in upon these well-advertised and crowded affairs; so detectives have been employed, well got up, to watch the guests. A kind lady said to me the other day, "I quite pity that poor man on the sofa. Nobody has spoken to him,"—and when I followed her eye, I guessed the forlorn stranger's function at once.

WHAT A CONSIDERATION little Boston gets from the best organs of the "metropolis"! The *Tribune*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *Evening Post*, the *Times*, the *Critic* and *Life* are always squinting this way—more or less kindly, but with a certain respect and regard for the "abandoned centre."

A GOSSIP.

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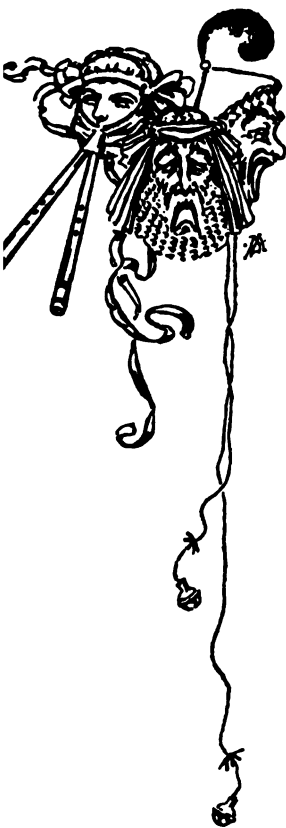
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The Bench Show. Henry Childs Merwin



TIME AND THE HOUR

52799



THE WEEK. — Higginson's clarion note; Let Mr. Bayard congratulate the Queen; Political jobbery. — *Editorial*.

HERE IN BOSTON. — Cruel exposure of the Annex; The right to hiss; Baptizing by general order. — *Tuerner*.

Captain Codman's Crimean Transport; Mamie Dickens's memories. — *a Booktaster*. The opportunist; The license of press and stage; German tricks. — *a Reformer*. Fair Jamaica; A Mugwump statue. — *a Dillettante*. Trivial local amusements; Grand opera and the sphere of the Castle Square. — *a Playger*. Mr. Meyer, Dr. Nansen, Lyman Abbott, Sir William Harcourt, Florence Marryat. — *a Gossip*.

Famous People at Home. — I. Robert Treat Paine. The Bench Show. — *Henry Childs Merwin*. Chanson. — *Giraud de Bornet*.

Boston, February 6, 1897

Vol. IV

FIVE CENTS

No. 9

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Time and the Hour

Vol. 4 No. 9 BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897

THE WEEK.

IT is good again to hear the clarion note of Colonel Higginson for broader statesmanship than that of the demagogue. In his fine denunciation of Lodge's drastic anti-immigration bill, he speaks the sentiment of many an honest citizen who would scorn to barter the good name and reputation of the Republic for the votes of the groundlings.

IF THERE WERE no party shackles, what a graceful thing it would be to send such a *persona grata* as the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard right back to England next summer as the Special Representative of the United States at Queen Victoria's Diamond anniversary!

MR. BALFOUR STILL sneers at the "whiskey-drinking Irish" as he has been accustomed to do in his place in the House, baiting the leaders of the national party with supercilious scorn. No man so obstructs the possibility of real autonomy in Great Britain as Lord Salisbury's nephew. The strongest believer in English rule would find his faith shaken if he could accept this intolerant spirit as in any degree a representative one.

THERE WILL HAVE TO BE a collection made for the English cathedral dignitaries. Owing to the agricultural depres-

sion and the reduction of rents, the Dean and Canons of Canterbury, York, Winchester, Ely, Peterborough, Norwich, Rochester, and Salisbury have suffered the loss of from a third to two thirds of their incomes, and since they have to maintain houses in repair, or incur a big drain for dilapidations on their retirement, their situation is really an arduous one.



THERE IS SOMETHING pathetic in the eagerness with which the "pacification of Cuba" is being promoted, so that a fairly clean bill may be presented by the fourth of March. We may not doubt the wisdom of the Powers that are to come, yet there is an obvious incertitude attending the shift at the wheel, and the doubt is latent, perhaps, that the flourish of trumpets attending an inauguration may be made more stunning by sounding a point of war.

WHAT ABSURDITIES have been indulged in apropos of the suggested visit of the West Point cadets to Washington, by way of magnifying the glories of an Inauguration. A President becomes a private citizen. A private citizen becomes the first public servant. The dignity of the occasion consists in its simplicity.

THE OUTCRY MADE by the Bryanites, during the late campaign, over the danger of the creation of a "class of office-holders" by the adoption of the principle of civil-service reform, with their hot advocacy of the old doctrine that the offices are the due reward of partisan service, is now echoed by numerous politicians of other stripes, emboldened by the raid against the reform by certain Massa-

chusetts legislators as well as New Yorkers. It is under this pernicious spoils system that the tendency to establish a class of office-holders, and without regard to merit or fitness, is greatest. Take a State like Massachusetts, for instance, in which one party holds almost uninterrupted control of the offices for many years. Law, or usage as strong as law, limits the tenure of certain offices to a certain number of years. But do the incumbents, on the completion of these terms, retire to private life? Rarely. Some "commission" has a lucrative place vacant, or if not, a new commission is created. A young man displays a good deal of partisan activity as a member of a city, district, or state committee, or in connection with a party organ. He is rewarded by an appointment as private secretary to some successful candidate for office. And when his chief's term of office expires, does the secretary return to his former vocation? Not often. He is "slated" by the party managers for a place on "the ticket," or, if his party has just come into power in the national government, for a federal office. He may discharge his duties acceptably after he gets the "hang" of them, but the question of his fitness rarely enters into the account. He has rendered service to the party, and he must be "provided for"—at the expense of the public.

THE PRINCIPLE IS WRONG, unbusinesslike, vicious, and the sooner it is supplanted by a system which makes merit the sole ground for appointment and promotion in the civil service, the sooner will the business of the nation be conducted decently, intelligently, economically, as well as are the affairs of private individuals and corporations.

HERE IN BOSTON.

AND so more rows of old houses are to come down in order the more to show off that architectural abomination, the so-called State House Annex. The line of broad old swell-fronts on the turn of Mt. Vernon Street from Beacon is, as we know, doomed; and now, I am told, it is proposed to obtain legislative sanction to the removal of the blocks between Hancock and Joy Streets, bounded by Mt. Vernon and Myrtle, and possibly the row of unique Hancock Avenue, so opening a wide area about the new and the old structures.

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All this is urged as in the direct line of progress in the schemes now under consideration for open spaces about our public buildings, and for the beautifying of the old town on broad lines. But is it necessary or worth the doing? Will it accomplish the ends in view? It will, to be sure, give us the "grand open space," but will it add to the beautifulness of Boston? Is not the "park" on the Bowdoin Street front of the new structure sufficient, more than sufficient, to display this piece of work for which twentieth century Boston will blush? And do we want more of this sort of "park," with its heavy, depressing masses of granite work, its crude, hard lines of walks with granite curbing, and other "features," as planned, which, when finished, must make the citizen of taste, as well as the landscape architect of cultivation, quiver as he contemplates it? I know I am something of an old fogey and naturally fall into protest against many

schemes for cutting the heart out of Boston in the name of "improvement," which is often only another word for change or job ; but I feel pretty sure that in this protest I have with me the Boston of to-day, men active in the push and crush of "down-town," who are as fully imbued with the true Boston spirit as we old fellows of the Boston of yesterday.

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On a certain avenue here in Boston, two churches on opposite corners have lately displayed staring posters, advertising the engagement of rival evangelists, and they have been conducting "revivals" in these places on high pressure principles. The Veteran at the club says that this reminds him of an army story. A certain Green Mountain regiment had the luck to be brigaded with a tough New York regiment, whose colonel was noted for anything except piety. One day this colonel was told by his major that a great religious revival was going on in the Vermont command, and that twenty-seven men were to be baptized the next Sunday, in the creek near-by. "That so?" mused the colonel; then suddenly he shouted, "Adjutant!" and when that officer thrust his head in at the flap of the tent, he got this order: "Adjutant, detail seventy-five men to report to the chaplain at ten o'clock next Sunday morning to be baptized. I'll be —— if any —— Vermont regiment can lay over the 197th New York!"

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The Anglo-Saxon chartered right to express disapproval, as well as pleasure, at public representations needs vindication rather than the discouragement it received the

other day in London. The rows which sometimes occur on first nights in English theatres, often the pre-arranged results of cabals, are to be deprecated, but I think that improprieties of dress, speech, and action might be hissed with advantage, the act found to lie within the rights of patrons, and receive substantial support. Why should not some of our "reformers" of the stage try it here in Boston?

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Lovers of good music enjoy the occasional Sunday evening special musical services at the First Baptist Church on Commonwealth Avenue, which is always crowded to the doors on these occasions. On last Sunday evening, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was beautifully given by the regular quartette choir, augmented by Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmands, Messrs. Frederick Smith, Arthur Beresford, and several other prominent singers. The seating-capacity of the beautiful interior was far exceeded, and many persons cheerfully stood during the evening. Better performances of the delightful work are rarely heard.

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I was told the other day of a family in which, as is often the case, the elder children took special delight in teasing the smallest, a little fellow of four or five. After a peculiarly trying experience one afternoon, the child quitted the others, climbed into a chair, and taking the Bible from the table, began to "make believe" read it, very attentively. Even then the other children could not let him alone, but surrounded him, when one demanded what he was reading. The little fellow solemnly replied: "I'm reading about God; He knows enough to mind his own business."

CHANSON Á SA MAITRESSE.

[Version from the "*Langue D'oc*" of Giraud de Bornell.*]

SINCE in the flowery grove, where warbled sweet
The birds, to me came lovely Fleur de Lys
And blest mine eyes, which now her love entreat,
My heart, possessed, hath neither rest nor peace,—
Turns every thought to her without surcease.
Love's chains henceforth I willing, happy wear,—
Happy, through tears of longing and despair.

Most pure and tender lays to her I sing,
Flower of ladies, and even to the place
Blest by her beauty will I tribute bring,
Honored for aye that it has seen her face;
Though noblest daughter she of proudest race
Most condescending; from her lips drop balm,
All who come near her sways her gracious charm.

Could I but dare to sound her worthy praise,
All the whole world with it would gladly ring.
Alas! My bitter foes would scorn my lays
And find some vile reproach in all I sing.
Whenever kind fates near her kindred bring
Then openly I make them very dear,
Beloved, because to my beloved they 're near.

They say who mark as through the streets I go
With uplift eyes and feet that spurn the ground:
"He sees naught; he 's a dreamer,"—think they know
My secret in disdain and pride is found,
But oh, what instant gaze, what heart's mad bound,
If from far place she whom my soul sings came,—
No hiding then my love's consuming flame!

* Giraud de Bornell, born near the end of the twelfth century at Sidueil Chateau, in the vicinity of Limoges, was surnamed "Master of Troubadours." Ninety-three of his songs are authentic and eleven more have been imputed to him. A translation of his "*Aubade*," by Bayard Taylor, is given in the notes on the twenty-sixth canto of "*Il Purgatorio*" of Dante, Longfellow's translation.

CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN is another friend of the Turk, or more accurately, a disbeliever in the religious persecution of the Armenian subjects of the Porte. His little volume, "An American Transport in the Crimean War," is prefaced by a few words which the author considers to be of more value to the readers of his book "than anything else they may find in turning over the leaves." Captain Codman urges, from his own personal knowledge and belief in the treatment of the Christians by the Turkish government, that other causes lie at the root of the recent troubles, and deplors the efforts of philanthropists to "give religion a prominence in this controversy which does not belong to it," dreading lest armed interference or intemperate words of diplomacy should precipitate a general uprising against Christians of all denominations among the Mohammedans throughout Asia, Africa, and the East Indian Islands.

Captain Codman's account of his experience in commanding the *William Penn* as a transport during the Crimean War is easy and agreeable reading. He were not a Codman were he not outspoken, original, and sincere. The *William Penn* was lying at Marseilles in 1854,—having made an outward trip, without a pound of freight or a single passenger, in a pioneer venture to the Mediterranean, now so profitable a voyage,—when the requirements of the war enabled the owner to charter her to the French government as a transport. After the expiration of this charter she was employed in similar service by the Turks, and in carrying stores, troops, the sick and wounded, back and forth, the Captain saw a vast deal of the last great picturesque

war (as Mr. John C. Ropes characterizes it in his introduction) which the world has known. From Snow Y. Sears, Captain Codman's Yankee first mate, to the Turkish Pasha, the British captain, Hafiz Effendi and his wives, there is a large range of descriptive characterization. A scene in the harem, a description of the Lolah and Katinka beauties thereof, the entertainments and dances to which the guests were treated, are vividly sketched; while the horrors of war, of which Captain Codman naturally saw only the seamy side, are as vivid as in the Erckmann-Chatrian's most graphic pages. Captain Codman saw the terrible suffering of the English through the stupidity of the commissary department, the jealousy of the French, and the supineness of Turkish administration, and testifies to the skill and resource of Todleben and the courage of the Russians, still possessors of the strongholds of Sebastopol, never subdued, at the close of the war. How Napoleon III. caused its termination when the exhausted French must have left its final laurels to the English, who had previously played only second-best and were just getting into good fighting trim; how human life was wasted far more wantonly than in our Peninsular Campaign, and, unlike that lavish sacrifice, without fruit; how in light of history it might have been better to let the "sick man" die in 1854;—are indicated with pungency and point. Whether or no the Crimean War receives little or no general attention from historical or general students to-day, as Mr. Ropes says, there are many oldsters who lived during its eventful and interesting progress who will be stirred by these memories, and receive a new light upon many of its incidents by Captain

Codman's recollections. In these days of ultra-refinement, a narrative written in no style at all, but conveying by absolute simplicity and directness, naïve, clear, and humorous impressions, fulfils a very definite purpose. Bonnell, Silver & Co. of New York are the publishers.

MAMIE DICKENS DIED before the proof sheets of her little "My Father as I Recall Him" were ready. Her sister lays this tribute on the grave where still, every ninth of June and Christmas, fresh flowers and leaves from England and America are found, after a quarter of a century, to testify to the response to his prayer, "Lord, keep my memory green!" We see the small boy again, his great treat the walk to Gad's Hill from Chatham; the hard-working, abstemious, tidy, punctual man; the lover of home; the maker of feasts and merriment, realizing his dream as the possessor of that very house. We see him dancing "Sir Roger," acting charades, petting his dogs and birds, surrounding his dear ones with the most loving, happy atmosphere. We see him prosperous, then tried and afflicted, always manly, generous, and brave. We see him, though caring little for artistic approval, proud in every tribute, though the most humble, to the genuineness and beneficence of his creations. There is no literary criticism which can shake our faith and our delight in those projections which are more real than the realism which is only art or sordid nature, because they came from a sound heart and a pure, warm fancy, which take us into a delightful world of their own. Call it a Dickens world if you will, we love it and we love its author.

A BOOKTASTER.

FAMOUS PEOPLE AT HOME.

I.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

FROM No. 6 Joy Street radiates a potent philanthropic influence which is felt throughout Boston, enlightening charity, relieving suffering, and stimulating the discouraged to new hope and effort. It is the home of Mr. Robert Treat Paine, best known here as the president of the Associated Charities and of the Wells Memorial Association, though he holds many offices in various organizations of a similar nature having their sphere of operations in the country at large and abroad. The old Lyman house and stables and an adjoining house in Mt. Vernon Street were united and made over some years ago by Mr. Paine, and the simplicity of the exterior, with its odd, irregular windows, suggests the convenience of the interior, while it would hardly lead the passer-by to guess at its roominess and convenience. Having expended so much in making a comfortable residence on "the hill," the owner has given a hostage to his allegiance to that quaint, old-fashioned part of the town, though the family feels the separation which is caused by the constant loss of neighbors through the westward migration to the Back Bay.

On the right of the simple entrance Mr. Paine's study door stands wide open to welcome the visitor who has any reason for intrusion on one of the busiest men in town. He will rise to receive you with a quick and cordial greeting, and probably tower above the visitor with his six foot two, exaggerated by an erectness which is almost leaning backward and a head thrown up; yet a keen, somewhat cold glance is concentrated by his eyeglass, rather formidably challenging your motive for the visit. Should it spring from a desire to promote any of those works of benevolence with which Mr. Paine is identified, or to seek help and advice in pursuing them, you will be invited to a seat in a comfortable leather chair and receive patient hearing and full, if somewhat guarded, response in high-pitched, decided tones. You will find your host always watchful, however, with a wide-awake legal manner, and it is not unlikely you will presently feel that you are submitting to a pretty rigorous cross-examination. Extremely decided views you would naturally expect upon subjects germane to his life-work in

of such experience, and you will find Mr. Paine fully meeting this expectation. Perhaps open to conviction in some directions, but not readily so, the mind is clearly one that assimilates by slow and interior processes and takes very little color from the influence or the arguments of the moment.

One can easily see that co-operation would be more difficult than control to such a temperament, and recognize in it the habit of command. No purist in style, Mr. Paine speaks readily and forcibly, with dignity, fervor, and convincing choice of language. If not of a judicial mentality, he is no special pleader, and talks with frankness and fairness from his point of view. Mr. Paine was the special friend of Bishop Brooks, and through his solicitation very largely the subscription for Trinity Church was obtained, so that he was used to say that by his persistent beggary he had alienated half his friends. Well may all this be condoned and turned to gratitude, as it long has been, in the triumphal pride which Boston takes in that magnificent building!

There are those who feel that the Workingmen's Club, which is the child of the Wells Memorial Association, should be allowed to feel its feet and walk alone a little more than it does, and for the policy which has been followed Mr. Paine has been respectfully criticised. The paternal feeling is perhaps naturally developed in one who deals so extensively with the shiftless and unworthy, but even though mistakes should be made, it would seem that working men might maintain a self-supporting club, establish their own regulations, and pay a moderate rent for the fine rooms in the building which is owned by the trustees of the Memorial Association. Charles Dickens wrote of a similar venture in London, truly and forcibly: "Whatever is done for the comfort and advancement of the working man must be so far done by himself as that it is maintained by himself. And there must be in it no touch of condescension, no shadow of patronage."

Mr. Paine ran for Congress some years ago and was defeated, though it might have been supposed that the claim established by one who had done so much for the cause of the poor and the laboring man would have been irresistible. Mr. Paine has relinquished political aspirations and retains only the noble ambition to be a friend and benefactor of his fellow citizens and his fellow men.

Before you leave the house, ask to see the fine portrait of your host

by Herkomer which hangs in the dining-room, a handsome apartment with a semicircular bay on Mt. Vernon Place. You will ascend to it by a winding staircase and pass the great drawing-room with long windows to the west and south. Everything is stately, rich, and well-appointed, for Mr. Paine was one of the original investors in Atchison, and sold at high figures, placing his fortune in real estate largely at the South End, where he is an equitable landlord. The Lyman family, into which he married, is a wealthy one. He is a hospitable host, and if you are fortunate enough to stretch your legs under his mahogany, you will find good wine as well as choice dishes before you.

Mr. Paine inherits his philanthropic instincts. His mother was an assiduous visitor to the poor, like "Madam" Prescott and many of the Boston ladies of the old school before the days of "organized charity;" his sisters are engaged in good works,—one of them is a member of a church sisterhood in New York,—and his sons are taking their places in the boards and societies in which their father is so ardently interested.

As a true philanthropist, the expounder of scientific benevolence, a virile and zealous citizen, the builder of Trinity Church, the founder of the Associated Charities and of the Wells Memorial Institution, a man like other men, with some peculiarities of the mind, but, unlike most men, ruled by a generous heart and a clear conscience, the people of Boston will certainly some day "build statues" to the memory of Robert Treat Paine.

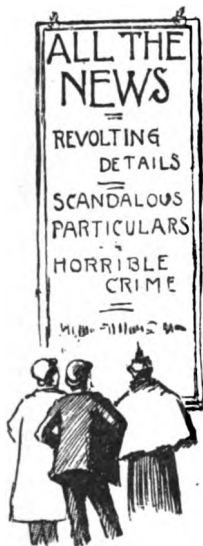
THE GOVERNOR AND LIQUOR LICENSES.

TO TIME AND THE HOUR,—Governor Wolcott's judgment is usually sound, but I confess that his pre-election letter upon the license question did seem to give some sort of justification to the recent application from Jamaica Plain which he has just denied with dignity and propriety. The power of appointment and of removal is a different thing from the power of administration, but by calling public attention to the appointing and disappointing power at a particular crisis, the Executive suggested a sort of discipline over the boards he has created. Our suburban friends have apparently inferred that the Governor ought to back up special measures with threats of removal if they are not carried, and so run commissions all by himself. CITIZEN.

THIS cabinet making reminds one of the supreme place of the "opportunist" in politics, as when Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., telegraphed at a well-chosen moment the support of Massachusetts to the President-elect's choice of his Secretary of the Navy from this State. I have watched men of fine principles and high ambition who embraced schemes of reform in ward and city and general politics and yet were not "opportunists." They soon got to be considered impractical, or were labelled with the fatal epithet "crank." Some immediate necessity of the party made the particular moment just the inopportune one for an ideal measure. The tide in affairs was always too high or too low to bear on his bark to success. He was told that good rings were necessary to counteract bad rings, and that frank, individual action was dangerous. The danger to the practical politician is that though he begins by meaning to jump right and only to wait till the cat jumps, he is likely to grow so fond of his feline leader that he will cease to care to jump right so long as he jumps with her! The "leader" of men is he who shrewdly guesses which way the procession is turning and moves quickly enough to seem to lead it. A similar prescience marks what is called the "newspaper nose."

AFTER ALL, PUBLICITY, as usual, is the mischief in this Bradley-hyphen-Martin affair. Since there is some objection to it, the clamor is, of course, multiplied, public interest being the excuse. How to limit and restrain injurious publicity is one of the problems of the future.

IT IS A SINGULAR fact that while the French and Germans sanction the widest liberty in literature, the press is not per-



mitted to corrupt the public morals by the scandalous details of suits in the courts, in which English-speaking people indulge without limit. There is certainly something in the theory that the education of readers of books should protect them from the debasement of the ignorant, who swallow the sordid details of crime. The public may have the right to command; but what is the public? It may be maintained that those whose tastes are prurient are in the minority; they who make the supposed demand to which managers and editors cater. The right-thinking are a large class. Could they muster to their side the large mass of indifferent, unformed minds, needing protection from evil influences,—as might not impossibly be accomplished,—a large majority might be mustered to advocate a censorship of the stage and of the printed and pictured page.

“MADE IN GERMANY” is now coming to mean, alas, dishonestly made. Under the pressure of competition and with the development of great ingenuity in manufacture, the cutlery, textile fabrics, wines, and so on, of the Empire beat the world hollow in fraudulent deceptions.

A REFORMER.

AN ideal statue of “the Mugwump” might inspire a sculptor’s dream. His brow should be set to the morning, under his feet would lie the Mulligan letters, the shackles of trade, and the tiara of the Boss, and to his breast would be clasped the Charter of Civil Service Reform. His face should be a composite of James Russell Lowell, George Curtis, and Wentworth Higginson, and his right hand should shiver the sword of Jingoism.



WOULD YOU VISIT the enchanted isle you have but to step from the sordid street into the magician's cave, and lo ! Prospero waves his magic wand, and you are where blue waters break over the coral reefs, and, softly rising from the glittering sea, a fair plain swells up to noble mountains, clothed with the verdure of the tropics and the temperate zones. Wondrous palms and ferns and orchids, the tamarind, guava, and pineapple, flourish in the smiling lowlands, richly watered by a hundred streams, while on the elevated plateaus maize and the homely vegetables find their native atmosphere. And everywhere the groves are vocal with song-birds. Mr. Pierce will open to your travelled imagination his white palace at the foothills, and from that charming home will lead you on wonderful excursions among volcanic hills, their stern history masked with the riotous, fantastic witchery of nature. You shall peep into the valley where the fierce Maroons were finally beleaguered like the Doones. You shall look down on the simulated sea of tossing waves which is made of the morning mist. You shall feel the throb of "the Roaring River," and be possessed with all the delights and bewilderment of the richest jewel of the Western seas. Here is no poison of malaria to sap the life of the health-seeking wanderer, no stupid monotony of other insular climates. Days of gentle ardor, nights cool for calm sleep, delicate food and luxurious housing, and by smooth roads, all the wonders of this garden of the world accessible without fatigue. American enterprise has found out the practical values of Jamaica; the pleasure-loving are only just beginning to discover that in a few hours they may escape out of this bitter clime, and pass soft and straight to Paradise.

A DILETTANTE.

THE BENCH SHOW.

TO have the Bench Show in Boston occur in February seemed almost like an outrage upon the calendar, since, for many years, this event has been associated with that springlike week in April which includes Fast-day. However, our friends the dogs are welcome at any time and in any weather, and the display of them this year, though not very large, was good. It is a great mistake to visit the Bench Show in a hurry, with one eye upon your watch and the other upon the dogs. It takes time to appreciate a fine dog, just as it does to view a fine picture; all his points cannot be absorbed at a glance, and it is necessary to see him in various positions. When he is lying flat in his straw, you can see only part of him, so that a second or perchance even a third visit to his bench may be requisite. Besides, the Bench Show is an excellent place for meeting friends and acquaintances whom you really want to see, but never find time to hunt up at their homes or haunts, and it is a good meeting-ground also for busy men and for idlers, since the lovers of dogs are drawn about equally from both classes. Pleasant enough is it, in this pleasant company, to lean on the rail of the ring and watch the dogs as they are led out for inspection by the judges.

I doubt, however, if this kind of business — I mean the handling and judging of dogs — ought to be the serious occupation of a man's life. There really are some moral, intellectual, and spiritual demands upon human nature which even the utmost proficiency in kennel lore and science cannot quite satisfy. I think that the dog men — I mean those who are dog men and nothing else — feel this, in a vague, unconscious way, and consequently they endeavor to make up for the deficiency by assuming an unnatural gravity, and by taking themselves and the dogs very seriously indeed. I have seen a big, stout man, with gray hair and aldermanic waist, inspect the hind legs of a fox-terrier with more gravity and solicitude than an art critic would show in viewing a landscape by Turner. Besides the men, I noticed in the rings this week one or two, haply three or four, trim young women, who led out their own dogs, and stood very erect, with one hand grasping the leash, and the other daintily holding up their skirts, lest they should be contaminated by the sawdust of the arena. I could not quite

make up my mind whether I liked it or not. It seemed hardly the position for an unprotected young person, and yet these young persons bore themselves so well and so modestly, and were so plainly absorbed in their dogs, that I could not find it in my heart to criticise them.

At the end of the hall, in a long tier of benches, were my old friends, the Boston terriers, and there were no other dogs in the show decorated with such noble collars or so lavishly adorned, as to themselves and their benches, with medals, pictures, and other paraphernalia. No dogs in the show were more attractive, — but if I were to make a general criticism upon them, it would be that they were, in many cases, too leggy. My idea of a Boston terrier is a stout, cobby, short-legged dog. I observed, also, a few so diminutive, so *bred down* and feeble, that they had lost all terrier quality. No real lover of the dog can like to see such perversions as these, or such monstrosities as those bulldogs which have been bred to such a point of bench-show perfection that they can scarcely breathe, and scarcely walk. But the Boston terrier (a newcomer at the show) is most defective in respect to his ears. The true Boston terrier ear is the rose ear, which folds over in graceful petals, and does not require to be cut. Now, out of all the Boston terriers in the Bench Show this week, I counted only eight or ten, I think, whose ears had not been cut; and of these eight or ten only a few had the real rose ear. No Boston terrier can look his best — can have in perfection that winning, piquant expression which most becomes him — unless he has rose ears, left, as nature left them, un mutilated by the shears.

The naming of dogs is a matter of interest, and it is astonishing how poorly the names read, as one runs them over in the catalogue. There is a painful confusion in the title, "Lady Diana;" and what shall be said of the man who named a really beautiful little cocker spaniel "Baby Jamie"? Pointers are vigorous animals, but even they can hardly be expected to stagger under such names as "Furlough Bloom." "Wardlesworth Sweep" is another title, bad enough to ruin the prospects of the best-bred puppy in the land. But perhaps "Wawasset Luna," or "Springhill Daisy" is worse; and the man who called a bull-terrier "Mystic Bully" could probably be indicted for cruelty to animals. It is pleasant to turn from these abominations to some good names, such as "Faust and Beryl" for a

brace of pointers; "Rory O'Moore" and "Biddy" for two Irish setters; "Red Rose" for another Irish setter bitch; "Black Night" and "Dark Despair" for two beautiful black cockers; "Scrapper" for a Boston terrier; "Gerda" (from Hans Christian Andersen, as I remember), for a mastiff bitch; and "Zigzag," for a dachshund, as in allusion, of course, to the direction taken by his legs. Some names are good, but not quite appropriate to the particular dogs to whom they are given. "Gaiety Girl," for example, sounds well, and it would do very nicely for a dashing, pert, up-to-date fox-terrier; but we find it ascribed to a little, red, cocker spaniel, with that gentle, pathetic expression which many spaniels have. To call such a sweet, modest little creature "Gaiety Girl" is almost an outrage.

In every Bench Show there are one or two dogs which seem to stand out above their fellows, and to display a peculiar nobility of appearance and character; and at the show this week, such dogs, it seemed to me, and perhaps the reader will remember them, were the bloodhound, Simon de Sudbury, and the Basset hound — the only one in the show, I believe — Turk. These animals were good from the artistic, as well as from the technical point of view, — and what a voice Turk had! When he gave tongue, in deep, rich notes, the hot air of the hall, the sawdust, the howling of the collies and Irish terriers, the men with their trousers turned up, and the women with their doggy airs, — all fled away and vanished. A great, green wood sprang up, right there in Mechanics' Hall, with the wind sighing in the tops of the trees, and Turk lifting up his voice in solitude.

HENRY CHILDS MERWIN.

I MET a pretty constant theatre-goer the other day who told me he had never seen one of Hoyt's "comedies." I wish I could say as much. If the preservation of the critical faculty depends upon the care with which purity of taste is guarded, it is obvious that those persons who are obliged to witness and describe the greater part of theatrical performances must become unsafe guides. In many newspapers having acknowledged critics this fact has led to the

signature of the real criticisms, the others being generally "box-office" notices. To these I refer my readers who wish to know about "A Milk-White Flag," as they must be authentic, being Mr. Hoyt's (or his press agent's) opinion of his own piece.

"THE GEISHA" is a silly story, poorly told, with pleasing, if somewhat insipid, music. It contains pretty pictures, and some funny elements which do not shock the taste. I do not see why the gentlefolks who are in the way of using the Hollis need fail of a sufficiently pleasant entertainment there.

MISS JOHNSTONE BENNETT has pleased the great clientage of Keith's Theatre with her impersonations in "A Quiet Evening at Home" this week.

THE DAMROSCH OPERA COMPANY has given a good series of performances in Boston's beautiful opera-house, not, perhaps, "grand opera" in a literal sense, but a very good money's worth. From "Carmen" to "Lohengrin" is a far cry, and all tastes have been suited, including that of the ravening wolves who like to batten on Wagner.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to take Miss Cayvan seriously as the head of a company, a position she has assumed with an expressed diffidence, the sincerity of which is belied by the situation, and by the extreme self-consciousness with which she fills it.

"LOHENGRIN" AT THE Castle Square! Why should consideration for a difficult undertaking offered to the public as a commercial article, at however low a price, deter

us from saying that we wish it were impossible? The singers are not equal to their task, and if they were it may be doubted if they would not be unfitted for what they do so charmingly.

WHAT A BARREN YEAR for the English playwrights! Nothing but "Michael and His Lost Angel" and a little farce by Grundy.

MR. BANCROFT'S TOUR with the "Christmas Carol" continues in England with unabated success, and his readings have benefited a hundred local charities.

THERE HAS BEEN a new play without words, "Pierrot's Life," given at the Prince of Wales in London. Considering the charm of this species, Mr. Archer suggests that some familiar play, say "The School for Scandal," would be mighty interesting in dumb show.

"LEGS!" said Cynicos, as we came out from a burlesque, "I am tired of them beyond words. I wish the creatures were made solid, like the Noah's Ark women."

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

February 1 to February 6.

Keith's Theatre — "Biograph." Miss Bennett	
Boston Theatre — Damrosch Opera Company.	<i>Good.</i>
Columbia Theatre — Messrs. Ward and Vokes.	<i>Insignificant.</i>
Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — Same as last week.	
Park Theatre — "A Milk-White Flag."	<i>Trashy.</i>



Boston Museum — Same as last week.

Tremont Theatre — Same as last week.

Hollis St. Theatre — “The Geisha.” *Pretty.*

Castle Sq. Theatre — “Lohengrin.” *Fair.*

A PLAYGOER.

I HEAR of the Hon. George von L. Meyer successfully pursuing the canny fox at Pau. I fear he will be discontented, on his return, with the simple anise bag of Hamilton.

THIS LYMAN ABBOTT controversy reminds one of the old negro minstrel interlude which reiterates with cheerful confidence, “Jonah *was* swallowed by the whale.”

MRS. CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL is the Alice Lincoln of New York. But what an Augean stable the good lady's broom has to tackle!

MY OLD FRIEND De White said last week, “We talk of there being no old-fashioned snow-storms because in old times we were three feet high and the drifts of snow were mountains to us.” Perhaps so, like the “freshman imagination” at college, which made things so big our first year that they seem to have been shrinking ever since.

THE LIST OF NAMES is good, if somewhat mixed, but the flimsy, ill-printed invitations to the Charity Ball are disgraceful, and I fear find their way to the waste-paper basket instead of to the drawing-room.

IN CAMBRIDGE Mrs. Russell Bradford, the widow of the well-known insurance adjuster, will achieve the goodly age of one hundred and four next June.

ON MONDAY DR. NANSEN, the hero of London, makes his first appearance at Albert Hall, and an enormous audience will greet the famous explorer. When London goes mad over a lion it is a great and wonderful madness, to which a Roman triumph were only a tawdry and empty show.

THE FENWAY SCHEME, which I fear was somewhat of a land scheme, was still-born. Its epitaph was an ingenious specimen of journalistic euphuism. "The subscription has been so successful that the books will remain open to the public for a month longer."



A HORRIBLE PLAN WHICH Florence Marryat is about to put into execution is the instruction of embryo authors by a course of lectures: "How To Write, How To Print, and How To Publish Successfully." Surely the Malthusian laws, rather than artificial incubators, are required in these prolific days.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT and Lady Harcourt are occupying the pleasant house of Lord Onslow, well known to many of us, at Richmond Terrace, Whitehall.

THEY ARE DOUBTING in England whether the great gifts to India will not diminish the receipts of ordinary charities. This is not the law of giving which, like generous cutting of buds and blossoms, only increases the wealth of flowering.

A GLOVE-DEALER TELLS me that his business is almost

ruined by the smuggling of gloves by the gross by our greatest ladies for themselves and their friends, who kindly continue their former custom by sending them to him, as occasion requires, to mend.

IF ONE WISHES to carry about with him a good deal of value in small compass, a pound or so of the tiny filaments used in surgical and dental electric lamps would do. It takes \$448,000 to buy a pound of the smallest size; but then you get 44,800,000 of them — so an expert in the manufacture avers.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON thinks there is a reaction toward a "weak theology" in the last thirty years. The eminent positivist need not be alarmed. It is but a semblance. The sanctions of creeds grow less and less binding every year, whether for good or evil, as men of different minds will differently regard it.

A GOSSIP.

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IME AND THE HOUR

02799

THE WEEK. — Vandalism in the Parks; Insincere civil service; Senators on trial; The good Queen. — *Editorial*.

HERE IN BOSTON. — Elements of rusticity; The cycle poster; University schoolboys; Men wanted. — *Taverner*.

Herbert Bates's "Songs;" Miss Green's "That Affair Next Door;" Miss Stuart's "Sonny;" Notes. — *a Booktaster*. Vicious advertising; Newspaper panders; Mrs. Lincoln as commissioner; Awful rubbers. — *a Reformer*. How the working man should respect art privileges. — *a Dilettante*. The Damrosch adventure; "Simple Simon." — *a Playgoer*. This little world; "The Pilot;" Mrs. Castle's pockets. — *a Gossip*.

Famous People at Home — II. Joshua Montgomery Sears. Cleveland's Place in History. — *Edward S. Sears*. My Valentine (poem). — *Lorenzo*. The Wilful Goddess, Success (poem). — *S*.

Boston, February 13, 1897

Vol. IV

FIVE CENTS

No. 10

Harvard College Library

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Dr J R Chadwick

Apr. 2 1900

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tained, being the only
Pure Rosin Soap made.

For sale by all grocers and the manufacturers.

3 COMMERCIAL ST., BOSTON.

N.B. We keep it thoroughly dry for family use.

Time and the Hour

Vol. 4 No. 10 BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897

THE WEEK.

IS it fair to the lovers of beauty — the lovers of sylvan shade — that the Park Commission should suffer a new, much less an old, superintendent to destroy, for trifling defects, such lovely trees as have ornamented Franklin Park near Glen Road and also Pine Bank near Jamaica Pond?

LORD SALISBURY, ONCE sharing Lord Beaconsfield's pro-Turkish affiliations, has swung round, with that adaptability which characterizes modern British statesmanship, and has finally carried the Czar along with him in the policy which has effected a firm agreement of the Powers. The powerful influence exerted during the Emperor's visit to Balmoral has, apparently, been followed up by diplomatic correspondence, and the pressure brought to bear upon the Porte will be strong, unanimous, and effectual.

THE FRIENDS OF Civil Service Reform should watch its administration, lest it should prove to have foes in the house of its friends. If three names are selected and sent to the appointing officer he may reject all, and, by the process of exhaustion, reach a particular individual he desires. This course has been pursued not a thousand miles from Boston. Rumors reach us that promotions in the Fire Department jump round the examinations, and that good men and true

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have had never a chance to show their fitness to go up higher.

THE NAME OF Senator is coming to be an unfortunate one. Dignified in sound, the title has grown to be a mockery in history. Grasping at authority and jealous of petty dignities, Senates have become a gathering of ghosts or an assemblage of tools. We are in a fair way of dragging the anchor of the Constitution when its moorings grow so exceedingly muddy. The formalism which was meant to preserve a safe deliberation becomes a danger when it cloaks the influence of jobbery, or disguises the selfishness of personal ambition. The American Senate is, as it were, upon trial. No demand for technical forms of respect will win its toleration from the people, far less inspire an undeserved reverence. If the good of the whole country is in senators' minds, and they use their function to benefit the whole country by the assistance of a sober second-thought for that general benefit,—well. If not, the days of the Senate, its rules and courtesies, are numbered.

“VENERABLE” AS SHE may be, Queen Victoria is a saner and sounder ruler than the overworked and nervous Czar, the defective Emperor of Germany, and the broken-down Emperor of Austria. “Royalties,” like the rest of us, feel the strain of modern life, save the constitutional Sovereign of Great Britain, who has all the complacent glory, while other people do the hard work of governing.

WHY DO NOT our ambitious men of business see the profit in cheap food and drink sold to enormous numbers of patrons, and accumulate wealth by way of benefitting their

fellow men ? Those wonderful Gattis — of whom Agostino has just been buried in London, with the respectful attendance of lords and gentlemen, a millionaire — made their fortunes by selling penny and ha' penny dishes, clean and good, to the multitude. While many pretentious establishments have difficulty in making both ends meet, we are told that the coffee-rooms for the masses, like some we have here in Boston, are little mines of wealth.

THE QUEEN'S "DIAMOND" celebration next June will be a gorgeous affair. A kind of octave is to be kept for a week. On the last day, June 26, the banquet to "The Royalties" in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, will be one of the most splendid occasions ever known in England. Let us hope that "Alice Livingstone," who goes everywhere, may be allowed a peep, to afford us an opportunity to read about it from her graphic pen.

SO MR. BALFOUR seeks delay by asking a new commission upon the Irish taxation scheme. No wonder that Imperial politicians see in the coming demand for discriminating measures of revenue for Ireland, naturally to be followed by like measures for Scotland, the suggestion of approaching "Home Rule."

THERE IS DANGER that the complaint of our noxious gas should be turned against us, and that we should be told that good gas cannot be made so cheaply, and thus a plea entered for raising the price. It is not true, in the first place, and if the price were raised and the quality were improved for a time, back we should be to water gas again at the higher figure. Consolidation means a more powerful and more firmly entrenched enemy than ever.

HERE IN BOSTON.

WHAT fine elements of rusticity this dear village of ours still preserves! I am constantly reminded of this whenever I go out for a night to my old friend Commuter, who lives on what was once the Providence road. In the Boston Station there is all that intimation of large events happening or about to happen which strikes one on the platform at Tewksbury or West Newbury. A vast blowing-off of steam, and a filling of the train-house with a deadly but unnecessary moisture; the brisk "constitutional" from the gate for a thousand feet or more to where the corporation has condescended to permit the train to await passengers. Great crowds pouring in from frequently arriving morning trains seeking exit in the face of stern and unrelenting trucks and vans, which have no business to present themselves for baggage until the platforms are reasonably clear of people. These and other wholly needless worriments bespeak the fact that Boston, still in the spirit of its infancy, is not learning a prime lesson of civilized life,—the need of silence. Probably there is more noise (if we could measure its volume) in this little town in one day than arises in London in a week. Yet I love it, crudities and all. Like Cotton Mather, I can say, "For my part, I do not ask to remove out of New England except for a Removal unto Heaven." But Cotton Mather knew not the noise of modern life.

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To make Harvard a University by mechanical appliances and turn boys to men by discipline are the old

problems with which President Eliot has been struggling these many years. In athletics, the Class-day scrimmages, the midnight excesses, the government must interfere, though young men are supposed to need no such restraints at a university, and discipline makes them more boys than ever. To do the president justice, he has always urged that lads should be trained at the "public schools," the private and preparatory schools, until they were old enough for university life. And why, indeed, will parents persist in sending their sons from their mothers' apron-strings to college, instead of withholding them until they can go as men and be treated as such ?

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Decidedly the most hideous of the many hideous posters I have seen is that advertising the cycle show. It is not in the Daubery Smearedsley style of crazy deformity, but worse. A crimson girl, on a crimson bicycle, with an indigo background melting into vivid green, and cowslip yellow surroundings — heavens ! what a combination ! And the inane grin on the creature's face ! As a critic at my elbow remarked, it would make a monkey run away and hide himself in envy.

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Oh for a music hall ! Must we always endure the drafts, the uncomfortable seats, and the other barnlike qualities of the present one ? By the way, has any one yet suggested the Providence Station as a possible and convenient site, when the new Southern Station is ready for occupancy ? Certainly it would be central and accessible from all parts of the city

and suburbs. I suppose that the back end of the Back Bay project has been abandoned.

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An old newspaper man, trained in the best school of journalism, whose good work on good papers in the past, covering a long series of years, entitles him to speak as an authority, sends me this note. I commend it to my friends, the editors. I assure you, good sirs, it expresses the sentiment of the mass of busy business men.

I can heartily say "Amen" to your strictures on the "great" morning papers of the present day, especially as to the amount of space they feel called upon to devote to long-winded introductions, apropos of nothing in particular, in their mad race to outstrip each other in the quantity of white paper they cover with the details of a "sensation." My first instructions in newspaper reporting were given me by Samuel Bowles the Great, in about these words: "Always tell your story in the first four lines. Then go on with your particulars. If the reader is especially interested, or has the time, he will read the whole; if not, he has got the fact into him, anyway." But in the "great" papers of to-day, if there be a piece of really important news, the reader is so dazed and exhausted by the time he has got through the three-column "scare-head" and the waste of irrelevant preliminaries, that he well-nigh loses all interest in the subject before getting down to the statement of fact.

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A good lady, upon returning from a fashionable afternoon luncheon the other day, remarked that it had been a pleasant affair, but added, with a tinge of melancholy in her voice, "Yet I sometimes think I would prefer some sort of entertainment to which gentlemen were invited." This being related to me led me to thinking how narrowly social functions are coming to be specialized. There are women's

clubs, women's teas, and women's luncheons and card-parties galore, women's literary societies, and charities, and all sorts of "Adamless Edens," from which the men are rigorously excluded. And the men — well, who can blame them, under the circumstances, for spending their short hours of leisure "around at the club," in the companionship of good fellows of their own sex, or with the contemplative cigar! But by these means the segregation of the sexes is becoming quite complete in our modern society.

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Overheard in a street-car — two shop-girls discussing the Bradley-Martin ball: "And besides, Mrs. Martin has bought seven hundred dollars' worth of stockings for the serviettes to wear."

TAVERNER.

MY VALENTINE.

MY little valentine is fair.
Her name — ah, don't you wish you knew?
All curling falls her soft brown hair,
And her dark eyes flash as the dew
On roses sparkles when the sun
Kisses the flowers it has won
To open by its rays.

What shall I send my valentine
Upon this joyous festive day,
While Cupid's arrows flash and shine,
Piercing my heart, though not to slay?
My wounded heart to her I'll send,
For she, perhaps, her love will lend
To bring me happy days.

LORENZO.

HERBERT BATES'S "Songs of Exile" (by Copeland & Day) bear the test of re-reading. Mr. Bates's poems have a peculiar gentleness and delicacy. Bitter-sweet is the phrase which suggests itself to characterize them. There is no affectation of sadness, nor any effort at a minor key; the groans and travail of creation scarcely are felt by one who is a master of himself and therefore lord of these things. Yet his flight is never gay, and the wing of his fancy is rather like that of the sea-gull over a gray sea than the lark's in the blue ether. Calmness, beauty, and peace speak from his pages, let one turn them in any mood, and I doubt if as much can be said for many another poet who demands from us an attitude before we accept his own. "The Barriers of the Sea" is a notably characteristic bit of verse. "Songs of Exile" is a delightful pocket-volume for an excursion or a journey, to charm a spare moment with its tender influence.

"THAT AFFAIR NEXT DOOR" is a good title which Anna Katherine Green gives to her latest study of criminology, but I fear the reader will rather admire the ingenuity than the sincerity of this "detective story." Miss Butterworth, the relater, is a most enterprising and inquisitive female, who watches the house next door with an enthusiasm and pertinacity worthy of the legendary neighbor who exclaimed of her *vis-à-vis*, "Good Lord! pies on a Tuesday!" She is actually "in at the death," as she forces her way along with the policeman before he has had time to shut her out with the rest of the crowd from the scene of the tragedy. She is, therefore, employed (surely a congenial occupation) to call out of window to somebody

on the sidewalk to go for further official help from the station-house, and is, of course, subsequently gratified by an opportunity to testify before the coroner and to keep *au courant* with the "affair." It is not right to expose the thread of a detective-story writer, but fancy a young woman who is lured into a dark and empty house by her husband, and only accidentally escapes being murdered by a blow intended for her, but which really falls on another young woman (who happens to be in the same house unknown to both). When the murderer leaves the house this lucky and self-possessed young person instantly proceeds to exchange clothes with the victim, and, by tipping a piece of furniture over her, "smashes her face" so as to destroy her identity, and then, when she too leaves the fatal spot, there remains what is taken to be her own corpse. Thereby hangs the tale. I wonder how "detective stories" are written. I think Miss Green (who is Mrs. Charles Rohlf, by the bye, wife of the actor) constructs her tragic incidents first and then throws in her baffling circumstances. Dr. Doyle, on the other hand, suggests that his way is to manufacture mysterious complications as the first step, and that the fitting-in of an appropriate crime comes afterwards.

MISS RUTH McENERY STUART makes her story-teller say, in her tale of "Sonny," that "Sonny and Mary Elizabeth (Mrs. Sonny) are too sweet-hearted and true not to be reproduced" in grand-sonnys and grand-darters. But I should rather hope this might not be the case, unless a little more of the conventional language might be used in the story of their careers. It is teasing to the eye and ex-

asperating to the mind to follow a whole book of rustic ellipses and distortions, especially when it is of course worthy to be translated as being the work of this clever authoress.

MR. STEAD, AFTER seven years' impunity, has got into trouble by violating copyright regulations in the *Review of Reviews*. The wonder is that it did not happen long ago. His theory is that the extracts and summaries he gives his readers only stimulate them to buy the magazines from which they are cribbed; but we all know better. The chief use of the *Review of Reviews* is by readers who wish to seem well up in current literature without the trouble of reading it.

THOSE "DAVOZ" BOOKS of quaint woodcuts and rhymes with which Robert Louis Stevenson diverted himself have been reproduced in fac simile, calculated to deceive all but the elect. The enormous price now paid for original editions of the smallest scraps of Stevenson's publications has stimulated various other dangerous imitations, of which collectors should be upon their guard.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE has written a most readable book in her all too frank "My Theatrical and Musical Recollections." No matter what her critics say of the shattering of some idols, iconoclasts are heartily welcome in this artificial stage land, of which we know less than ever since the press-agent holds the key to it and peoples it with preposterous figments of a commercial imagination.

A BOOKTASTER.

CLEVELAND'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

IN less than a month Grover Cleveland will cease to be President of the United States. During the eight years in which he has filled that highest of offices in the gift of the people, his sincerity and devotion to the principles he professes have won my admiration and respect, and I cannot withhold my humble tribute to his honesty and fearlessness. If for nothing else, the country owes him the profoundest thanks for his attitude as an upholder of the credit of the nation. During his whole occupancy of the chair he has stood like a bulwark between our credit and those who would ruin or debase it, — indeed, he has been, at more than one crisis, the sole defense. Neither should it be forgotten that President Cleveland has been the consistent and convincing champion of tariff reform against the clamoring of the protectionists; and his messages have frequently borne testimony, not only to his strong convictions on this point, but to his ability to state these convictions in vigorous and unanswerable logic. His foreign policy has been in the main firm, dignified, and courteous, and he has patiently borne the taunts and abuse of the "jingos," rather than descend to bullying or bluster. And if some criticism may be justly made upon his occasional lapses from the standard of perfection in the enforcement of the spirit of civil service reform, yet, on the whole, the administration of President Cleveland has marked a distinct advance in this respect upon those of his predecessors, and has brought about a decided elevation of the service, as well as substantial progress toward the ideal of tenure of office during good behavior.

Omitting mention of some acts which will be variously rated as errors or as judicious exercises of the executive power, according to the point of view of the reader, it seems to me that two serious mistakes are to be charged against Mr. Cleveland in his second administration. The first was his failure to call a special session of the Fifty-third Congress, so soon as practicable after his inauguration in March, 1893, for the purpose of amending the tariff and repealing the Silver Purchase Act. The popular voice in the elections of 1890 and 1892 had declared unmistakably against the continuance of the McKinley tariff, and so overwhelming had been the defeat, in the

latter year, of the protection forces, that the representatives of the great monopolies and trusts were dazed and disheartened, and would not have been able so effectually to thwart the purposes of the tariff reformers as they did in the following winter, when they had had time to recover from their bewilderment and to make their combinations for the control of the United States Senate. Every one expected a reduction in the duties, and every one was prepared to accept them. The sooner the changes went into effect, the sooner trade would adjust itself to the new conditions, the longer would the new tariff have a chance for trial before any radical changes could be made, and the sooner would the people of the country be relieved from paying the odious tribute to the protected combinations. Moreover, the evil effects of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act were seriously felt, and had its repeal been effected in April or May, instead of August, 1893, the country would have been spared at least a part of the panic of these months.

The other great mistake was his message of December 17, 1895, on the Venezuelan boundary dispute, which evoked such an outburst of belligerent talk from the jingo politicians of both continents, and but for the sober good sense of the people of the United States and England might very possibly have led to war. No reasonable or adequate explanation has ever been given for the issuing of this message, so at variance with President Cleveland's habitual tone in dealing with foreign affairs. Whether he permitted himself to indulge in an angry and impolitic outbreak, through irritation at the continual nagging of the opposition in Congress and in the press, or whether he was for once carried away by their clamor and misjudged the popular sentiment on the subject, we very likely may never know. In the settlement of the Venezuelan matter, and the negotiation of the arbitration treaty, the President has won the well-deserved admiration of all who wish the nation well.

And so in endeavoring to weigh impartially the acts of Cleveland's administration, it seems to me that he deserves a high place in the esteem and respect of his countrymen, and that history will give him the distinction of a rank among the most sincere and able incumbents of the presidential office. Had he been supported by a Congress in

sympathy with his efforts for the public welfare, the results of his administration would have been far more beneficent, and the condition of the trade and finances of the country would have been more hopeful than now. But on the whole, Mr. Cleveland can look back with satisfaction upon his conduct of the trust committed to him, and confidently leave his fame to the verdict of history.

EDWARD S. SEARS.

MANY persons are watching with interest the "English National Society for checking the abuse of public advertising." If we are not personally assaulted by advertisers, they come perilously near giving us a blow in the face; yet the resentment which people are beginning to feel at insolent and intrusive announcements will perhaps work a cure through commercial motives without the aid of any society. I know many persons who consistently avoid advertisers that use certain distasteful methods, and the number is increasing. Some of the great dailies are poor mediums because they have no good will from their readers, whereas it is very desirable for kindly remembrance that a tradesman's announcements should have a pleasant setting and association. People must glance over these great sheets of a morning because there is nothing else. But see how they are left about in the cars when the passengers get out! What note is taken of advertisements by these hasty readers who skim the news and then make haste to disembarass themselves of the big mass of waste paper?

AN EDITOR of a great New York daily maintains that he is laying the foundation of an immense influence by es-

tablishing vast popularity for his paper through the most loathsome use of the worst methods of popular journalism, with the intention of using this prestige for some great movement of reform, when the time comes. Though this particular gentleman may be sincere, it may be doubted if the precept "the end justifies the means" were ever more perniciously applied. Newspaper crusades of this sort seldom effect permanent good. They are sensational, overdone, and being felt to be elements of an advertising scheme, they do not create a strong or lasting public opinion; so that after all is over the weeds, which have only been cut down and not uprooted, once more flourish apace, and perhaps the last evil is found to be worse than the first.

IT IS A MOST shallow argument which some of the so-called conservative supporters of existing circumstances put forward, when they urge that "attacks upon capital" will work general injury by discouraging it and making it timid so far as these attacks apply to its dishonest accumulation and wanton expenditure. It is to save and protect capital from the assaults of the demagogue, sure to involve its ruin in a democratic State — unless it be obtained by fair means and largely held and expended as a trust — that we urge it to be wise in time. Not only all the safeguards of law, but of public opinion, surround those who accumulate by ingenuity, skill, and industry without crushing competition, and who expend their surplus incomes in promoting productive industry, the cultivation of art, literature, and science.

OF ALL THE knavish manufactures of a dishonest age, of which equally guilty with the maker is the fickle, extrava-

gant buyer, who prefers a succession of flimsy novelties to one genuine, permanent article, the "rubber" overshoe is the most abominable. In "my aunt's closet," when I was a boy, there was one real caoutchouc shoe — but one — preserved as a relic. It was probably thirty years old at least, its companion having been lost, not worn out. In fact they could not wear out, being practically indestructible except by melting. The color was like tortoise-shell, there was a handsome stamp upon the front, and they were what we should call shapeless when unused, though their elasticity fitted them to the foot when worn. They could be turned inside out, stretched and pulled at will, and actually often descended from parent to child. If such shoes were made now, even though they cost ten dollars a pair, they would find buyers and be cheap at the price. The wretched substitutes we have last only a very few weeks, and not only are a waste of money, but are disease-traps as well, when, instead of defending our feet from dampness, they spring a leak, and we find that they are holding the chilled snow-water about our shoes. The cheaper things grow worse and worse.

I SUPPOSE THE consciousness of proprietorship in vast masses of newly pressed coats and waistcoats and beautifully creased trousers makes the clothing-men so scornfully contemptuous of an ordinarily shabby person who meekly seeks to replenish his wardrobe. The battery of supercilious eyes, which usually riddle him from head to foot, is certainly calculated to scare such an one from those vast halls, magnificent with vistas of tabled toggerly. Not so with my friends, the Macullar, Parker Company. The kind, reassuring glance

into the trembling customer's face says, "Be ye clothed," so cordially that the parlous venture seems actually accomplished. The most considerate politeness ignores baggy knees and shining seams, and the shamefaced applicant feels transformed into a friend, yea, even a patron. Here is a convincing proof that a bargain is not necessarily accompanied by a brutality. On the contrary, good manners and good business are obviously united in this capable administration, where economy can be confidently sought along with civility.

IF THE ALTRURIAN were to come to Boston what would he assume that we should do to solve the question of administration of our pauper and criminal establishments? Would he be likely to understand the political influences which toss about these vital interests? I trow not. He would turn his back upon them and say, "Of course you want a head, just as you would for a private concern. Have you none among you! Is there not some wise, thoughtful, experienced person in Boston to whom the management of these affairs could be confided? If so, confide it to such a person, and make your laws and regulations to suit." There is indeed such a person here in Boston, whose name would occur to everybody, unless it were that the wretched habit of acquiescence in existing customs blinds us to its obviousness. Instead of a newspaper critic, a patient petitioner, a snubbed and insulted outsider, Mrs. Alice Lincoln should be the Commissioner, with full power, of charities and corrections, and in any sensible community she would be made so speedily.

A REFORMER.

FAMOUS PEOPLE AT HOME.

II.

JOSHUA MONTGOMERY SEARS.

THE town residence of Mr. Sears was originally one of the earliest ventures of the new Boston which has sprung up as if by enchantment from the waters of the Milldam basin. Mr. John D. Bates, who built it, was one of the pioneers of the Back Bay district, considered somewhat doubtful and remote by those who dwelt on natural land and remembered the centre of social life in Summer and Franklin Streets. In those days Mr. Sears's father was laying the foundations, by painstaking industry and scrupulous economy, of the great fortune which, accumulating through a long minority, has made his son Boston's largest taxpayer. For this family is only remotely connected with that of the Hon. David Sears, the merchant prince of a former generation, whose descendants are of such great social prominence.

The Joshua Sears estate, so devised as to increase and multiply until Mr. Sears's son's maturity, with only a moderate allowance for his education, was very large, and the fame of it was bruited abroad. As the young man grew up the trustees were deluged with letters offering all sorts of baits to obtain some cast at a prize so splendid. Many girls and women inclosed their photographs and suggested introductions with marriage intentions, and in the name of charity innumerable schemes were presented which might have some chance to be laid before the heir himself. One of the first lessons which the guardians of wealth learn, whether it is their own or others' property, is that of self-protection against the countless swarm that buzzes about its brilliant light. Mr. Sears shows that he has learned that lesson. In fact the inherited qualities needed to acquire property are fortunately transmitted to those who have to administer it, and if we are sometimes inclined to wonder at the carefulness of the possessor of a great income, our second thought reminds us that without that carefulness, exercised by somebody, that income would never have been acquired. Mr. Sears's establishment is not liveried, but the perfect training of his household will impress any visitor who is admitted by

man or maid to No. 12 Arlington Street. The house has been enlarged, since Mr. Sears's acquisition of it, by the addition of the dwelling adjoining on Commonwealth Avenue, so that a very noble area is secured. The hall and rooms on the lower floor are so arranged that the whole space is effective and even increased by its partial divisions. There is no excess of bric-à-brac or articles of furniture, which fact gives the more value to the few fine paintings, the statues, and big clumps of ferns. Mr. Sears will strike his visitor as a master of common sense first of all, whose manners are the expression of propriety, but having no suggestion of veneer. A strong and quick temper would probably show itself were the occasion a righteous one, and a sense of gravity and responsibility is a very distinct characteristic of the millionaire. At the same time, you can see the signs of a generous and impulsive disposition which might give greatly and brook no expression of grateful acknowledgment. Since Mr. Sears is one who does not let his left hand know what his right hand does, it would be obviously improper to acquaint the public therewith. Mr. Sears gives largely to all the good causes which his judgment approves; that this requisition is indispensable, a moment's conversation on any such subject would convince an applicant. But to country churches, to struggling musicians and artists, to individual cases of peculiar need, Mr. Sears has been often a special Providence.

He has been a constant helpful friend to that extraordinary woman, his country neighbor, Mrs. Johnson of Sherborn, to McDowell the composer, to Paderewski, to our own S. B. Whitney, most loyally devoted and inspiring. He has given to Mr. Whitney a twin organ to that in the beautiful music-room in Arlington Street, and made him a present only the other day of the orchestral accompaniment for his "silver wedding" as organist at the Church of the Advent. Mrs. Sears, herself a winner of prizes in art, has added some of the finest ornaments of this princely house, and her enthusiasm in the "faith cure" adds a picturesque element to the atmosphere and redeems it from the oppressive materialism of mere riches. Mr. Sears's farm and his cottage at Bar Harbor divide his time, but he is at home in Boston for six months and is an extremely patriotic citizen, accessible, simple, unaffected, and wise. He is not much seen at

the clubs, though he affects all the good concerts (some of the most charming of which have been given under his own roof), and is of course a very busy man, property so large as his being scattered through all parts of the country and involving, as in case of some of the Western cities which have been "boomed" by the aid of Eastern capital, great care and much anxiety. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and though you see Mr. Sears surrounded by the luxuries of his most beautiful home, you can scarcely feel an envy for one who evinces so clearly the sense of responsibility and grave conscientiousness in the care of a tremendous trust, and you say, "Lord, give me neither poverty nor riches."

THE Damrosch adventure has given great pleasure. The sincerity of the singers, the excellent orchestration, and the interesting choice of compositions, ending with the great Tetralogy, have provided a good feast for music lovers. Much criticism might be offered, and it has been lavishly offered, by way of contrast to the ideal or to the sacred standards of Bayreuth, but I think we have most of us found it pleasanter to "let ourselves go" and drink deep without scruple the intoxicating draft. For my own part, these nights of excitement and emotional dissipation have been an experience which is impatient of words, and for the moment I prefer not to disturb my enjoyment by scientific analysis. The companionship of a congenial friend, content silently to share one's unspoken emotions, suffices.

WHAT SHALL WE DO for the annual Cadet week when the Armory is finished? The sight outside the Tremont Theatre — the fair, the richly robed, bejewelled, crowding in under the electric lights — has been a beautiful spectacle in itself, and the auditorium full of friendly people in gala

attire has matched the effulgence of the scene of "Simple Simon." I have a grudge against Mr. Barnet for these nightmare *mélanges* of the dear old figments of the nursery, but that is a personal matter. The music is really charming, and no professional first night ever moved more smoothly than the performance last Monday; choruses, scenery, evolutions, and business were well-nigh perfect. Mr. Stutson should adopt the regular stage, there is no doubt of that, and Mr. Drew is only an amateur by courtesy. One word to the gentlemen of the Cadets: why not *buy* this play, and let the reminiscences of the delightful week of pure fun be undisturbed by permitting it to be dragged through the mud of a career on the burlesque stage, a vehicle for indelicacy and vulgarity?

MISS BENNETT CONTINUES her hit at Keith's, and Mademoiselle Fleurette, with her companions, are the principal novelty, dancing prettily enough in colored lights. Perhaps the divertissement is a little more in the line of the "regular" theatres than that to which the audiences of "the model playhouse" have lately been accustomed, but it is done gracefully and daintily.

IF YOU WISH to see really convincing plays do not fail to go to the Columbia. There you will find the villain roundly hissed and the moral hero and heroine warmly applauded, the footlights creating no artificial barrier to the ideal conception quite within reach of the audience which grasps it so warmly. "Fallen Among Thieves" is well acted. The "dive" is worth the price of admission.

GRANTED A MORAL OBLIQUITY which can accept the

cool and studied deception of a wife by a husband as a foundation, and "Too Much Johnson" is a very entertaining play. But to those who made its acquaintance at the Museum, the performance without Gillette at the Bowdoin Square is more deficient than a Hamlet without its hero.

AN "ELIZABETHAN DRAMATIC SOCIETY" would seem to be superfluous where a Chinese theatre exists. The absence of all accessories, the coming and going of spectators on the stage, and the conventional representation of action, make the conditions a good deal like those of "The Globe" or "The Fortune." How agreeable it is to see the impassive countenances of the Celestials relaxed by their enjoyment of their native drama! They become human and expressive to such a degree as to establish a feeling of brotherhood which, I fancy, most of us seldom entertain for the members of this unassimilated colony.

IT IS PLEASANT to see sane, well-considered criticism of Henrik Ibsen, so far away from the blind cult and the blinder malignity of the past. In "John Gabriel Borkman" there is noted the perfection of his intensity, the passion of the contest of soul with soul, the supreme dramatic intuition—and also the dreary acceptance of fatality and destiny, with absolute disbelief in moral forces and the will of man.

I DOUBT MUCH IF the Turkish parlors frequented by men and women for smoking and coffee are an ameliorating influence in our civilization. *Café-Chantants* always require to be looked after, and one may question if our people have the temperament for the quiet enjoyment of a hookah and a half-hour's repose without making something more of the opportunity of these extremely informal, easy-going meetings.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

February 8 to February 13.

Keith's Theatre — Miss Bennett. Vaudeville.

Tremont Theatre — "Simple Simon." *Amusing.*

Boston Theatre — Same as last week.

Park Theatre — Same as last week.

Castle Sq. Theatre — Same as last week.

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — "Too Much Johnson." *Funny.*

Boston Museum — Same as last week.

Hollis St. Theatre — Same as last week.

Columbia Theatre — "Fallen Among Thieves." *Thrilling.*

A PLAYGOER.

THE WILFUL GODDESS, SUCCESS.

"'TIS not in mortals to command success."
Well did the poet write, and well he knew it.
Command, indeed! The unhappy man whose stress
Should tempt him to command would surely rue it.
Success, imperious goddess, scorns commands, as she
Disdains entreaties and doth mock humility.

But to the tireless soul who labors day and night,
Caring for nothing save his one ambition;
Or to the careless, or the hopeless, wight,
Sometimes — not always — brings she full fruition.
Those whom she showers with favors often vainly guess
From whence, or wherefore, came to them success.

S.

THE incident of a working man's rejection from the New York Museum on account of his working-garb suggests that a reasonable test might be applied to supplement the educational advantages of such opportunities, which are, after all, not the inborn right even of an American citizen. It might be demanded that an applicant for admission should come with his best clothes, with tidy hair, and with washed hands and face, and no man need be insulted at being required to pay such simple respect to the privilege. If he were repelled by such conditions it might safely be assumed that the opportunity would do him no good.

A DILETTANTE.

I ALWAYS read my *Pilot* with restful satisfaction. In the first place, I find that it is a satisfaction to know what the great "Catholic world" is doing and thinking. The ordinary press implies that we are a "Protestant" community, which we are not; and if we fancy that, with all our noise and clamor, the current is running altogether with us, we find our mistake. And for restfulness, the atmosphere of old changeless Rome, which breathes from the *Pilot's* weekly letter from the venerable mother of cities, is alone enough to steady the mind confused by the din of the passing show, the drums and cymbals of Vanity Fair.

HOW FREQUENTLY WE have proof of the old saying that the world is small after all! The other evening I met a clever young engineer, on his way to the United States of Colombia to take charge of some gold-mining properties. He had been in Mexico for some time, and incidentally our talk turned upon that country. I happened to mention that

a few years back, in London, I had made the acquaintance of a young Mexican, the naval attaché of the legation in London, and had boarded in the same private hotel with him during the winter. I added that his name was Garcia — about as unusual a name among Mexicans as Jones is with us. “Was it Daniel Garcia?” asked my companion. “His father is Trinidad Garcia, member of the Mexican Congress from Zacatecas, a large owner in silver mines in that part of the country, and, as it happens, he owns the very electric-light plant of which I was superintendent at Zacatecas.” Sure enough, it was the very man I knew, now a progressing young lawyer in the City of Mexico, a chance meeting with a stranger giving me my first news of him in several years.

SO THE CASTLES are Jews, and the great Hebraic influence was at the bottom of the agitation in Mrs. Castle's behalf. She has entirely recovered. A correspondent says she had dresses made in London with very numerous and large pockets — a most well-considered precaution for a kleptomaniac!

A GOSSIP.

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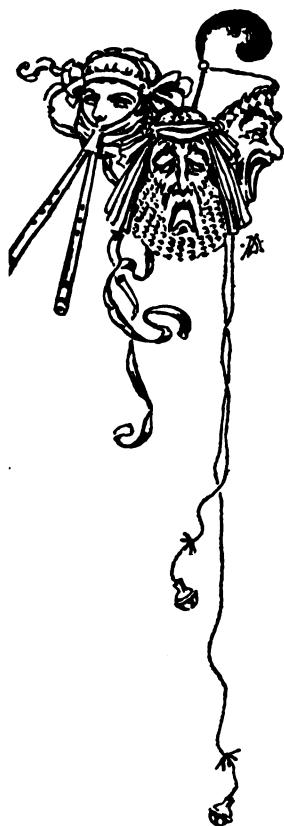
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IME AND THE HOUR

Famous People at Home: III. Mr.
B. J. Lang

The Derrick Nurse
By Helen Hunt Jackson

The Kelmscott Exhibition
By Herbert Small

THE WEEK—HERE IN BOSTON—Notes of a
Booktaster, a Reformer, a Playgoer, a Gossip

Boston, February 20, 1897

Vol. IV

FIVE CENTS

No. 11

OF
J. R. CLARKE

APR. 2 1900

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Time and the Hour

Vol. 4 No. 11 BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897

THE WEEK.

SANGUINE and chivalric Captain Julius A. Palmer, "Chancellor" of the Hawaiian Queen, should join the Jacobite Society to find full opportunity for his passion of loyalty. Mary of Modena is as likely to reign in England as Liliuokalani in Hawaii. That there may be a serious temptation to reverse the policy of the previous administration and to attempt to annex the Sandwich Islands by negotiations with the present government is obvious. We could not even hold Nantucket in the Revolution, and it had to be made neutral territory. What should we do with such a remote province in case of war? Its obvious destination, in case things are allowed to drift, is to Japanese possession, which only requires careful watchfulness against the importation of Jap-made Waterbury clocks and Eagle pencils.

THE TURK CAN ill afford to incur the revival of the Philhellenic spirit to increase the antagonism which prevails against him in the Christian world. The misgovernment and disorders of the kingdom wrested from the Sultan would be quickly forgotten, in case of a collision between Turkey and Greece, in the memories of its heroic struggle for independence, which has enshrined the names of Marco

I

and pawns more important as time goes on. France and England should be counted out, as free countries, from the alliances or the jealousies of the rulers of Russia, Germany, and Austria, while Italy is no longer to be reckoned among the autocracies in which personal predilections control the popular voice. The three emperors are natural allies, yet the general cause of liberty is less likely to be jeopardized by their division. The visit of the Emperor of Austria to Russia is regarded as ominous of a closer union with the house of Hapsburg, ominous to the progress of freedom. The strengthening of Greece is feared as an important element to oppose the increase of imperial power likely to accrue from the fall of Turkey.

THE SYMPATHY OF the thinking world, which is asserting itself more and more as a practical influence in "official circles," is with the Cretan "insurgents," with Greece rather than with Turkey. It is impossible to believe that the government of Great Britain, now strengthened by the *entente cordiale* which has recently been reached with the Imperial powers and mistress of the Mediterranean, will exercise intervention for the permanent re-establishment of the Turkish rule. The effort to keep a temporary peace is a different matter, for guerrilla-fighting might only compromise the final pacification. It may be found that the government of Greece has not been wholly antagonized by the action of the foreign fleets in preserving order upon the island.

MR. LEHMANN HITS the nail on the head when he says, very kindly, that the difference between the English and

American college athletes is the enormous superiority of the latter in energy and enthusiasm, "going into things with body and soul." The former take them as a matter of course, all in the day's work, as it were. We may use this laudatory characterization by way of warning. In spite of the present popular belief, the best staying work in the world has been done "in the day's work," by men whose dutifulness implied a reserve of force for a higher service if it should call them, a control of powers, an economy of exertion against the wasteful exhaustion of excitement. At least we could afford, with advantage, to infuse something of this element into our feverish and passionate contests.

THE GREATEST GOOD accomplished in the discussion of the Arbitration Treaty has been the manifestation of a general good will toward the English government and nation, such as must be the precedent condition of any valuable statute, as the popular consent must be the support of all legal enactment. The hope of mankind lies in the union of the English-speaking race. It is predicted that English will be the international tongue, and it is certain that the racial principles of liberty, order, and integrity are to leaven the world. There are those who like to triumph over English "humiliation" when she avoids a fight and some bullying opponent crows on his dunghill. But one has seen a gentleman avoid a contest with a rowdy without loss of self-respect, and impose his will by dignity and moral force while the sound and fury fades away into silence. The potential influence of an alliance to exert peaceful suasion upon the coming problems of States and society should be accepted with conviction by Great Britain and America.

HERE IN BOSTON.

THE project of the excellent Bunker Hill Monument Association to reproduce in the State House Park the old Beacon Hill Monument, which disappeared with the peak of the hill in the "great digging" begun in 1810 or 1811 and kept up for full a dozen years, is a most commendable one, and I hope that it will be promptly executed. This was the first monument to independence, set up in 1790-91 by the "voluntary contributions of the citizens of Boston,"—"to commemorate that train of events which led to the American Revolution and finally secured liberty and independence to the United States." It was a Doric column of brick sixty feet high, surmounted by a gilded eagle with outspread wings, and it stood on the site of the ancient beacon, covered now by the southeast corner of Mr. Brigham's State House Extension. You will find a good picture of it in the "Memorial History." Only the tablets and the eagle were preserved. The former, you are aware, are set in the wall of the corridor at the right from Doric Hall in Mr. Bulfinch's State House. The inscriptions, beginning with the fervid exhortation, "Americans, while from this eminence scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce, and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those who by their exertions have secured to you these blessings," were prepared by Thomas Dawes, afterward justice of the Supreme Court of the State. The eagle, which, I gather from the State House reporters, is yet to be found, possibly being hidden in the State House rubbish, was perched above the Speaker's throne in Representatives' Hall of the Bulfinch State House until the removal to the grander hall of the Extension.

Last Sunday's *Herald* gives some interesting half-tone pictures of the Rev. James Boyd Brady, of the People's Temple. There are five of them, of which the most suitable for framing is "The Rev. Mr. Brady in Street Attire." The doctor's dressing-gown is the feature of "The Rev. Mr. Brady at Work on a Discourse;" it has a sort of camel's-hair-shawl and twilled-carpet-bag effect which is very rich and desirable to look at. Another pleasing composition is "The Rev. Mr. Brady and His Cabinet of Foreign Lantern-Slides." Note the use of the word "foreign," which occurs again, moreover, when Dr. Brady is shown beside his "Cabinet of Curios Secured in Foreign Travel." But what is the pastor holding in his hand? This is no Curio. This is an idolatrous image of the heathenish Buddha! Bury the Horrid Thing, Doctor; Bury it in the Bay.

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**

Apropos of spring exhibitions, a friend from New York tells me that the coming exhibition in 57th Street of the Society of American Artists bids fair to be an occasion of more than usual interest. This society, in itself a protest against some of the methods of the more ancient Academicians, has grown in numbers and successes to a point where it is beginning to have different schools and different factions among its membership. For several years now the pink hazes and the purple shadows have run riot, and open-air canvasses and impressionism, so vague as almost to elude its name, have held the line. At the last election, however, the seniors whose pictures are made more of substance and

less of atmosphere have gained a larger representation upon the juries and committees, and strenuous efforts are being made to justify their selection. It is hoped that a larger number of pictures than usual will be sent from Europe by such American artists as Sargent, Abbey, Pearce, Melchior, and others, whose long residence abroad has made them infrequent contributors to American galleries. Final decisions as to the new building of the Academy will, in all probability, be an incident of the spring, and altogether the art interests of New York will be active, if not prosperous.

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Leigh Hunt tells that the most magnificent triple rhyme in the language is Byron's

“What ho! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Come, tell us truly, have n't they henpecked you all?”

Perhaps the finest double rhyme in the language is current here in Boston in the advertisement of a quack medicine. “Explicit” is made to rhyme with the literary Doctor's “Specific.”

*
**

Mrs. William B. Richards received a representative Boston company on the holiday in her Marlborough Street house, where she maintained with charming cordiality, as for years past, the tradition of “Washington's Birthday” established by Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. It was a veritable London salon.

TAVERNER.

NEW YORK TATTLE.

NEW YORK is richer by a poet. The poet is Charles G. D. Roberts, and he becomes a New Yorker under the auspices of the *Illustrated American*. The annexation of Canada seems to be taking place quietly, without diplomatic complications.

Not long ago one of the signers of these notes was attacked, and rather acridly, too, for classifying Roberts, together with Gilbert Parker and Bliss Carman, in the so-called "symbolist" school. Had the censors of this proposition but carefully read the essay in which it was made, they might have saved themselves from the commission of much folly in print. For it was particularly noted in that essay that the resemblance between these writers and certain of their French contemporaries was in no sense one arising from imitation or direct influence, and the divergence of the two groups was indicated as clearly as their similarity. The fact is, the French symbolists are known to the gentlemen who write these animadversions chiefly through the works of Maeterlinck and the reputation of Mallarmé, and the individual peculiarities of these two poets are mistaken for the general characteristics of the school. One would think that a knowledge of even these two would suffice to prevent such an error, so diverse, so contradictory, are their idiosyncrasies. But the knowledge of Mallarmé is, after all, largely factitious.

Just in the same way the word "impressionism" is coming to be used commonly to signify the practice of Monet and his disciples and imitators. But is not Whistler an impressionist, and does he paint only with white and the primary pigments? Has he eliminated black from his palette? And what about Manet? And Degas? And Raffaelli? No, symbolism is not defined or exhausted by the methods of Maurice Maeterlinck, leader and "prophet" (to quote Mr. Zangwill) though he may be.

It is, in fact, hard to give a definition of a movement that includes personalities so varied as the volcanic Verhæven and the placid Vielé-Griffin, classic De Regnier, and Kahn of the mirages and "nomad

palaces," Mæterlinck and Eeckhoud, Stuart Merrill, and Hérold. Formally, they are united in a common endeavor to establish the rhythm known as *vers libres*, and in this respect they are allied to Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier, and Henley. But the real unity lies deeper than this. It is not allegory, though a symbolist, like any one else, may write allegory if he please. It is, in some respects, the reverse of allegory. The allegorist starts with a moral, philosophical, or worldly-wise reflection, and finds or invents a picture or story to embody it. The method is somewhat primitive and artificial, and the content is too easily exhausted. The symbolist, on the other hand, starts, not with the thing to be signified, but with the symbol itself. He may begin with myth and legend, like the romanticist, or with things as they are, like the veriest realist himself. His distinction is that he does not stop there. Myth, legend, and things as they are, all are to him something more than they are. Not Howells himself will be more reverent of the fact, but to him that fact is incomprehensible if considered merely as the fact. He finds shadowed forth in it, not one exact allegorical significance, but the presence of many mysteries.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

That is what symbolism is, or means to be, and to that school, not as an offshoot, but as an independent growth, it seems to us that Roberts and Carman and Parker belong. By the way, Roberts's new book of poems, "The Book of the Native," is just on the market.

It has become common to speak of grace in a patronizing way. The Anglo-Saxon, in his savage, or normal, state, refuses to take beauty seriously. It is to him a mere gewgaw, a toy to amuse children. When he emerges from savagery, he takes beauty too seriously. His Sylvas must set about reforming the world, and his Aphrodites

teach a moral lesson. And the last state of that man is worse than the first. Yet the Anglo-Saxon has a tremendous respect for efficiency, and physical grace is but another term for absolute bodily efficiency. The crack shot, the cowboy throwing his lasso with unerring precision, the acrobat and the juggler, performing the most difficult feats, are all graceful in the accomplishment of these things, and their success cannot be achieved without grace. Whether the development of skill created the grace in them, or whether their native grace enabled them to attain that perfection of skill, is of no consequence. The point is that the two things are necessary to each other. Grace, in a word, is perfect mechanics. It need not necessarily express anything; it only shows that the body, the instrument of expression, is in perfect harmony with the soul it is to express. But, for this reason, it multiplies the power of all the expression in which it is present, like a cipher added at the right hand of a numeral. Goodness is more Godlike for its presence and evil more diabolical.

Grace in the expression of the higher spiritual qualities of our nature is rare. It marks the artist of the finest and loftiest genius, or else a personality so exceptional, so far on, that goodness and holiness and inspiration have become to it instinctive and effortless. Grace in the expression of the animal nature is much more often met with; but the animal in us has been perfecting itself for millions of years, while the poor moral nature has had only a few thousand to get started in, and still labors and creaks most clumsily. There was something of the higher grace in the love-making of Adelaide Neilson; there was much of it in the dignity, the nobility, of Madame Janauschek. But the stage is more familiar with grace of a commoner order, with the voluptuous and the seductive, or at best with the healthily animal. The leonine majesty, the tigerish ferocity of Salvini, the serpentine innuendo of Bernhardt, are but the supreme types of a beauty which, whether for good or evil, is still essentially of the senses, sensuous.

In serious drama this grace of the senses, whether healthy or mor-

bid, is not of necessity vulgar; it may even be fine; but in comedy there is an element of artificiality which cannot get on terms with the sensuous without suggesting the sensual. Nudity is not offensive, but semi-nudity in frills is indelicate. Even high comedy deals largely with the frills, the artifices, of life. Comic opera deals with nothing else. It is the glorification of artificiality, the apotheosis of frivolity. And, naturally, nowhere so much as in comic opera has grace been degraded into the handmaid of vulgarity.

When Gilbert took the suggestive out of the lines of comic opera, the singers, trained in the old traditions of *opera bouffe*, were more or less at a loss what to do with their parts to make them interesting. Not in the more broadly comic parts, of course, the Bunthornes and Dick Deadeyes. That was simple enough. But in the light, graceful rôles, the tenors and prima donnas. Miss Nancy McIntosh seems to have solved the problem. For there is a third kind of grace, neither good nor evil, neither high nor low, but simply gracious, simply charming and beautiful, like Bohemian glass or peach-blow vases; and it is with this grace, the grace not of expression but of sheer beauty-in-itself, that Miss McIntosh plays O Mimosa San in "The Geisha." It is all consummate art, for Miss McIntosh could play the part the other way, or any of the other ways, equally well if she wanted to. But she has had the intelligence and the taste to do something thoroughly in the spirit of comic opera and yet aloof from the crudity, the raw color, the lack of distinction, which we all have seen so often. Her performance is a promise that comic opera may be lifted into an art of great decorative beauty.

HENRIETTE HOVEY AND RICHARD HOVEY.

ROSES BLOOM.

ROSES bloom on the lavish bough —
Heart of my heart, June cometh now.
Long is the day for the wide world's glee —
Short, too short, for my Love and me.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IF one immerses a poodle the result is so surprising that it is amusing except to the owner — and the dog. I am sure author and publisher will forgive the comparison with the treatment which it occurs to me to make of Mr. Henry James's "The Spoils of Poynter." The poodle is a beautiful mass of silken shading and curly fluff; one should take him as it is his nature to be, and be thankful for the gift, — but when he is wet there is n't any dog! Boiling down Mr. James's story, here is all there is of it. A lady and her son possess a house full of treasures and fine furnishing. The lady has a pet whom she would like her son to marry, but he engages himself to another girl who has fallen in love rather with the bric-à-brac than with the owner. The disgusted mother removes from the house, taking away, under pretense that they are hers, pretty much all that is valuable. The girl hesitates to carry on the engagement since the things are gone. The delighted mother manages that *her* girl, who loves the man, shall show her feeling, and believing they are sure to make a match of it sends back the precious stuff, whereupon the other girl recalls her *fiancé* (who was still bound honorably to her) and gets married to him before the others can turn round. The husband sends a message to the girl who is left out, while he and his wife are abroad, to go to this wonderful collection and pick out anything she wants for a keepsake. As she arrives at the station she hears that the house and its contents are on fire and in the way of total destruction. This is the whole story of Mrs. Gareth, her son Owen, Mona Brigstock, whom he marries, and Fleda Vetch, whom he ought to have married, and "the spoils of Poynter," which make the trouble. A tragedy of

which the key-note is a lot of furniture is surely modern enough. It begins at once in Mr. James's breathless, staccato manner, so that you don't know where you are unless by reading the last chapters first, which must needs deal with some winding-up facts. I recall a criticism of Goethe's on Sir Walter Scott where he says that an artistic oversight is committed in describing details which could not have been seen by the persons whose point of view the reader is supposed to take. Applying a similar canon to Mr. James, it might be said that such little circumstances and aspects as his people note are such as in reality are only impressed upon the eye unconsciously in moments of intense emotion. Since his characters never have any intense emotion, it follows that the observation of such minutiae is bad art.

Maisie, in "What Maisie Knew," has now four parents, her divorced father and mother having both re-married. With Mr. James's love of hair-splitting and ramification, what a temptation to carry on the process of divorce and multiplied marriages, so as to give the child eight, sixteen, thirty-two — indefinitely progressive numbers of pseudo-parents.

"A WRITER OF FICTION," who had married at twenty-six, had after sixteen years of literary production lost his grasp upon the public taste or his own creative power, and had gradually sunk lower and lower, until he came to live in poor suburban London lodgings with his wife and two children. In spite of the devoted wife's exertions to earn money by fine needlework, they get into debt, and the author, broken in health and reduced to despair, writes a pungent "problem" book unknown to his wife and sends it to a successful publisher of "doubtful" stories. Then

he dies suddenly of paralysis of the brain, and the wife, finding some loose sheets which indicate the character of the story, with a note of the publisher's address, guesses the truth and withdraws the MS., though she is offered £300 down for it, and to save her husband's name burns it, like Lady Burton. This is the summary of Clive Holland's new volume published by Copeland & Day. The relation is clear, simple, and perfectly convincing. The temptation which the demand makes upon the supply in the modern world is appalling. The thoughtless, not themselves depraved, who read *risque* books, glance at suggestive pictures, or see a comic opera without receiving any particular harm, need to be reminded that these are created to pander to vicious tastes and heighten the indulgences of vicious lives. Thinking a little further, they realize that the stimulus which they have themselves supplied by their careless patronage has driven the author to make practical studies of vice and to record them; the artist and his models to produce impurities; the stage girl to divest herself of the shield of modesty. This tale is a tract,—a tract for the times.

A BOOKTASTER.

A GRIND EN QUATRAIN ET CALEMBOUR DOUBLÉS.

THE *Traveler*, trading on its visage red,
Solicits the saloons (in mode ill-bred)
For alms for those whom, in our town refined,
Both biting poverty and hunger grind.

Yet in its travels it has seen, or read,
How Tuscans make their chestnuts into bread;
Since "heaps of chestnuts" in that sheet we find,
Why does it not these, for like purpose, grind?

HENRY HEAD.

FAMOUS PEOPLE AT HOME.

IV.

MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER.

EVERY passer-by No. 152 Beacon Street enjoys the varied and constantly renewed beauty of the broad, three-sided window, blooming with a succession of hyacinths, jonquils, or azaleas, from the owner's Brookline greenhouses. But the delicate refinement, the fragrance of the flowers, can be appreciated only from within. It is impossible to prevent — perhaps their fair owner does not grudge — the very general and admiring knowledge of her beneficent social life possessed by the public, but Mrs. Isabella Gardner's charm is hardly guessed at except by those who are admitted to the *petit comité* of her drawing-room and to her personal acquaintance.

One ascends a low flight of stairs at No. 152, to what is a sort of *entresol*, and from a great hall the drawing-room opens to the left. Two houses have been thrown together, the hall occupying the whole floor of one, as the drawing-room does of the other. Mrs. Gardner has no "day," but is at home every afternoon, at her dainty tea-table with its gold service and delicate china, round about which can be found a little circle of gallant men and smart women, all through the season, from five o'clock to six. The room is crowded with knick-knacks, not after the present fashion of sparse decoration; with lots of pictures, though with ample room to move about among the furniture. People do not scatter much, however, but are quite sure to gather, like light-loving moths, about the shaded silver lamp and the brilliant hostess, whose charming smile is the chief illumination of the pretty scene.

A great lady is not an accident. Neither birth, nor wealth, nor ambition, account for such a position, though, to be sure, one must be the mistress of some of these to attain it. There is a vast deal of resource required, of thought and hard labor, to supply those novelties, those fresh sensations, which society expects at the hands of its rulers. But, beyond all, there must be an inborn quality which we call tact — at which cynical people sneer as the resultant of love of admiration. One thing is certain, — nobody who comes under its influence ever cares to question or impugn its source. To turn awkwardness to ease,

to elicit your best and brightest thought, to convey the impression that you are interesting your hearer, to suggest a deferential attitude almost, would mollify Diogenes or Dr. Johnson, — the most bearish specimen of humanity. "If that is acting," you say, with Charles Reade, "I like it!" Indeed, many people believe that, with whatever motive one may begin a mode of gentle courtesy, the habit works inward, and that the heart will soon beat in correspondence with perfect manners. It is certain that a self-denying effort must be constantly maintained, which acts, to all effects and purposes, upon those toward whom it is exerted exactly like the truest kindness. If Mrs. Gardner is bidden to a function, especially from one of a less "smart set," she is sure to be punctual to the earliest hour; a note will receive an incredibly rapid answer by hand, and any little service or patronage asked by a friend will be executed with apparently zealous promptness. All this in a busy life, hardly comprehended by those who are unfamiliar with the exigencies of modern society.

Again, Mrs. Gardner, whose New York training was, perhaps, less exacting than that of our own rather cerulean methods, has been an indefatigable student. In the Italian classes, which she was perhaps thought to have joined because they were "the fashion," she appeared as thoroughly equipped as any of our *bas-bleus*, and had coached herself to an appreciative familiarity with Leopardi and Manzoni. Back of the hall is Mrs. Gardner's beautiful oblong music-room, looking over the waters of the encircling river. This little temple of Citharædus, which holds only fifty people, embodies another of its creator's titles to real honor. Coming to musical Boston with only the general knowledge and appreciation of the divine art which a gentlewoman's education implies, she has become a real student of it, and is no mean critic and judge. Though her generous patronage may be distributed in mere kindness, where there is no especial responsibility implied, Mrs. Gardner's introductions of virtuosos to society and the public have generally carried a guaranty of something more than fashionable success. It would astonish the reader to know how many applications, made through every possible channel, come to her from those who know that "to be taken up by Mrs. Gardner" implies a kind of coronation here in Boston. And those who form an opinion from the crude inventions of

social gossipers, dwelling only on superficial and chance glimpses of gay life, would be surprised to know with what good-hearted consideration such applications—though often impertinent—are received, and how discreetly and courteously they are perforce parried.

There has been an immense deal of rubbish printed about Mrs. Gardner's personal services in the church to which Mr. Gardner presented a handsome reredos, where she was formerly a member of a ladies' organization having, as is quite commonly the case, the care of the ecclesiastical vestments and furniture; that it may not be entrusted to hirelings. Here she took her share of the simple duties with simplicity and earnestness. It was a pretty sight to see the lady whose name is a common synonym for worldliness, with one of the two nephews by marriage (to whom she fulfilled a mother's part) on either side at the services of this church, a constant and devout attendant. The little incident that has been told of the present Bishop of Vermont, then a minister of this church, having lifted Mrs. Gardner from her carriage over a snow-drift as he met her at the door certainly has no harm in it, and very few men who read these words but would be glad to have had the opportunity of so knightly a service.

Mrs. Gardner, as has been said, from her position must supply her subjects, like any queen, with fresh and interesting novelties. But she is no Mrs. Leo Hunter, foisting her own fads and inconsequent pretenders upon society. Sought so widely, she has a pick among the best fruits that are ripening in the sunshine and which drop into her lap, while others are gathering with difficulty a scanty harvest; and what feasts have been offered to the most chosen companies within the walls of No. 152, in the drawing-room, around the big table in the dinner-parlor beyond, and in the chamber of music! Chosen companies, because Mrs. Gardner never crowds her rooms, and if there were fifty-one guests at her concerts instead of fifty it would be a distress to her sense of proportion.

One hears much of an excessive devotion to society which prompted the subject of this paper to cause herself to be carried to a dance, when recovering from a little disability, upon a kind of paillasse, where, recumbent, she "assisted" and held court. But *noblesse oblige*, and there is a certain respect for a resolution to fulfil under difficulties the social obligations which contain an element of dutifulness to those to whom

they certainly have no longer the charm of novelty. To do what might seem in others daring things is a part of the freedom belonging to "leaders," and gives a freshness and variety to society which it would sadly lack if it was limited to the conventional routine of the subservient rank and file. It must be distinctly repeated that a large half of what is printed about Mrs. Gardner is mere guess or fabrication. For example, her "lion reception" was an utter flimflam. The Zoo people sent her a young lion, which was put in the cellar and promptly returned. It is not worth while to give notoriety to a hundred other newspaper tales here, merely to contradict them.

As by technical conditions a humble part of the Boston press, though not of its spirit, these words of unworthy tribute are offered by way of atonement for its many indiscretions concerning a lady of infinite charm, enormous resource, unflinching courtesy, inexhaustible kindness, — Mrs. John L. Gardner.

AS TO THE "SOCIAL RECREATION OF PLAYERS."

[To the Editor of Time and the Hour.]

IN the interests of that humor of which, as Americans, we are all supposed to have a share, may I ask what there is so peculiar in the psychological construction of actors, that, unlike the rest of mankind, social recreation should "fritter away their time and strength" to such an extent that to extend social courtesies to them becomes a "vice"? It appeals to one as reasonable that the player, like the author, the painter, the politician,—in a word, the worker of any sort,—should occasionally find in social recreation a wholesome renewal of strength, rather than a frittering away of it. What reason can *TIME AND THE HOUR* offer for its very odd position in maintaining the contrary? Further: it is a custom, than which few are in better acceptance, for a club founded in any special interest to entertain, as occasion serves, workers prominent in that interest; as, again, a political club often entertains leading politicians; a literary club, leading authors; and so on, down the list. Why should the Playgoers' Club be taken to task, as for a "vice," that it follows this entirely natural and honorable custom in sometimes entertaining the players but for whose work there would be neither play nor playgoer? Does one

cease to be an intelligent and discriminating reader because one entertains an author at dinner? As a "founder of the Playgoers' Club," tolerably familiar with its objects, I take definite exception to the provincial and now fortunately almost abandoned notion that to familiarize one's self in pleasant personal intercourse with an artist's own ideals of his work makes one less competent to judge that work intelligently and sympathetically. And I protest that to qualify the entertaining of players as a "selfish indulgence," while tacitly recognizing that of authors, artists, and political and social lights to be a dignified and pleasant mutual recreation, is to be guilty of a solecism of which I believe TIME AND THE HOUR incapable.

EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND.

I DO not wish to predict, Cassandra-wise, yet it seems fair to warn landlords that there are business districts in Boston in which rents must be reduced or very general disaster is to be feared. In one quarter with which I am familiar, there is hardly a shopkeeper who has not lost money for three years, hoping against hope for better times. Meanwhile, their show of prosperity has caused an increased valuation, and rents have been raised rather than lowered. One disadvantage of our associates and syndicates is that their representatives do not look into their tenants' position with the sympathy and personal interest of an individual landlord, and the screw is applied with mechanical indifference. These are times when self-interest is best served by a reasonable consideration for others.

MY FRIEND THE "nervine specialist" was talking to me in a vacant holiday hour at the club, on Monday, about his favorite hobby, the exhaustion caused by the multiplied mental excitements of the day. His common illustration

is the pernicious influence which it is the direct interest of the sensational newspaper press to exert. "News may be needful in our conditions," he said, "though when I am down in my Maine camp I get along remarkably well without it and possess my soul in cleanness and peace. But what should we think of a friend who, having to impart a bit of bad news, should begin by fanning our minds with every conceivable element of painful and horrible excitement to exaggerate its effect? Such is the deliberate business of the sensational press, pursued with all the ingenuity their workers possess. Not only so, but what are known to be mere rumors are printed as authentic facts, and when they are contradicted next day, two sensations are made instead of one. One morning, for instance, 'The fleet ordered to Cuba to revenge an outrage' sets the reader's heart beating. The next, 'No truth in the rumor that the fleet was ordered to Cuba' stares him in the face. I advise my patients," said Nerville, "to abstain from this poisonous stuff as they would from any other noxious stimulant."

THE LATE GENERAL WALKER was a firm believer in the principle of immigration restriction. In one of the last conversations I had with him he dwelt upon the subject with his usual strenuous intensity, urging the necessity of some such measure for the safety of the Republic, and he pointed to the colonies of Polish Jews in New York as illustrative plague-spots in our civilization.

I HOPE IT IS not too early to deprecate the feverish excitement, fanned by every adventitious art of the reporter,

attending the Harvard-Yale contests when the stimulating occasion of the renewal of their competition, after these years of abstention, is offered this season. This was the injurious feature which more than any other was deplored by President Eliot and the wise men of Cambridge. Three or four individuals in Boston, by agreeing to treat the matter soberly, sanely, and with proper proportion, could do more for the salvation of honorable athletic sports than anybody else. I mean the editors of our great papers.

A BUSINESS MAN of considerable experience and somewhat radical ideas, with whom I was discussing the situation a day or two ago, remarked, "If the Congress and all the State legislatures could be forced to take a recess for at least four years, we should have a business prosperity such as we have not had for many years. Every legislative session and every session of Congress is a menace to the business of the country and is so felt by all engaged in business. If business men could feel assured of no interference with present conditions for four years, they would go to work with confidence and trade would boom." Thinking it over coolly, I'm inclined to think he's half right.

A REFORMER.

BLUE AND GOLD.

CLAD all in blue she sat bent o'er her book,
A bunch of roses blushing on her breast.
At the bright vision only a chance look
A lasting memory on my heart impressed.
Two small feet, crossed, peeped shyly 'neath her dress,
Her hair in golden waves hung o'er her eyes.
The picture haunts me ever, I confess,
For who such recollections would not prize?

LAURENS MAYNARD.

OUR TWO GREAT LIBRARIES.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY COMPARED.

A GREAT deal has been written about the new Congressional Library in Washington, and during the next few months, now that the building is on the point of being formally turned over to the Government, a great deal more is likely to be written. But I should like to say a few words about it from a Boston standpoint; not that such a standpoint is here of any special importance in itself, but because Boston men have shared very largely — far beyond the proportion of mere number — in the successes of the new building, and have had practically no share in its failures, and also because a comparison between the National Library and the Boston Public Library is bound to suggest itself to the mind of almost every one.

In the first place, the Washington Library is very much larger than the Boston Library. Without going to the trouble of looking up the exact figures, one might fairly guess that it contained four or five times the floor-space. Again, it is the opinion of experts that the Congressional Library is infinitely better adapted to the essential uses of a library than the one in Copley Square. It is more commodious and convenient, better equipped and better arranged. The main reading-room is the central fact, literally and figuratively, of the whole structure, equally accessible from every part of the building; and the superintendent's desk is the vital kernel of the reading-room, with communication, by book-carriers, telephones, and pneumatic tubes, with every portion of the Library. The bookstacks are remarkable pieces of construction, and the lighting and ventilation are almost as good as out-of-doors. The main credit for all this excellent work is due to Mr. Bernard R. Green, C. E., a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School in the latter part of the '60s, who still likes to call himself a Bostonian, in spite of his long residence in Washington. Mr. Green, indeed, really built the Library, and where his hand is evident, — in the more strictly engineering portion of the construction, that is, — he easily carries away the palm over Mr. McKim.

Mr. Barrett Wendell has found all manner of fault with the arrangement of the Boston Public Library. But the fact remains that the

chance visitor can go through it from room to room without any sense of confusion. No one could ever miss the delivery room or Bates Hall; they open from the entrance hall almost as naturally as a flower from a bud. But in Washington the real simplicity of the arrangement has been perplexed by incongruous and self-contradictory architecture. A child might delight in the clearness and reasonableness of the ground plan. Once inside the building, however, these qualities in great measure disappear. Part of this difficulty, of course, arises from the great size of the Library, but the main trouble is that while in Boston the engineering is not up to the architecture, in Washington the architecture is not up to the engineering. Which way the balance of public usefulness would incline is not such an easy question to decide. Certainly, one enters — and leaves — the Library of Congress with an actual sense of bewilderment.

I once heard a conversation between Dr. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania (who is a lover of art as well as a student of anthropology), and a newspaper man who had had occasion to describe both the Congressional and the Boston Public Library for a New York syndicate. "In Boston," he said, "my 'story' developed itself as I walked through the building, and needed no re-arranging; it was immediately a very fair piece of literary construction. But in Washington I had to use every shift and trick I was capable of to make things clear to the reader." Dr. Brinton, I remember, thought that such a statement came very near getting at the essential difference between good and bad art.

Again, clumsy architecture has had its effect in reducing the appearance of size. There are four galleries in the building the length, though not the height, of Bates Hall, but one would never suspect it without the aid of a foot-rule. Outside, I think the Boston Public Library looks larger than it is — at least when seen in perspective. With the exception of a spacious and richly ornamental entrance pavilion, the exterior of the Library of Congress looks far too small. And although there are no tricks in the architecture, like Mr. McKim's false arcades, the façades, from too many points of view, are bare and heavy, and, considering the grandeur possible in so large a mass, almost mean.

A great part of the trouble has come from the fact that no less than

three architects have been concerned in the construction. The first two were strictly *governmental* in their tastes and capacities. The third, Mr. Edward Pearce Casey, a young New Yorker, was of a different stamp. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Casey has talent; he certainly has ambition and energy, and, in spite of failures, taste. His work has been almost exclusively confined to the interior, and even there his predecessor had fixed the main lines of the construction beyond the possibility of alteration. Nevertheless, some of the little corridors and lobbies which he has had the opportunity to design are wonderfully attractive — rich, elegant, and modest. The arabesque ornamentation of the big dome is a piece of work in the most ambitious style; and it is undoubtedly interesting. But for the best evidence of Mr. Casey's talent one must look rather to the smaller and less obvious portions of the Library. No one, for example, should visit the building without looking into the lobby of the Senate Reading-room, on the main floor, with its quiet light, heavy gold ceiling, and walls panelled in white and yellow marble. I should like very well to substitute so admirable an effect for our own Venetian Lobby in Boston.

Mr. Casey's defect is never lack of boldness, but the excess of it. In certain very important features he has been daring without warrant. In his attempt to straighten out the confused architecture bequeathed him by his predecessor, he has too often succeeded in achieving only a meaningless gorgeousness of color or design which makes confusion worse confounded. He is a young man, one must recollect; he has not yet acquired that maturity of style and touch, that "restraining hand," which characterizes the work of Mr. McKim.

By far the most significant feature of the Congressional Library is, as every one knows, the great series of mural and sculptural decorations executed by specially commissioned American painters and sculptors. It was surely a liberal and generous thought which brought these men together in a National building to illustrate what American art could do on the great scale. Just what part the Boston men have taken in this noble competition, however, I must leave for another letter.

Washington, February 23.

A. B. S.

NEXT week at the Tremont we are to have Mr. John Hare and his English company again. Few of my readers need to have this event called to their attention. Mr. Hare's refined and thoughtful control, his excellent choice of pieces and of actors, his own modest yet thoroughly sufficient share in the performances he offers, have won the most distinguished consideration ever given to any theatrical undertaking here in Boston. If we are to support a stock company again, it is upon the ideal which Mr. Hare has created that it must be modeled.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD's praiseworthy ambition to give "Richard the Third," in which he has invested so much labor and money, seems to be likely to be crowned with measurable success as time goes on. He has not the reserve, the patience, the control, of a consummate Shakespearian actor, but his ingenuity and his fine imagination enable him to portray some of the subtle phases of Gloucester's character with convincing effect. His delineation this week showed marked improvement. Miss Beatrice Cameron is one of our most interesting actresses.

THIS HAS BEEN a week of holiday houses at Keith's. "The Mouse Trap" is the most successful of the interludes which have become a feature here. The ponies are fascinating and seem to enjoy their antics as much as the beholders, which is saying much.

IT SEEMS TO me that an amateur week of Shakespearian plays is a pretty audacious challenge to the public. Though clubs and organizations of one kind and another are lured to the support of the undertaking, the thing is called an "en-

gement " and invites criticism. Acting is an art, to be served with labor, patience, and perseverance. For a teacher of " elocution " (the opposite of acting) casually to assume the great rôles which have demanded the lifelong study, superimposed on the genius, of a Booth, a Forrest, a Macready, is a prodigious assumption, and casts a slur upon the art itself, its apprenticeship, its accomplishment, and its coronation. Fancy, for a moment, the reception with which such sporadic incursions would be received into sculpture, painting, or music !

THE CASTLE SQUARE people have had a better week, though they have not recovered from the strain of "Lohengrin." Painstaking as their efforts were, how impossible it was to compass the atmosphere of Wagner by the temperament of "comic opera" artists was as clearly demonstrated as their vocal incapacity to meet his tremendous requirements. The Germans do not merely sing at night. They live in the sphere of the master's inspiration, and mentally and physically, dwell apart.

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

February 15 to February 20.

Keith's Theatre — Pony Circus. Biograph.

Boston Theatre — Same as last week.

Hollis St. Theatre — Same as last week.

Columbia Theatre — "Down in Dixie." *Trivial.*

Park Theatre — Same as last week.

Castle Sq. Theatre—{ "Lucia di Lammermoor," } *Fair.*
 { "Cavalleria Rusticana." }

Tremont Theatre — Same as last week.

I WONDER if it is generally realized that only one critic of art is now employed in daily newspaper work here in Boston — the critic of the *Transcript*? The *Herald*, indeed, runs a weekly column of art notes, mingled occasionally with a few personal comments, but none of the other papers make even an attempt to criticise. All the news and influence of the artistic circles in town gravitate of necessity to the *Transcript* without an effort on the part of the other papers to obtain their share. The *Transcript* does its work well, but I should like to see some competition.

[To the Editor of Time and the Hour.]

IT is due to TIME AND THE HOUR to say that, in my view, your paper this last week was positively brilliant. It is quite up to the plane of the *Saturday Review*. It is sweet-tempered. It is broad. It is just local enough to give it a distinct flavor. And it deserves the success it has, with much more besides. The brevity it employs is the soul of wit. This is due to its small size, in part, but our appetites are whetted by the little we get. MILTON.

THE shade of green into which our Boston women have broken out, after their sheep-like fashion, is one of the prettiest effects I have seen for many a day, — rich, cool, and suggestive of ferny glades and wood-depths.

DID YOU HEAR of a funny "Sam Jones" episode? At one of his meetings he called on all the men who could assert they never said an unkind word to their wives to stand up. Up got two. "Now," he said, "all the women who never spoke an unkind word to their husbands may rise." Up got six. "Sit down," Sam cried. "Now I want the audience to pray for these liars!"

I HOPE THE present owner of the Wayside Inn, in making it a memorial of Mr. Longfellow, will not forget to enshrine there in some appropriate manner the name of that truer poet, Thomas W. Parsons, whose favorite haunt it was, and whose fine spirit so often sought rest in the calm stretches of the Sudbury meadows.

GOVERNOR WOLCOTT ON Monday was a gracious host at the State House to his fellow citizens. It was pleasant to see so many persons of distinction who took the trouble to pay their respects on this official occasion. Such little acts of public courtesy give a tone of patriotism to our ordinary life which we are too apt to reserve for infrequent exigencies and which, therefore, becomes with most of us an unreal thing.

So MAX O'RELL, always somewhat addicted to buffoonery, is to turn actor and travel through "the Provinces" with a little sketch of his own, "On the Continong."

I HAVE MANY valued friends among the oculists. But since they all enjoy jolly good incomes, I venture to whisper to my equally valued friends, the clients of **TIME AND THE HOUR**, that the ordinary need of a defective vision may be supplied by a conscientious optician like Mr. Hodgson, who will save them a ten-dollar bill by supplying, through his knowledge of refraction, the remedy required in the shape of a becoming eye-glass — and send them to the oculist if any real disease requires his (fee and) attention.

ONCE MORE, GENTLE REPORTER, do not call every wretched woman who commits a crime and has exhibited herself in public an “actress.” You are inventive enough in all sorts of exaggerations; can you not educe a phrase of truthful discrimination?

A GOSSIP.

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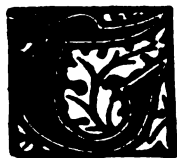
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THE WEEK—HERE IN BOSTON—Notes of a
Booktaster, a Reformer, a Playgoer, a Gossip

Boston, March 6, 1897

Vol. IV

FIVE CENTS

No. 13

Dr J R Chadwick

Apr. 2 1900
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Time and the Hour

Vol. 4 No. 13

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1897

THE WEEK.

IN a city like Boston there is enough good citizenship, if properly guided, to maintain a civic spirit such as directs the counsels of so many cities of Great Britain. For four years, now, our national affairs are to a certain sense in trust. We shall be all the better Americans, when they demand our active interest again, by spending the interval in making ourselves good Bostonians and obtaining possession of the political machinery, for local advantage, which may then serve us efficiently in a larger field. The general support of good citizens should be given to one "good government" organization, that the strength of reform movements be not scattered through divided counsels. Mayor Quincy has promulgated many excellent ideas. Perhaps His Honor is capable of enfranchising himself from party connections, could he be supported by a body of independent citizens of sufficient influence to create a municipal constituency which might overcome the rings and overthrow the local machinery of both parties. As yet the taint of "politics" must cling to the best recommendations of a partisan official. What have party questions, tariff, bimetallism, foreign policies, to do with economical, beneficent, far-sighted administration of the affairs of the city of Boston? What is needed is a permanent, independent organization of good citizens with

a clearly defined and comprehensive plan of campaign under experienced leadership.

THERE IS NO doubt that the government of the Transvaal cannot continue to endure on its present basis. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is not a sentimental person. Taking facts as they are, he demonstrates with sincerity and conviction the absurdity of the Boer rule, and it is impossible to avoid sharing his prognostication of its final overthrow. The raid having failed, the time is postponed, that is all.

THE LACK OF ardor among Americans for Greece proceeds, perhaps, from that mysterious and baleful predisposition to Russia which remains as a consequence of her supposed friendliness during the Civil War. This was not so much interest in us as antagonism to England. No nation deserves less sympathy from the United States than Russia. Her influence with China naturally leads us who are affiliated with the Japanese, so far as we have a "planetary policy," still farther apart from the Imperial grabber.

MR. BRYAN AND his followers have apparently learned nothing and forgotten nothing. If the Republican party prove likewise obtuse, the struggle may be renewed with nearly the same uncertainties three years hence. High protection, corporate privileges, uncertain financial policy, may produce spurts of prosperity, but they will exhaust themselves long before that time and leave us no better entrenched than before.

ONE OF THE most practical forms of public testimonial for Queen Victoria's Jubilee would have been the creation

of homes for the poor, to carry on and develop, in a still more useful form, the idea of Peabody foundations, which have done so much for the "lower middle" classes. The Prince of Wales's suggestion for hospital endowments is an excellent secondary measure, but the fundamental condition of social improvement is clean, cheap, and decent housing. It would be well if the memorial of the Queen had been sunk deep into the lowest depths of her subjects' need, so to stand highest and longest in the gratitude of the nation.

MONDAY WAS "town-meeting day" in the suburban towns, and the early outgoing trains and trolley-cars were loaded with business men on their way to "discharge the noblest duty of freemen." How large a proportion of the true population of Boston has its legal residence in other towns would be seen if one could correctly analyze the votes of these towns. In the day not far distant, when greater Boston shall have some county or metropolitan district organization, the New England capital will make something like a proper showing in the census returns.

LIONIZING AND "SOCIAL RECREATION."

[*To the Editor of Time and the Hour.*]

I WAS minded on reading your paragraph in the issue of February 20 upon the vice of "lionizing," to write to you and express my adhesion to what seemed to me a well-deserved criticism; and since a member of the Playgoers' Club has since seen fit in your columns to take exception to the paragraph in question, I am still more strongly impelled to do so.

First take the effect of a reception to any noted personage upon the

members of the club or its guests. It is assumed that such a meeting gives opportunity "to familiarize one's self in pleasant personal intercourse with an artist's own ideals of his work." Now is this sincere? Can any one in cold blood assert that standing in a line to shake hands familiarizes one with "an artist's ideal of his work"? I think not. If any influence at all is exerted it is purely a personal one, and the effect of mere personal influence is clearly detrimental to such a standard of artistic criticism as some of us once hoped the Playgoers' Club might uphold.

Now as to the effect upon the artist. Mrs. Sutherland considers it "reasonable that the player, like the author, the painter, the politician, — in a word, the worker of any sort, — should occasionally find in social recreation a wholesome renewal of strength." But is this "social recreation"? The animals at the Zoo have mingled in the best society this winter, but has it been "social recreation"? The difference between the exhibition of a celebrity at a club or a reception and the pursuit of relaxation among friends and companions is very obvious. And I would not limit the criticism to the lionizing of actors by any means, any more than did *TIME AND THE HOUR*, according to my reading. The *Review of Reviews*, in February, after the death of General Francis A. Walker, published a "Plea for the Protection of Useful Men," in which a letter written by General Walker a few months before his death was quoted. A portion of it ran as follows:

"I should be glad some time to write an article — but probably never shall — having for its title, 'Killing a Man,' in which I should try to set forth the manners and ways in which decent and well-meaning people combine and conspire to knock down and trample on every man in the community who is fit to render any public service. I should try to show what an utter lack of conscience there is in this matter, so that men who would not on any account commit a petty larceny will set upon a man whom they perfectly well know to be badly overworked, and knock out whatever little breath there may be left in his poor body; how they get 'between him and his hole,' cutting off his possible retreat by every sort of social entanglement; how they make last year's declination a reason for this year's acceptance; how they surround the poor victim on every side, until he is fain to surrender

and give up the last chance he has of getting a little rest or a little pleasure during the next two weeks, all for the purpose of delivering an address for some infernal society, which, perhaps, ought never to have existed, or at any rate, has long survived any excuse for its being."

These are strong words, but no stronger than the case deserves. If great men, authors, actors, statesmen, scientists, are to do their best work, they must be protected from the snares of "Leo Hunters," and from the vulgar curiosity which, I fear, is characteristic of the American people; and they must be protected by fearless truth-speaking, like that which refreshes us in *TIME AND THE HOUR*.

Boston, March, 1897.

TECHNOLOGY.

HERE IN BOSTON.

I MET David Worke the other day, and knowing that he had given much careful and practical study to questions of municipal reform, I turned our conversation, after the manner of the interviewer, and deftly, I flatter myself, on the various schemes for reforming our municipal machinery now pressing at the State House. Upon my remarking that I could n't see the wisdom of the proposed change in our legislative system through the abolishment of the Common Council and the establishment of a single body to constitute the city council, — practically an enlarged Board of Aldermen under another name, — a sympathetic chord was struck, and Worke went on in this illuminating fashion, which I commend to those of my worthy reforming friends whose honest object is to better things, but who are too apt to assume that whatever is is wrong, and are too ready to adopt new systems involving radical changes without sufficient examination of them or of the merits of the systems which they would supersede.

"I assure you, Taverner," he said, "the change proposed is condemned by experience in American municipalities. At this very moment while we here in Boston are contemplating the overthrow of our system, New York, which has given the single body a fair trial, and suffered in it, is proposing to return to the old system of two branches. The charter commission, in its report just made, expresses the conviction that the constitution of the Municipal Assembly with two branches is not the least among the safeguards provided against hasty and ill-advised action. 'This,' it says in its report,—I quote from an abstract in a recent New York *Herald*,—'is the form of legislative assembly that prevails in every State in the Union—in fact, in almost every country having free government like our own: in adopting it we avail ourselves of the experience of the world.' To the argument that the delay in legislation and often difference of opinion between the two houses impairs the usefulness of the legislative body by rendering it difficult to pass needful measures of legislation, the commission reply, and with truth, that 'experience shows that cities suffer not from non-action but from overaction and hasty and improvident action.'"

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We have had not a few cases here in Boston illustrating sharply the latter point, to one of which, of recent occurrence, David Worke called my attention. "You will recall that pneumatic tube affair, how one morning Bostonians woke up to find that the Board of Aldermen, with whom alone of the two branches rested the right to grant franchises in the streets, had given to this private corporation

the use of the public ways without compensation. Fortunately the scheme was checked by the veto of the mayor, and through his action the principle of a rent-charge for such privileges was established. This charge, however, was altogether too small considering the great privilege granted, and smaller, in all probability, than would have been secured had the concurrent vote of the two branches been required. But the danger of the misuse of power by a single body was made so apparent by this incident that a measure backed by influential citizens was brought before the Legislature providing that street franchises and other similar privileges shall not be granted except by concurrent vote of the common councilmen and the aldermen."

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It is a significant fact that the conclusion reached by the New York charter commission is identical with that expressed by the most experienced men in municipal affairs here. Two years ago, when this matter of the substitution of a single body for the two branches was first broached, a protest signed by leading citizens, men of both political parties and independents, at different periods members of the city government, was laid before the Legislature, which ought to be revived at this time. In this document they say: "We earnestly protest against the enactment of legislation which would place in the hands of a single legislative body the powers which have hitherto been held conjointly by the Board of Aldermen and Common Council. Our experience has convinced us that the interests of the people are better served, and that important safeguards against hasty, inconsiderate, and corrupt legislation are provided, when the acts of one

branch of a city council are subject to consideration and revision by a co-ordinate branch. Further, we believe the opportunity now afforded the people to appeal from the decisions of the Board of Aldermen, when such decisions do not accord with public policy, to their representatives in the Common Council while they are still uncommitted, and *vice versa*, is a valuable right which must be preserved. We are convinced that the exercise of the right of appeal has prevented in the past the consummation of projects threatening the public welfare, and that the people will have need of this right in the future."

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This weighty document bore these signatures: Charles H. Allen, Henry W. Putnam, Henry H. Sprague, Uriel H. Crocker, Curtis Guild, Edward P. Wilbur, Henry Parkman, Charles W. Smith, James G. Freeman, Harvey W. Shepard, Charles W. Hallstram, W. H. Wert, J. Q. A. Brackett, George O. Shattuck, Thomas N. Hart, Albert C. Pond, William C. Williamson, Osborne Howes, James H. Danforth, Thomas F. Temple, Samuel A. Green, S. B. Stebbins, William Power Wilson, Frederic W. Lincoln, Francis J. Ward, Sidney Cushing, E. O. Shepard, Herbert L. Harding, William R. Richards, Tilly Haynes, Nathaniel W. Ladd.

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It has been my fortune frequently to observe the conduct of the officials of the Public Library toward the public,—for the Library is one of my favorite haunts,—and I have found them so uniformly courteous, as well as capable, so patient with the obtuse as well as the intelligent, so evi-

dently anxious to serve the people to the full measure, that I grieved to read an acrimonious criticism upon them by a contributor to a Sunday paper. And I was about to overwhelm the critic, and do my little to set my library friends right before the public, when the postman dropped into my box the following communication from a "visiting citizen," which perfectly meets the case: —

Dear Taverner,— I wish you would say a good word for the most obliging and courteous people I have met during my sojourn in Boston; I mean the attendants in the Public Library. I have often been there of an evening during the winter, and every official of whom I have had occasion to ask information, or with whom I have had any business, has treated me with an exquisite courtesy which has won my heart. There is nothing of the unctuous obsequiousness of the retail salesman; not a trace of the perfunctory civility of the average public official who does not wish to risk offending a "constituent;" but a genuine kindness and desire to help another, which is the essence of true gentlemanliness. It must be that the associations of the matchless building conduce to perfection of manners as well as to perfection of artistic effect.

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I believe it is not generally known that the figure of Ezekiel in Mr. Sargent's Frieze of the Prophets in the Public Library is a portrait, suitably adapted, of the late Coventry Patmore, the author of "The Angel in the House." Very likely many of my readers have heard the story—the true story—of the two women who visited the Library shortly after Mr. Sargent's decorations were put in place. "Who are those?" asked the first, pointing to the Prophets. "Those?" replied the other. "Those are the Trustees." It is common enough, indeed, to find artists complimenting their patrons or friends by introducing

likenesses of them in ideal canvases, but, so far as I am aware, this figure of Ezekiel is the only instance of it at the Library. Mr. Sargent's real portrait of Patmore is fairly well known. There is a very good reproduction of it in the January number of the Gilders' new magazine, *The Month*. The features tally very exactly with those of the Ezekiel. Each, too, has the same nervous delicacy of expression, and, indeed,—if one will only dissociate the face of the prophet from his surroundings,—the same air of high-bred gentility.

TAVERNER.

A CHANCE FOR THE COGNOSCENTI.

THERE has recently arrived in town an artistic cargo: some six score photographs by Mr. Frederick H. Evans, of London, an amateur whose enthusiasm, leisurely study, and natural genius have brought his output to a pitch of unique perfection. It is safe to say that its like has never been seen in America. Here is a full line of his wonderful work touching some of the English cathedrals: Canterbury, Wells, Ely and S. David's; and a few secular views, by way of variety, in and around Kelmscott Manor, which have very great interest. To those who find in the pictures the lights and shades of the photographer, Mr. Evans's work will have an absorbing charm. He seems to apply not only the rules of the artist, but those of the writer, to his compositions; for each is a distinct character-study, gay or melancholy, crimson or grey: each with a dominating note of rest or surprise, of prayer or praise, and in its own delightful manner exquisitely accentuating whatever was most individual in the old builders. And all is done tenderly, poetically, with the softest mastery, and a consummate sense of spectacular values.

At these west doors we hesitate, wondering whither the long unbroken nave might lead, would we but advance; we try to penetrate the massed shadows of the crypt, or, standing on the altar-steps,

"hold hard" to keep from evaporating, as we gaze through swimming sunlight at the vast interior around. The arrest of bewitching light from an unseen window, the turn of a worn stair, the inner piers of a cluster, the delicate screen seen a hundred feet away, through a vista of warm-hued arches, are as exciting to the eye as its own contact with the reality. It is unusual to find this clearly-defined individuality in photographs, and especially in those which have any value as truthful representations of architectural subjects. Here are some effects almost creative: they approach that forbidden altitude as nearly as anything the lens has yet brought forth. Those who have an acquaintance with English mediæval at first-hand will reap old delight and new knowledge from such transcripts of it; and they can be nothing less than a revelation to art-lovers who have yet to cross the sea.

Mr. Evans's pictures are well known in England, but have never come to America save to friends, by twos and threes. He has kindly loaned these to the Architectural Club (they are not for sale), and since they are to be returned at the close of the coming exhibition, it is to be hoped that many will improve the opportunity of seeing them. They will be shown from March eighth to March twentieth, inclusive.

TO B. J. LANG.

THEY say there are ministering spirits
Who come out of God's loving heart
To show us the wisdom and beauty
Of action, of thought, and of art.

Now I love to call such our "teachers" —
A name that the ages have blest;
And to such cast a wreath of remembrance
Ere they are called back to their rest.

So here 's to my true music-teacher,
Who lighted a torch in my youth
By which I have always had Music
To gladden each new path of Truth.

Boston, 1897.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

THOSE who have made the Stratford Pilgrimage, by way of memorial, and those who have only the "travelled imagination," by way of suggestion, will find the Wards' "Shakespeare's Town and Times" a delightful volume. The sketch of the poet's life is adequate because it is confined to the facts of which so little is known beyond what Charles Knight wrote nearly a century ago: that he was born in Stratford, married and had children born to him, went to London, wrote poems and plays, returned to his native place, made a rather invidious will, died and was buried there. Mr. Yeatman's recent discovery of Shakespeare's kinship with the Griffith, Griffin, or Gryffin family — making him a cousin of Francis Bacon, with the presumption that the race were decayed gentlefolk, suffering, not from low conditions, but from loss and disability through adhesion to the Roman Church — is, however, an exceedingly important one. The deer-stealing myth is needless, since Sir Thomas Lucy's antagonism is accounted for by his active religious intolerance. We can believe that the poet was a roistering youth, and perhaps allow that his marriage was an act of reparation, — but his gentle blood accounts for some of that taste for learning which is otherwise so incomprehensible, and the Baconians will receive new encouragement from the alleged tie between the dramatist and the philosopher. The Birthplace Trust has done a good work in acquiring and guarding the "sacred places," though of course it must be remembered that the authenticity of these is somewhat dubious. We do not even know that Anne Hathaway ever lived at Shottery. And to those who give way, like the emotional Willie Winter, to the

influence of the country where Shakespeare walked abroad, who stroll entranced by the river to Luddington, or by the beautiful Banbury or Warwick roads, it might be suggested that tangled woods, rough cart-tracks, and morasses made in his time a very different scene of Shakespeare's country. The town contains many ancient, beautiful houses. On every side we know there were Shakespeares, Nashes, Shaws, and Hathaways, and from some of these quaint old doors one expects to see stepping figures in doublet and hose. Stratford has the "mop," the annual hiring-day. There are morris-dancers and mummers, and if one does not ask too many questions it is easy to let the atmosphere of the past possess one's soul — especially, perhaps, if it is sought in Washington Irving's room at the Red Lion, and that filial, gentle son of the mother-land becomes your interpreter. Certainly he was a much more sympathetic one than our late compatriot, Mr. George Washington Childs, whose Jubilee Memorial Fountain in the Rother Market, with its incongruous architecture, its carillon of bells, and its illuminated clock-face, is the most hideous thing in Stratford. On the other hand, Mr. Flower's Memorial Building and Theatre is a beautiful sight from a hundred points of view, besides furnishing so fit a temple for the yearly festivals, with its admirable stage and appointments. Does the reader remember, too, the lovely figure of Prince Hal at the base of the Gower statue just outside? In the historical research concerning Shakespeare's family one is struck anew with the value of legal records, judgments, fines, and sequestrations — unpleasant at the time, doubtless, but often the only clues remaining. The Wards have made a beautiful

book, beautifully illustrated, but why, ah why do they talk of "photograms"?

MR. ANDREW LANG has given a stunning blow to the Jacobites in "Pickle, the Spy." Pickle is Glengarry, and a poor, mercenary traitor that noble Highlander appears to have been. The loyalty of the Scottish chiefs, the picturesqueness of the Pretender, the Stuart Idyl, all vanish, and the residuum of the romance of the '45 is faithlessness in his adherents and drunkenness and debauchery in the hero, — dwelling at last in a fashionable "convent," supported by his mistresses. Eheu!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, in "The Pursuit of the House Boat," again plays the dickens with our heroes and pleases the iconoclastic age, I suppose. But, surely, there are some people who care to keep some ideals unburlesqued!

A BOOKTASTER.

OLD CLOTHES.

OLD clothes are requisite to a sincere man. Ease and freedom, unconsciousness of the apparel, which hinders our motions and confines our thoughts to the absurd pettiness of our own individuality, cannot be attained by one who is proudly reminded of knees and elbows and neck by the fret of unassimilated garments. There is an absurd ideal of luxury embodied in the figment set up, — Heaven save the mark! — as an enviable concept, of the little Princess who had a new pair of shoes every day. Almost as uncomfortable is that favorite exemplar, the pattern man, who has so many clothes that, being nicely folded and carefully laid away, each seldom-worn suit is every day as good as new. Unyielding at the joints, creased in the leg, stiff about the body, the wretched wearer, vain though he be of the gloss and sheen and rigid lines of his vesture, is enslaved to it body and mind. I knew a lad in my youth whose nature was depraved by the cowardly instinct which made him cry, "I can't fight,

I shall hurt my clothes." We meet young fellows every day who think to influence the fair, like the pigeon who pranks his iridescent neck, or the peacock who spreads his showy tail, by splendor of apparel instead of manly gallantry. Many a portly citizen buttons himself in his frock coat, and hides himself in his high collar, away from any fellow feeling with his less prosperous brethren. Those anomalies of the age we live in, royalties and nobilities, preserve their distance from the "common people" by stiff embroideries, buckram, and metal bands and chains.

It is well to be clean; in fact, unsullied linen, like the napery and the towelling and bed-furniture of a time-worn English inn, looks its best in a dingy setting. How beautiful it is to see nature trying to reduce even a textile fabric to picturesqueness! As with an ivied ruin or a lichened roof-tree, the process of decay softens hard lines and mellows crude colors. Fringes mollify the harsh outlines of sleeve and trouser edges. Strong blacks and browns and blues fade into agreeable greenish, whitish, and butternut tones, and even textures shade off from the deeper tints of the nappy parts to the clear lights of napless spaces. Could we see with unconventional eyes, we should recognize that many a tramp's garments are as much a delight to an artist as the garb of a smug citizen is his despair. The virile nation, the one free people, — the English, — aim to have their new clothes look like old ones. The Parisian, the monkey-fiend of humanity, with corsets and padding, labors to keep his old clothes as new in appearance as possible.

That you are so much more genuine and expansive when you are off for your fishing or your shooting holidays is not because you are away from ordinary cares, but because your old clothes interpose no barriers between you and your guides, or your skipper.

There may be an excuse for people who need to keep up appearances, who feel obliged to go as fine as they can to seem prosperous and help themselves to climb. If I could afford to be independent, however, and had great duties incumbent on me to my fellow creatures, like the royal families of Sugar or Oil or Guelph or Hohenzollern, — Mr. Havemeyer, Albert Edward, Mr. Rockefeller, or Kaiser William, — I vow that, to enjoy my comfort and to keep in touch with my brothers, I would let my valet handsel them and wear nothing but old clothes.

THE latest advertising scheme in Paris is an apparatus for throwing illuminated devices on the walls and pavements, with a bewildering result which is even more deplorable than the reflections which were cast upon the clouds, because they could be avoided by a little effort. We should probably prevent the nuisance of crying the merits of wares in our ears were it carried to any great excess in the streets ; and thrusting circulars into our hands, or samples into our mouths, would certainly be forbidden. Why has the poor sense of sight alone no protection from insolent intrusion ?

THE ONE ANSWER of the Trusts is, " We make things cheaper ;" but this is not an answer to the allegation. The good that may come is never, commercially, or financially, or morally, an extenuation of the evil done.

I AM SURE that a practical street-railway man could improve the service of the West End railway. Something is wrong when four cars of a line which is supposed to run once in fifteen minutes pass in one direction within ten minutes, while would-be passengers for another line stand on a cold corner for half an hour, waiting for a car which does n't come. For one thing, a live railroad manager would see that his motor-men ran their cars at fair speed when the tracks are not obstructed. But here in Boston many of the street-railway employees seem to have become so permeated with the slow pace at which they move along Tremont Street that when they do get out on an open track they keep the same gait of a mile an hour. I have seen a car with no obstruction before it going out toward

Roxbury at a pace so slow that every time it stopped to drop or pick up passengers at least six cars blocked up behind it had to stop also; and this continued till the leading car of the procession was switched off into a side street, away out in Roxbury. I was one of the passengers in the sixth car, and it took me three-quarters of an hour to go from the Old South to the Norfolk House. Time, 5 to 6 P.M.

A REFORMER.

SIMONS'S PICTURES.

THE two events of the year in painting are Lungren's pictures of Arizona and the exhibition of Simons. The one painter has taken the motives of long ago and renewed them with an inspiration vital and modern to the last degree; the other has entered untrodden ways and found poetry where others had found only sage-brush and an absence of atmosphere. But of Lungren more later. The Simons exhibition is about to be closed here, and will be opened in a few days in Boston, so that if we are to have our say about it, it must be said quickly.

And first, to clear the ground — we have learned (from the newspapers) that Mr. Simons has committed two unpardonable sins. First, he is a symbolist. Indeed, his own dealer confesses this and frankly advertises him as such. This is bad enough. Recollections of Nordau gather about us, and visions of degenerate facial measurements, pointed ears, and mattoid crania. We are almost afraid to write down our appreciations of such an one, lest the reporter rise up in his wrath and call us degenerate also. But worse remains behind. Mr. Simons is not only a symbolist, but a Rosicrucian. This is almost as bad as being called an hypotenuse. The terribleness of it is magnified by its lack of meaning. Perhaps we have heard vague stories of a mysterious personage in Paris called the Sar Peladan, who has excommunicated the Pope and had personal conflicts with the Devil. We do not know that, with all their eccentricities, the writings of the Sar are works of

unquestionable ability and that they have already made the fame of two or three writers who have pillaged them to good purpose. But we have been informed that the Sar is an eccentric and ridiculous person, and to introduce any one to us as a Rosicrucian is not the wisest course to pursue, if you wish us to take him seriously.

But, after all, symbolism stands to-day justified of her children and needs no apology. What is it, indeed, but the renascence of the poetic? Poetry is creeping back into painting. We have begun to feel that Parnassian workmanship—may the memory of it never allow us to fall back into uncraftsmanly ways!—is not sufficient of itself, that art is something more than virtuosity. Realism we are all well sick and tired of, except as it has ultimated itself in impressionism and begun to attain poetry in spite of itself. And now out of impressionism and out of the English decorative school and out of many other things a larger, more poetic movement is beginning, and we call it, for lack of a better name, symbolism. Mr. Simons is the best word it has yet spoken, if we except the later paintings of Watts; and as for Mr. Simons's Rosicrucianism, since, so far as appears, it has little or nothing to do with his painting, why, we see no reason why a gentleman should n't be a Rosicrucian, if he gets any amusement out of it. In fact, Mr. Simons may be a Mormon, or an Adamite, or a Cannibal, so far as the criticism of his art goes,—provided he can paint. And he can paint.

More than that, he can paint pictures. This form of art has become almost unknown, the greater part of modern paintings being either studies or illustrations. Studies are of interest to artists, for technical reasons, and illustrations amuse little boys. Hence a great hue and cry, on the part of the producers of studies, against the "literary" in painting; to which the illustrators make no reply, being too busy painting pictures which can be afterward used as advertisements for soap. As between the two, our sympathies are with the producers of studies. But it seems to be forgotten, in the heat of this one-sided argument, that a picture may have qualities, not "literary," which yet go beyond the merely technical. "He Watcheth over Israel" is such a picture.

It tells no story. It is thoroughly and absolutely pictorial. But yet it is very much more than a mere harmony in blue and gray. "The Mermaids," again, encroaches in no way on the peculiar province of words. But it is a poem,—a poem of as sheer and strange beauty as one of Carman's, and Carman's verses will get into your head as you look at it:—

- "The dancers of the open
Begin to moan and call.
- "A lure is in their dancing,
A weird is in their song;
The snow-white Skipper's daughters
Are stronger than the strong.
- "They love the Norland Sailor
Who dares the rough sea-play;
Their arms are white and splendid
To beckon him away.
- "They promise him, for kisses
A moment at their lips,
To make before the morning
The port of missing ships,
- "Where men put in for shelter
And dreams put forth again,
And the great sea-winds follow
The journey of the rain."

The comparison with Turner is inevitable, and it is something that a man force you to compare him with Turner. But the parallel may easily be pressed too far. It is in his color harmonies that he resembles Turner most, and in many of his pictures the color harmonies are such as Turner never employed. And when he is most like Turner, it is rather as Turner might have been, had he been, actually or dramatically, a Neo-Catholic mystic instead of a Pagan.

Be sure to see his "Nôtre Dame des Cathédrales," with its subtle green delicatenesses and its wonderful use of parallelisms. Nobody has mastered parallelism so, except Blake, and his use of it was a

totally different one. A purely decorative parallelism is not uncommon,—parallelism in making ornament, parallelism even, as with Burne-Jones, in using the human figure as an ornament. But Simons uses it at one and the same time with decorative beauty and spiritual expression. The picture is like the soul of a church, and one feels it with a peculiar intimacy of loveliness, as if right in and close to it, not aloof, regarding it as a connoisseur.

Note, too, his picture of Saint John in the wilderness, when Salomé, with a leap of dramatic imagination, is pictured sitting in the rocks, waiting with the knife and the charger for her future victim. "Nonsense," says the realist; "she could not have been there." No, but the eye of the poet sees her there, as Keats saw Lorenzo already dead as he rode out with his murderers.

"So the two brothers and their *murdered* man
Rode past fair Florence."

We do not know which is the finer or greater example of the swiftness and immediacy of the vision of genius.

Dramatic power, technical mastery, decorative beauty, imagination, color, emotion—it is something when one man possesses all these qualities. There is only one thing in the exhibition which is not good—and that is the catalogue. People who know more about literature than painting must not be misled in their judgments by looking at the catalogue first. In fact, the pictures are much better anyway without comment, as most good things are.

RICHARD AND HENRIETTE HOVEY.

New York, March, 1897.

THE audience at the Castle Square is wonderfully good-natured. So are the critics. The entertainment is, as usual, surprisingly good this week, yet it is alarming to realize that this kind of entertainment may become the

ideal to the large number of persons who go steadily to this beautiful theatre. Again and again I urge that it should be made the home of *opera comique*, and that a perfectly delightful and satisfactory standard might be set up here, instead of the unattainable one which the management apparently proposes to itself.

MR. BARRON, in the conventional "Rosedale,"—wherein Mr. Lester Wallack wrought, with all the familiar melodramatic material of the day, a wonderful success, of which the echo still reverberates in our time,—is a suitable hero; something unreal, to be sure, but full of flavor and tradition. They do the piece very well at the Bowdoin Square.

OF COURSE THE *ensemble* of the Hare performances confuses those persons who have been accustomed to the disproportion of previous representations of such a play as "Caste,"—eccentricities made mannerisms, sentiment made sentimentality, and the appeal delivered to the emotions rather than to the judgment. In fact, the fresh and unbiased opinion of gentlemen and gentlewomen who neither know nor care anything about stage traditions is worth more than all the professional criticism put together upon a production like this. Mr. Hare's "Eccles" is the only possible "Eccles"—not a star part, but a part of a starry presentation which is very nearly perfect.

THE PONY CIRCUS has been the great feature at Keith's again this week.

WHY ALL THESE long periods of perfunctory "criticism"

which only the actors read, I am sure, upon a play like "An Enemy to the King"? Mr. Sothern has a great number of friends who will go to see him and who will not care to know the plot of the play beforehand. Those who have seen this "romantic drama" will certainly not care to be reminded of it. Mr. Sothern has had some excellent opportunities. This is not one of them. He needs, by the bye, to guard himself against a peculiarity which mars his success in the line he is pursuing; the inconsequence, the jerkiness, of Lord Dundreary crop up in the most amazing manner through the melodramatic theme! It is a very remarkable bit of hereditary influence. Is Miss Hampton a real woman of flesh and blood?

DRAMATIC CALENDAR.

March 1 to March 6.

Keith's Theatre — Miss Johnstone. Ponies.

Columbia Theatre — "Hogan's Alley." *Miscellaneous.*

Boston Museum — "Thoroughbred." *Amusing.*

Park Theatre — "In Gay New York." *Meretricious.*

Boston Theatre — Same as last week.

Hollis St. Theatre — Mr. E. H. Sothern. *Unequal.*

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre — Mr. Charles Barron. *Studied.*

Castle Sq. Theatre — "Mignon." *Unsatisfactory.*

Tremont Theatre — Mr. John Hare. *Admirable.*

A PLAYGOER.

ALL over the civilized world the height of women is increasing. At this rate, if we do not give woman what she wants, she is in a fair way of being able to take it. How can the average man hold his own against the household Diana whose promise of "obedience" is physically ridiculous? If he was refractory

"She put him in a pint pot
And there she let him drum."

It will doubtless be done with gentleness, for as she is strong, let us hope she will be merciful.

NOTING AMONG THE guests of the fine London *bal poudré* the presence of Mrs. Hwfa Williams again, I am led to inquire, How does this fashionable lady, who figures at all the great affairs, pronounce her husband's Christian name, if it is a Christian name?

IN THE CRUSADE against the "expectorators" one must urge the fact that, as with the Yankee nasal voice, the chronic catarrh of our climate is an apology which may be fairly pleaded.

WHY NOT HAVE some more of the delightful "Tableaux Vivants" which our Boston people were used to shine in? It is the one pretty entertainment which amateurs can manage effectively without boring their friends. There are ever so many pretty women and fine men in society who would make striking living pictures.

MR. BEERBOHM'S PAPER on Madame Tussaud will strike a chord in many a reader's memory. The weird

influence of those parodies of life, not the least bit lifelike, without atmosphere or ideality, takes a paralyzing possession of the beholder. It is horrible, yet enchaining, and the only course is to take one's self in hand, bolt out of the place, and break the spell.

MR. STEEVENS, IN "The Land of the Dollar," gives some just, suggestive, and not unkind bird's-eye views of our dear, but heterogeneous, country. He calls Chicago "the Cynosure and Cesspool of the World."

FEBRUARY HAS BEEN so fine, I tremble to think what March is likely to be. As a general thing, I agree with the old lady who said she had noticed that if she could manage to live through March, she could most generally get along through the rest of the year.

A GOSSIP.

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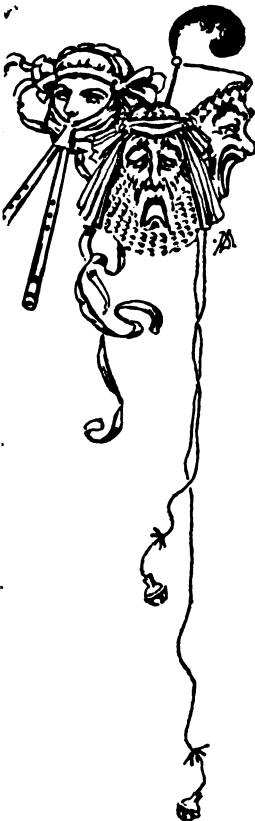
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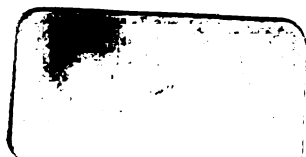
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